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21.



A HINDOO PRINCESS.



THROUGH AND THROUGH THE TROPICS

30,000 MILES OF TRAVEL
IN
POLYNESIA, AUSTRALASIA, AND INDIA

By FRANK VINCENT, JR.

AUTHOR OF
"THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT" "NORSK, LAPP, AND FINN" ETC.

SECOND EDITION

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1882

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
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TO
BARON DE HÜBNER,
EMBASSADOR, MINISTER, HISTORIAN,
AN HONORED COMPANION IN SEVERAL ASIATIC JOURNEYS,
THIS VOLUME
Is Respectfully Dedicated.

P R E F A C E.

THE great and unexpected favor with which my first work was received, both at home and abroad, has emboldened me to write a second, and to offer it in the presumption that it will not be less fortunate. I am the more hopeful that this may be the case, since all I profess to do is to narrate, in the simplest manner and without exaggeration, what I have myself seen, heard, and experienced. A few of the following chapters originally appeared in various magazines, and are here condensed and revised. In presenting them and their companions, I repeat the aspiration with which Hindoo writers sometimes crown their literary labors, and exclaim, "Khwaninda khoosh-bashud!"—May the reader be pleased!

F. V., JR.

NEW YORK, *October, 1875.*

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THROUGH AND THROUGH THE TROPICS.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTHERLY AROUND THE CONTINENT.

ON the 24th of October, 1869, the stanch old clipper ship *Golden Fleece*, of fifteen hundred tons' burden, left the port of New York on a trading voyage around the world, her more immediate destination being San Francisco *via* Cape Horn. Her cargo was extremely miscellaneous, embracing marble and machinery, coals and coffins, liquors and lumber, paint and pianos, hats and hardware. The passengers were four in number—the Reverend Dr. Nehemiah Adams, his two accomplished daughters, and myself. The Doctor was taking this long voyage for his health, which forty years' work had impaired, and the young ladies in order to unite filial duty with the desire to see that world whose principal resemblance to heaven is that “it lies about us in our infancy.” The fourth passenger had in view three objects, to be sought in the following ratio of importance: health, instruction, and amusement. The chief officer

was Captain Robert C. Adams, son of the reverend doctor, and one of the best navigators that ever sailed from New York.

Seven miles beyond Sandy Hook the pilot left us with a cool "good-morning," as though he were merely going down town for a little business, and might certainly be expected back to dinner. He was the last link which bound us to shore, and we felt his professional indifference the more when we remembered the stern rhetoric of the shipping articles. These set forth that our expedition was "from New York to San Francisco, at and from thence to such other ports or places in the Pacific Ocean, East Indies, China, the China Seas, or Europe, in a general trading or freighting voyage, for a term not to exceed twenty-four (24) calendar months, and back to a final port of discharge on the Atlantic coast in the United States, either *via* Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or, should the master so elect, direct back to New York or some other Atlantic port in the United States from the said port of San Francisco."

Our favoring breeze continued for three days, and finally increased to a gale in the Gulf Stream, the characteristics of which Professor Maury has so well described. When one week out we had made a thousand miles, and were heading directly for the Strait of Gibraltar. This we did in order to make sufficient "east-ing" to obtain a slant which would enable the ship to weather Cape St. Roque, the most easterly point of the South American continent.

One day, while we were still several hundred miles from the Tropic of Cancer, a fine specimen of flying-fish—seldom met with outside of the tropics—fell on deck and was captured. It was one foot long, and resembled a pickerel. Its fins or “wings” were of beautiful construction, the ribs being like delicate strips of whale-bone, and the membranous covering like gold-beater’s skin. Of course we sacrificed it to our appetites, but found the flesh dry and tasteless, and the bones superfluous enough to please a North River shad. Fish of this species, as the name implies, have the remarkable power, by means of their pectoral fins, of sustaining themselves in the air several seconds at a time. Their nature is gregarious, and their locomotion extremely swift. Whole shoals of them often combine to lead the dolphin a vexatious and futile chase; while it is not alone in the water that pursuit exists for them, for the air swarms with predatory birds. At night, if a stiff breeze is blowing and the waves are high, these strange fish may be caught in large quantities by simply hanging a lantern near the rail; attracted by the light, they fly on board, and are stunned or killed by striking the deck.

While yet within one thousand miles of New York we entered the tropics. The water, bright indigo in color and warmer than the air, was streaked with great patches of Gulf weed. At night the sea seemed on fire, especially where it dashed against the ship, which left a luminous wake like a comet’s fan-shaped tail. Physicists say that this is produced chiefly by the phosphorus, but that the sea-feather and animalculæ are like-

wise concerned in it. To compare great things with small, the phosphorus patches and stripes resembled the streaks which enterprising youth is fain to produce in dark corners from the ends of lucifer-matches. The sea-feather is a vegetable growth, by day vermilion, but at night possessed of a greenish glow which makes the sea lustrous. The animalculæ are millions of sparks—microscopic medusæ and crustacea—which dance like glow-worms through the sea-feather, and shine like infinitesimal stars in a miniature Milky Way.

About this time we experienced much light wind and some head-wind, and were obliged to lay our course more to the east than we wished, ultimately approaching within three hundred miles of the Cape Verde Islands. Here were found large areas of the sea-weed of the North Atlantic (*sargasso baccifera*, sea-weed bearing berries), and some allied species. Our specimens were similar to the common sea weed found on the Atlantic coast of the United States, with the addition of hollow brown berries resembling currants in size and form. On the stems and main branches were hundreds of shells no larger than the heads of ordinary pins. These, under a powerful microscope, grew to the size of a cent, and assumed the outline and characteristics of a perfect bubble-shaped testacea. They belong to the order *tekti branchiata*—marine animals, which live also upon the shore. By the aid of the magnifying-glass we likewise discovered what seemed to be young jelly-fish. They were oval and gelatinous, contained a stomach, and owned a pair of claws, which doubtless procured their food.

Since most vessels that cross the Equator do so within half-a-dozen degrees of longitude, we presently reached the grand thoroughfare of nations, the cross-roads of the Atlantic. Every day could be seen three or four, and sometimes twice as many vessels of all sizes and nationalities, bound to all parts of the world. A fairer wind enabling the captain to lay his course more to the south, the region of doldrums, or "horse latitudes," was next attained. These are belts of calm intervening between the northwest and southeast trade-winds, visited by gentle breezes, but also subject to sudden squalls. They are styled "horse latitudes" because many a vessel, formerly bound from New England to the West Indies with a deck-load of horses, was delayed in the calm-belt until her supply of water grew so small that it became necessary to sacrifice a portion of the animals. Here the weather was very disagreeable. The wind blew from all points of the compass in as many hours; then succeeded squalls and rain-storms; then scarcely a ripple disturbed the ocean, and we returned to our normal state of calm. The atmosphere was murky and heavy, the thermometer in the cabin registered ninety-six degrees, while the sun stood still to watch us, "stern as the unlashd eye of God." Ships are always delayed by these doldrums, some passing through them in two or three days, others taking as many weeks.

On the 20th of November, twenty-seven days out, we crossed the "line" in longitude $32^{\circ} 25' W.$, the average passage from New York to the Equator being four days

longer. After this event we felt at liberty to call ourselves true subjects of Neptune, though we were fortunate in escaping the tribute and abasement which he usually exacts at such a time. Among mariners the "line" has always been a favorite place for testing the credulity of the boys and novices. It is quite possible that a sailor may have roved the sea for more than twenty years without once crossing the Equator. Among the crew of the *Golden Fleece* there were three or four who had never rounded the Horn, and about as many who had never crossed the line; but the conventional ceremonies have been so often described that I will do no more than refer to them.

On the twenty-eighth day out we saw land for the first time since leaving New York. It was the Rocas, a very dangerous low reef just above water level, one hundred and twenty miles from Cape St. Roque, off the coast of Brazil. We were now gaining latitude rapidly, and could almost perceive a difference in the temperature from day to day. The sun being in latitude 20° S., of course when the ship was directly beneath it our bodies cast no shadows—at least none beyond the feet. To the untraveled it may seem strange to look northward for the sun; yet we subsequently attained a latitude about nineteen degrees farther south of the sun than New-Yorkers are ever to the north of it.

Fishing was one of our favorite diversions. For about a week we had kept a strong line and a large hook baited with a tempting piece of pork-rind trolling astern; when one breezy afternoon, after Cape St. Roque had

been weathered, the man at the wheel suddenly cried out, "A fish on the line, sir!" The captain and myself rushed to the taffrail and began to haul in vigorously. To avoid breakage of cord or hook, however, we sent for the "grains," which one of the boatswains expertly fixed in the monster's body. By the help of two stout ropes our prize was landed, and proved to be a sword-fish, six feet four inches in length, including the upper jaw or snout (the "sword"), which was probably two feet long. We found the flesh dry and coarse, though, being fresh, it furnished a pleasant change from our customary diet. A few days after three dolphins were caught, the average length of which was four feet. We watched them dying, and discovered that while doing so they really do change the colors of their beautifully mottled sides, as long ago affirmed by poets and navigators. These variations, like those of the chameleon, however, are somewhat due to the diverse effects of light and shadow. The flesh of the dolphin is as finely flavored as that of the blue-fish of our seaboard waters. These were the only species we took from the Atlantic, but we afterward caught another variety—the bonito—in the Pacific, and found it to compare favorably with the dolphin in size and flavor.

Off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata—River of Silver—which is one hundred and fifty miles wide, we experienced the heavy winds styled Pamperos. They come from the Andes across those vast plains of Patagonia and the Plata known as the Pampas. These violent gales prove destructive not only to shipping in the river,

but even to vessels far out at sea. They were usually preceded by lightning. The wind, which for a long time had been southeast, would suddenly cease, and a tedious dead calm follow. Presently the horizon to the southwest would grow ominously dark; huge black clouds and mist would come driving toward us, obscuring the stars and producing darkness that might be felt. An order would be given to furl the light sails, but ere this could be done the storm would burst upon us with relentless fury, and showers of rain and hail that none could face. The lightning would seem to open in the sky deep rifts of fire, and the voice of the thunder was terrific. Peal after peal resounded with appalling violence, until it seemed as though the very universe were dismembered, and the elements being crushed and scattered. The rain-drops were the size of walnuts, and huge balls of fire settled on the mast-heads and yard-arms. The sailors call this appearance, supposed to be electrical, a "corposant" (*corpus sancti*), and believe that if it rises in the rigging fair weather may be expected, but that, should it come lower, there will be a fearful storm.

From this time until we reached the same latitude in the Pacific we were continually surrounded by great flocks of sea-birds. There were cape hens, petrels, or Mother Cary's chickens, boobies, penguins, geese, wild ducks, and albatrosses. The albatross is an immense creature, measuring ten or twelve feet from tip to tip of wing. None of these sea-birds, excepting perhaps the ducks, are very palatable. They all have an oily taste

and a rank odor. Many of them may be captured by means of a line and hook, baited with pork-rind and floated upon the surface astern on a piece of shingle. In the North Pacific we met with another species of marine bird, styled "boatswains," from the fact of their continually circling around and above the masts, uttering a peculiar cry as though inspecting the ship and passing judgment.

Those who imagine that all sea-water is green or blue are greatly mistaken. The Plata is reddish, and tinctures the ocean for a distance of two hundred miles from its mouth. The eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea has a purple tint; the water in the Gulf of Guinea is white, west of the Azores and Canaries green, off the coast of California yellow, around the Maldiv Islands black, and between Arabia and Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia red. The hue of the Red Sea is supposed to be owing to the presence of a species of *oscillaria*, a plant intermediate between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. To minute particles of matter, to marine vegetation at or near the surface, and to animalculæ of the infusorial kind (those possessing no organs of motion excepting very small hairs), must be ascribed the cause of the variations in sea-color above mentioned.

We passed near the east entrance of the Strait of Magellan, which is three hundred and fifty miles long, and in many places but four wide. Owing to its strong tides, westerly winds, and intricate channels, it is not much used now by sailing-vessels, though one

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or two lines of steamships pass regularly through it from ocean to ocean.

On the morning of the 20th of December I was suddenly awakened by knocks upon my cabin-door, and cries from the captain of "Land ho! Turn out there! Land ho! land ho!" Arrived on deck, land indeed greeted my eyes; but such land! It was Cape Sunday, a bold, black, rocky promontory on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and about twenty miles from the ship.

Soon a small brig hove in sight, and as we were sailing upon different "tacks" there was a probability of our meeting. But when we had come within two miles of each other, the wind suddenly failed. Our ensign was then hoisted, and presently the brig showed in turn the beautiful stars and stripes of our common country. The sympathy and feeling of kinship in meeting another vessel in so desolate a region as Cape Horn would have rendered welcome a ship of almost any nationality. One bearing the standard of the United States was therefore incalculably dear. The captain asked me whether I would like to board the brig in company with the mate (the master never leaves his vessel at sea on any account), and on being assured that nothing would please me more, ordered that officer to lower one of the small boats and pick a crew to man her. Besides his compliments, the captain sent a bag of buckwheat and a selection of magazines, newspapers, and tracts.

So bright and peaceful a day is seldom seen in that

latitude. The ocean was without a ripple, and the sun soon became so warm that our pea-jackets were uncomfortable. My complacency whispered that I had reached the heroic in trusting myself in a boat scarcely twenty-five feet long, and laden with six heavy men, in the open ocean at a latitude notorious for fearful storms. Penguins and ducks swarmed in air and water. They were so friendly—coming within an oar's length—that with a gun and dogs I could easily have filled the boat in half an hour, had I chosen to be so perfidious. The master of the brig had observed us, and stood waiting with his welcome at the gangway. Upon reaching the deck we were at once invited by Captain Lewis to the saloon of the *Hazard* (two hundred and eighty tons' burden), of Boston, from Malaga, Spain, bound to San Francisco, California, with a cargo of raisins, and already seventy days at sea. As luck would have it the mates of the respective vessels were natives of the same town—Yarmouth, Massachusetts. This of course precipitated a yarn of more than usual length, which (after lasting more than an hour) was ended only by the information that the weather threatened a change. Receiving a box of luscious raisins and a bottle of excellent French brandy for Captain Adams, in return for his kindness, we parted, arranging upon a signal should we see each other again. But during the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and by night we had so changed positions with the brig that she lay directly ahead and in our track. Presently we overtook and passed her, the two masters indulging in a little conversation when the

vessels were side by side. Next morning the brig was out of sight, and we never saw her again.

From Cape Sunday to Cape Horn we enjoyed the unusual opportunity of keeping the land continuously in view, and spent the 21st of December (the shortest day in the northern, the longest in the southern hemisphere) in inspecting the shores through a marine glass. They are intersected by deep and narrow arms of the sea, whose slate and granite sides rise into mountains, snow-crowned and thousands of feet high. The inhabitants of the Magellan archipelago are as stunted and ill-formed as those of Patagonia are tall, muscular, and well-developed. Both, however, are filthy in their habits and barbarous in their usages. They never cultivate the soil, but subsist upon shell-fish, sea-fowl, and a peculiar species of fungus which grows upon the beach. Cannibalism furnishes the only meat diet they relish. Their covering is sealskin, though frequently a single scrap of hide around the waist suffices. Their own hides must be scarcely more susceptible to cold than a buffalo's horn; for though the time of our visit was the Patagonian summer, the temperature was chilly enough to suggest that the winter there must vie with that of Grinnell Land at the opposite pole. The huts of the Fuegians, which occupy only the shore, are of beehive form, about eight feet in diameter and four in height, built of boughs, and covered with grass and hides. This race has no government, and the neighboring tribes, who speak different dialects, are almost always hostile.

We now entered the Strait of Le Maire, named after the Dutch explorer who circumnavigated the globe in 1615. The tide races violently through this strait, which is about fifteen miles in width by seventeen in length. Along flew the ship, driven by wind and current to the tune of fifteen knots an hour. Staten Island, an uninhabited spot, with a name tantalizingly suggestive of civilization, was soon on our left, enveloped in mist. It is thirty-eight miles long and fifteen wide, and contains some good harbors, occasionally sought by whalers and sealers. We then headed directly for the dreaded Cape Horn, and reached it at six bells—seven o'clock P.M.—quietly sailing within a mile of its rugged sides. The promontory is simply a steep black rock, about five hundred feet in height. Such a picture of barrenness and desolation I have rarely seen. There stood the gaunt and lonely hill, its naked sides lashed by the rancorous billows, its base worn into caverns hung with terrific and inscrutable gloom—fit place for the waves to surge and roar, the winds to shriek and moan. When nearest the Cape we sang "Old Hundred," the captain leading; and as we sang we wondered whether that grim fortress of nature had ever echoed words of peace and praise before.

But even this incantation did not save us from storm. In less time than I take to write it a fierce squall, accompanied with hail, sprang up, and we were compelled to steer nearly due south into the Antarctic Ocean. But though forced as far from our direct course as latitude sixty degrees, we had reason to congratulate our-

selves in having made the Cape Horn passage in the brief period of twelve days.

Our quarters on board the *Golden Fleece* were in the after-house, comprising the forward and after cabins. Two doors opened on the main deck, on each side of which was a mate's room. Next to the mate's room, on one side, came the store-room and pantry. Corresponding to these, on the opposite side, were the rooms of the steward and stewardess, and the hard-tack locker—a large air-tight room, filled with sea-biscuit, or pilot-bread, for the consumption of the crew. The centre of the forward cabin, with its stationary tables and benches, formed our dining-room, and two doors led astern into the after-cabin. The four corners of this contained comfortably furnished state-rooms for the captain and passengers. Adjoining, the captain had also a commodious office, opposite to which was the bath-room. From the saloon a door opened upon a flight of stairs, which led to the deck just in front of the wheel. On the flat roof or top of the after-house the passengers spent almost all their time during the pleasant weather. It was likewise the favorite promenade during the long evenings. The saloon was handsomely furnished with Brussels carpet, sideboard, centre-table, sofas, easy-chairs, a melodeon, a library of three hundred volumes, and magazines and papers on almost every subject. The captain's office contained an assortment of scientific books and instruments, sufficient to gratify the most eager student of astronomy or physical geography.

All vessels which came within three or four miles of

us the captain signaled, less for our edification than that ships homeward bound might duly report us. Out of one hundred ships thus encountered, not one will come near enough to be spoken. If a vessel were not more than three miles distant, we first hoisted our ensign to the monkey-gaff, thus indicating our nationality, and in a few moments the craft so accosted showed her colors, which we could plainly distinguish with the telescope. Then, according to the code of marine signals, we set small flags of different colors, the signification of which is common to the navies of the world, and constitutes what might be called the vernacular of the sea. We gave our name, where we were from, where bound, the number of days out, our longitude as computed by the captain, wished the master a pleasant voyage, and saluted him—to all of which we received suitable replies. Thus to our signal "Golden Fleece," another vessel might reply "Hungarian;" to our "New York," "Saguenay;" our "California," "Melbourne;" "Sixteen days out," "Twenty-one." Next the different longitudes were given; and then our "Wish you a pleasant voyage" was answered by "Many thanks," and both ensigns were set and lowered three times as a parting salute.

Sunrise and sunset at sea are usually fine spectacles; but I agree with the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," when he says that sunrises at sea will not, as a rule, compare favorably with those on shore. They need the infinitely numerous and picturesque details which land sunrises have—the song of birds, the

chatter of animals, the glitter of hill-tops, church-spires, trees, and houses, the glistening of dew-eyed flowers, the hum and stir of human life. It is the literal first "breaking of the day" that is so beautiful upon the ocean. Gray streak and rosy glow mingle in the eastern horizon and are reflected in the sombre sea, until presently the circle of the ocean and the infinite arch of the sky are warm with red and golden blushes. The sunsets of the Pacific are commonly thought to surpass those of the Atlantic in grandeur and beauty. Perhaps this is owing to diverse atmospheric conditions. Possibly the difference exists solely in fancy, but I have the impression of having seen finer sunsets in the Indian Ocean than elsewhere at sea. Yet the color of the sun-rays, and the magnificent penciling and shadows upon the clouds, gave me less to admire than the roseate afterglow thrown over the heavens from horizon to zenith, from zenith to horizon, reflected in the sea and again cast back upon the sky.

Christmas was commemorated by us in a manner worthy that time-honored festival. Unknown to the gentlemen, the young ladies had made a number of very pretty little presents, and on Christmas-eve mild hints were thrown out that we should hang up our stockings. Deeming it hardly probable that St. Nicholas would have either time or opportunity to distribute his gifts off the Horn, few complied with the artful suggestion. Imagine the surprise of each the next morning to find, not only at his cabin-door a stocking crammed full of pincushions, slippers, shoe-cases, mats, watch-

cases, catchalls, et cetera, but also long strings of other gifts fastened together, and reaching from door-knob to floor. As was peculiarly fitting, many of these fabrics were modeled after marine designs. In the afternoon we dined sumptuously, and in the evening indulged in an old-fashioned New England candy-scape.

We had long since safely rounded the Horn and headed northward. The track from fifty degrees south in the Pacific to San Francisco is probably the most lonely one in existence. Vessels from San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands to New York or London lay their courses far to the westward, and the only ships we were likely to fall in with were those bound for Valparaiso, Callao, or the Chincha Islands. We passed two hundred miles west of the islands of Juan Fernandez, which are situated four hundred miles from the coast of Chili. Lord Bacon thought it strange that in sea-voyages, where nothing but sky and water is to be seen, men should busy themselves in keeping diaries. Yet we found pleasure in recording not only all the little events and transactions of the voyage, with our respective comments thereon, but also in making lengthy abstracts of our studies and reading. Apropos of the latter, I append a list of the works read by one of the passengers, which illustrates the huge mental appetite that sometimes besets one amid the freedom and quiet of a sea life. The list embraces Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea;" Cook's "Voyages;" "Circumnavigation of the World since Cook's Time;" Cornell's "Geography;" Miller's "My Schools and School-

masters ;" Ida Pfeiffer's "Second Voyage Around the World ;" Cooper's "Pilot ;" Higgins's "Physical Phenomena of the Earth ;" Marryat's "Jacob Faithful ;" Cleveland's "Voyages," two volumes ; Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop ;" Dana's "Seaman's Friend ;" Gerstaecker's "Journey Around the World ;" Chambers's "Miscellany," two volumes ; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast ;" "Diary and Correspondence of Amos Lawrence ;" Maury's "Sailing Directions," two immense folio volumes ; Ferry's "Vagabond Life in Mexico ;" Dickens's "Dombey and Son ;" Moens's "English Travelers and Italian Brigands ;" Jarvis's "History of the Sandwich Islands ;" Marryat's "Midshipman Easy ;" Comer's "Navigation ;" "Sandwich Island Notes ;" Nevins's "China ;" Cameron's "Our Tropical Possessions in Malayan India ;" "The Buried Cities of Campania ;" and Chambers's "Information for the People," two folio volumes of fifteen hundred pages. This averages two volumes per week from port to port ; and yet that passenger is still alive, and accredited sound in mind and body.

The discipline on board the *Golden Fleece* was unexceptionable. I did not hear an oath during a voyage of four months and sixteen thousand miles. Divine service was held every Sunday, and a Bible-class on Wednesday evenings for such of the crew as chose to attend. Two excellent libraries in the fore-castle were expressly for the use of the crew. They were allowed a half holiday on Saturdays, in which to do their washing and mending, and to read and write, and no work

beyond that of absolute necessity was required of them on Sundays. The captain also organized for them a free class in navigation. The place appropriated to the seamen when no work is going forward is in or about the forecastle. They are not allowed to go abaft the mainmast unless ship's duty requires them. The crew eat together in the forecastle, or on deck in fine weather if they choose. Jack's staple diet embraces beef, pork, and bread ; but in our ship he fared somewhat better, being served with potatoes, ham, flour, cod-fish, split pease, beans, molasses, and coffee. His food is cooked in the galley, from whence he is expected to take it. The cook puts the victuals into pans or small wooden tubs called "kids." The coffee is served to each man in his own tin pot. No table, knife, or fork belongs to the forecastle ; each man helps himself from his own utensils, cutting his meat and hard-tack with his clasp or sheath knife, and eating his soft food with an iron spoon.

American shipowners generally prevent the outbreak of scurvy among their crews by furnishing them with plenty of vegetables. In the English merchant service the diet is principally a meat one, which necessitates the daily use of lime-juice as a health preservative. Hence we read in sea stories of the American Jack's designation of the British tar as a "lime-juicer." The food of English crews, which often is not all that could be desired, as regards either quantity or quality, is usually weighed out to them by the third mate, with the addition of a daily issue of lime-juice or lemon-juice and sugar, or other antiscorbutics. They re-

ceive an ounce of this (a quarter of a gill), and the penalties for refusing to use it are quite heavy.

When leaving port, the ship, as most people know, is put in sea trim; that is to say, the running rigging is examined, that which is unfit for use got down, and new rigging rove in its place. Then the standing rigging has to be overhauled, repaired, and set up if slack, and chafing gear must be put on wherever any of the ropes rub one another. Attention to this latter duty alone will occupy two or three men for a whole voyage. Every ship carries two or more complete suits of sails—one new and strong for rough weather, such as that around the Horn; the others are being constantly patched and mended, and thus keep three or four men, sometimes twice as many, constantly at work. “If we add to all this,” says Dana, “the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing required in the course of a voyage, and also remember that this is all done in addition to watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling, and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, ‘What can a sailor find to do at sea?’” Captains evidently believe that

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;”

for should every other employment fail, the crew are set to manufacturing spun-yarn, picking oakum, and even pounding the rust from the anchors and scraping the chain cables. Hence, doubtless, the origin of their variation upon the fourth commandment:

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou art able,
And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable."

When in the latitude of Lima we came across a ship lying directly upon our course. Her topsails were furled and mainyard aback, and the captain thought she must be in distress and wish to speak with us. But when we came up and passed about half a mile to windward she proved to be a whaler, and was lying as still as possible in order that the blubber might be cut from a monstrous whale which lay alongside. We supposed it was a sperm or spermaceti whale, since we were in the tropics, the home of the cachalot species; the right or Greenland whale, which is much less valuable, being found only in cold latitudes, and more especially about Baffin's Bay. With our marine glasses we could see a man standing on the huge carcass, vigorously plying his keen-edged spade, while the surrounding sea was almost calm from the quantity of oil in the water. Large as the animal seemed to our ignorant eyes, it dwindled into insignificance when contrasted with what we knew of the Greenland whale, which, when fully grown, is often seventy-five feet long, forty feet in circumference, with a tail twenty-five feet in width, and a mouth sixteen feet long, eight feet wide, and twelve feet high inside.

A long spell of pleasant weather favored us through the southeast trades, and this part of the voyage was at once calm, monotonous, and lonesome. The Equator was crossed on the 22d of January, 1870, in longitude one hundred and ten degrees west, nearly two thousand miles from the coast of Ecuador, South America, and on

our ninetieth day from the port of New York. A little south of the "line" the gorgeous constellation of the Southern Cross was lost to view, and then we raised again from the horizon the old familiar North Star and the Great Bear. The doldrums detained us but half a day in this instance, being merely a break between the northeast and southeast trade-winds. When within six hundred miles of San Francisco we had to wait several days for a northwest breeze in an unsettled region much resembling the horse latitudes, with the exception that the weather was cold and damp. During this time the ship was surrounded on every side by a species of large black sea-fowl similar in appearance to the albatross. These birds, called gonies, are not esteemed good eating on account of their rank, oily taste, but their eggs are said to be excellent. They lay them in June upon small islands near the coast. Certain men make a business of collecting and transporting them to San Francisco, where they are sold in the markets alongside of hens' and ducks' eggs. The captain had eaten them frequently, and spoke in high terms of their good qualities.

About this time we narrowly escaped having a very serious accident. The men were engaged in hauling upon the main-topsail halyards (a large iron chain, the largest in use upon the ship, being over one hundred feet long), when it suddenly parted and fell upon the deck with a noise like thunder. I was standing near the wheel at the time, and ran forward, fearing half-a-dozen men were killed and thrice as many badly

wounded. To my amazement no one was killed, and only two or three were injured. It was a miraculous escape, as all hands, standing in single file across the deck, were pulling upon the chain, which fell just by the side of the entire line, parts of it striking a few men, and the remainder making indentations in the deck to the depth of two inches.

When within about four days of San Francisco we experienced much head-wind, which drove the ship from her course to the northwest; then followed several days' calm, which gave the death-blow to our hope of making the long voyage in one hundred and five days. On the evening of the 11th of February we sighted the Farralone Light. This proceeds from a light-house twenty-five miles west of the Golden Gate, whose light is three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level. At daylight the next morning land was in sight and a pilot came on board. The coast was remarkably hilly and barren, and evidently of volcanic formation. The Golden Gate, portal of the great modern El Dorado, is about one mile in width. On the southern side of the entrance is a large three-story fortification, mounting ninety guns, but garrisoned only by a corporal's guard. We soon, however, came to a more formidable fortress, which stood upon a small rocky island almost in the centre of the channel. This fort and rock might with some propriety be termed the Gibraltar of America. The United States authorities have been at work there for seventeen years, and it is still unfinished. The entire island, from the water's edge to the summit, is a vast and complete network of walls and barracks, guns and earthworks.

We now entered the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, and sailed slowly along in full view of the city upon the right. We kept steadily on until within a stone's-throw of the wharf at which the *Golden Fleece* was to lie, and then dropped anchor for the first time since leaving New York, one hundred and eleven days before. In less than an hour all the passengers were ashore. Thus ended the first part of our experience, and thus began another species of golden fleece, respecting which I have embodied some desultory hints in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

IN 'FRISCO.

No undeserved praise has been given to the climate of Central California. The Golden Gate being in the same latitude as Gibraltar, we naturally expect, though we fail to find, the same atmospheric character. Dryness and uniformity are the distinguishing features of the climate of San Francisco, the rainfall being only about half that of the eastern cities, and extending over but few of the winter months. The mean temperature is fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit, varying only about nine degrees throughout the year, and thus making an overcoat always comfortable and generally necessary. Snow is never seen in the metropolis, nor ice more than a quarter of an inch thick. The evenness and salubrity of the climate is doubtless due to the Kuro-siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, which acts in much the same manner upon the atmospheric phenomena and vegetation of California as the Atlantic Gulf Stream does upon those of Ireland and England.

The climate is at first very trying to a stranger arriving from a long sea-voyage, or even after the overland journey from the East. But could one remain sufficiently long in 'Frisco (as the city is affectionately styled by

many of its older citizens) to become acclimated, he would find it very healthy. Since the Pacific Railroad has been opened many invalids from all sections of the country avail themselves of the opportunity to practically test the city's salubrity. The air is full of a bracing tonic which makes business and work a pleasure, and acts as a sort of safety-valve through which excessive vitality escapes.

The markets of San Francisco bear honorable comparison with any I have ever seen. The abundance and variety of fruits greatly surprise visitors from the Atlantic States. Figs, bananas, oranges, and grapes from the southern portions of the state, vie with apples, peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, and blackberries from the central and northern parts. With respect to wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, and hay, California will soon equal, if not surpass, any state in the Union. Oats grow wild in large quantities. The land in the valleys is very fertile, and does not require any artificial enrichment, a great part of it being, even now, virgin soil. The season is much in advance of ours. In February the San José Valley exhibits peach-trees in blossom, flowers in bloom, and grain and grass tinted with emerald, as with June meadows farther east.

One of your first impressions of San Francisco, architecturally, is that there are no public buildings. The City Hall, two stories high, is built of brick, and stuccoed, and is situated in the middle of a block of stores. The Mint is crowded into the back and upper rooms of an old and very ordinary looking building

in one of the principal business streets. Provision has, however, been made by Congress for erecting a new and appropriate edifice. The Hall of Records, with its iron shutters and low ceilings, more closely resembles a storage warehouse than any thing else. It is the old "El Dorado," the famous gambling-hell of early San Francisco. Neither these nor any of the other public buildings in the city are striking in design, grand in proportion, or beautiful in finish. Yet many of the stores and warehouses are substantially and elegantly constructed, though, owing to the prevalence of earthquake shocks, and the fact that nearly one third of the city is built upon reclaimed land, these buildings are not more than four stories high. The Merchants' Exchange, situated upon California Street—the Wall Street of San Francisco—might be cited in support of the above statement. The Mercantile Library is one of the finest edifices in the city; it is of brick, with brown-stone facings and trimmings, and is four stories high, including a Mansard roof. It contains the library proper, several reading-rooms, chess-rooms, galleries of painting and statuary, besides two large stores on the ground-floor. The library numbers about forty thousand volumes.

Nineteen years ago the materials of which the stone building at the intersection of California and Montgomery streets consists were quarried in China, and brought over and put together in San Francisco. This was done on account of the enormously high price of labor in that city. The lower story is occupied by an express company, and the upper rooms by the Union Club.

During the six weeks I spent in San Francisco business seemed to be flourishing. But one missed the overdriven existence, the push and drive, the feverish pursuit of wealth, so perpetually, and sometimes so painfully, manifested in New York. Still much riotous speculation is to be found there, and Broad Street can teach Montgomery Street nothing in the way of bulling and bearing the financial market. The industries of the metropolis are numerous and varied. You encounter extensive woolen-mills, great machine-shops, lead, iron, and glass works, and a refinery which obtains its sugar from the Sandwich Islands. Across the bay, in Oakland—the Brooklyn of San Francisco—is an immense cotton manufactory, which receives the greater part of its raw material from the Mexican states. Successful experiments in cotton-growing, however, have been made in Southern California, whence, in future, this factory will be supplied.

The majority of the residences are simply two or three story frame cottages, with small gardens adorned with flowers and shrubs. Formerly many of the hills on which these houses are built were so steep that long flights of stairs were necessary in ascending and descending, as is the case in Naples, Hong Kong, and a few other cities. Even now one wonders what hidden power keeps the cottages in place, and why pavement and sidewalk do not slide down. The roads over most of the hills upon the western side of the city have the Nicholson pavement, which is so smooth that it is hardly possible for a horse to draw a heavy load up them,

unless he travel zigzag from curb to curb. The finest country-house it was my fortune to visit was situated in the San José Valley, about twelve miles distant from the city. It was the property of D. O. Mills, who is, or was, the President of the Bank of California.

Though no fine public parks adorn the city proper, yet across the bay, at Alameda, Oakland, and Saucelito, all reached by ferry-boats, are some large and beautiful gardens, which at certain seasons are much frequented. Nearer at hand is a popular and excellent drive—that to the Cliff House, close to the ocean. The road, six miles long, and wide enough for six carriages to drive abreast, is macadamized, and though built for the most part over and through sand-hills, is kept in splendid order by a system of tolls. The Cliff House is situated on the very edge of a precipitous cliff (hence the name) facing the Pacific, and distant half a mile from the Golden Gate. In front of the house, and two hundred yards from it, are several immense flat rocks, basking upon which may be seen numbers of sea-lions (*genus platyrhyncus*) each fine day. It is considered a treat for a stranger to ride out to the cliff on horseback, to breakfast; and a moonlight ride and supper there, with agreeable companions, is said to be one of those few pleasures, pure and simple, that this world yet contains.

San Francisco society materially differs from that in New York. The latter is sufficiently unwholesome, but through the former runs a deep and peculiar vein of "fastness." The people resemble Parisians in their

eager quest of pleasure. The men devote short hours to business and work, and then plunge into gayety, and often dissipation, as though now or never were the day of jollity. Sunday is turned into a holiday; the bar-rooms and billiard-halls, and many of the stores, are open, and Sabbath evening witnesses the theatres attended by fuller and more enthusiastic audiences than on other nights. On Saturday afternoons young men who do not love the sanctuary may be seen starting for the country with guns and dogs for a Sabbath-day's shooting. Others pass the day of rest in fishing or sailing in the neighboring bay. The young man who accompanies his parents to church on Sunday morning will pass the afternoon in a billiard-saloon and the evening at the opera or the theatre. A Bohemian irregularity of living prevails, due probably to the survival of certain of those influences under which Californian civilization was founded. Apparently large profits are demanded by the merchants. Scarcely any thing is sold for less than two bits—twenty-five cents—and a fifty-cent piece is not considered excessive to throw to the man who waters your horse. Money and position, as in cities farther east, generally overreach brains and sense. The ladies employ striking contrasts of color in dress, and follow conscientiously the extremest rules of fashion. At the large hotels one is especially struck with the dinner-table toilets—rich silks, costly laces, fine velvets, diamonds, and jewelry, worn generally with more display than taste.

No sketch of San Francisco, however brief, would

be complete without notice of its Chinese inhabitants. Eighty thousand of these are in the state, and twenty thousand in 'Frisco. Their largest immigration was in 1852, though they have been thronging in ever since. They do not come intending to remain, but merely to acquire a competence which they may enjoy on returning home. That they seldom bring their wives or any other female relative with them is owing not so much to this shortness of stay as because they are forbidden to do so by the Son of Heaven, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor. China Town is the name given to that quarter of San Francisco which they inhabit. There some of their merchants supply them with necessities; others sell to Americans teas, silks, fancy goods, and other articles imported from the Flowery Kingdom.

But the Chinaman is not a rare sight in any quarter of 'Frisco. He is ubiquitous. His dress is uniform, and by no means picturesque. It consists of a plain black-felt hat, a dark-blue shirt with its nether extremities worn outside the pants, black-cloth trousers, white stockings, and clumsy wooden slippers. His head is shaved, excepting the crown, from which the hair is allowed to grow to a great length. This is braided into a long queue, which in the streets, or when the wearer is at work, is wound around the head, but in the house is allowed to hang down the back.

Contrary to what might be imagined, the Chinese in San Francisco adhere firmly to their own habits and usages. They do not deign to learn or adapt any thing

from the "foreign devils"—that being the euphemistic epithet by which they denote Americans. How can a nation which the heaven-descended Emperor of China treats simply as a remote dependency, and whose minister is sent to Peking as a sort of hostage—how can such a weak and barbarous people possibly instruct them? In his inmost heart the meanest Chinese coolie firmly believes himself superior to the most distinguished and learned Caucasian. At Peking, in the last decade, there were some slight humblings and abasements, effected by English and French troops, when the famous summer palace of the Son of Heaven (in Yuen-Ming-Yuen) was sacked; but these lessons were soon forgotten, and the Chinese merit the imputation of being the most vain, conceited, and supercilious people on the face of the globe.

In the United States, attrition with Americans, and the prospect of gain thus opened, sometimes prove too strong for this overweening self-complacency, and Chinese industry, peaceableness, and sobriety become their own rewards. Besides the traders, many support themselves by washing and ironing, Heaven seeming to have granted them a peculiar sympathy with soap-suds and starch. Some are gardeners, others miners, and not a few servants, in which capacity they excel the average Mike or Bridget. Their diet being simple, they live very cheaply—for about twenty-five cents per day, or five times what it costs them in Canton. Consequently they can afford to work for much less wages than either the Irish or American laborer. This fact has caused

more than one riot between the rivals. The vices to which the Chinaman is especially addicted are gambling and opium-smoking. Outside of this his chief ambition is to be buried at home. Nothing affords him so much anguish as the risk of sepulture upon a foreign shore.

One evening I paid a visit to the Chinese theatre, which from time to time presents a serial drama, running night and day for several weeks, and sometimes several months. Paying fifty cents at the door, I was ushered into what resembled one of our smaller New York theatres. It was crowded with Celestials, most of whom were smoking small cheroots or eating sweetmeats, which were retailed in the building. The stage was divided in the middle transversely by a screen made of Chinese banners, flags, and tinsel and gauze work of various designs. This extended to the ceiling, and had at the bottom two openings, one on each side, for the entrance and exit of the actors. In front of the screen was the proscenium, and behind it the "green-room." The two corners of the stage, in full view of the audience, were used as property-rooms, being filled with costumes, weapons, and Thespian miscellany. Very unique was the spectacle of an American clock, fastened to the screen, among such grotesque importations. The orchestra occupied the centre of the stage. The instruments comprised a species of violin, cymbals, guitar, and viol drum, producing notes suggestive of the mutual emulation of fish-horns, steam-saws, and planing-mills. The dialogue was so lavishly interspersed with

music as to be nearly inaudible ; but since the actors' voices were pitched to the highest key of nasality, perhaps I ought not to have been chagrined. The drama introduced numerous kings, queens, and warriors, who, having fought, killed each other to so relentless an extent that I feared the play would come to an end simply from the lack of *dramatis personæ*. But I mistrusted the ingenuity of the management. The dead and dying were dragged out, to reappear soon after in fresh parts, as, it is painful to confess, they sometimes do in Caucasian stock companies. The costumes, apparently made from a fine quality of silk, were gorgeously ornamented, and false beards seemed very popular. The acting, as expressive of emotion and passion, was fair. The female parts were very creditably taken by boys, the Celestial drama sharing the prejudices of the Elizabethan. The Chinaman near me seemed to enjoy the spectacle excessively, especially its coarse jests, *double entendres*, and obscenity, though neither he nor his compatriots expressed appreciation aloud.

San Francisco is steadily growing in population and wealth. Much of her success is due to her healthy climate and grand position, but more to her inherent energy and enterprise ; and the great steamship lines on the west, and more especially the Pacific Railroad on the east, are the mighty levers which she is employing to advance her position, and which must soon make her, as the Western metropolis, the peer of the cities of our Eastern seaboard.

CHAPTER III.

HONOLULU.

FROM San Francisco to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands the distance is about two thousand miles. One may visit them either in a steamer or sailing-vessel, the time required in the former being one week, and in the latter two or three. The *Golden Fleece*, being bound for Hong Kong and Manilla, proposed calling at Honolulu, merely to obtain some extra freight. We left 'Frisco on the 26th of March, and during the first day out made the splendid run of two hundred and sixty-nine miles. On the 10th of April, after an uninteresting voyage, we sighted one of the Hawaiian group—the island of Molokai. It lies to the east of Oahu, and is simply a long, narrow strip of land, with low rocky hills in the interior, and barren, undulating plains stretching to the coast. The first view of Oahu was not more inspiring. Instead of vast groves of palms, oranges, bananas, and other tropical trees and plants, we beheld sharp, rugged hills, without shrubs or grass. The whole island was of volcanic formation. The mountains, some of which terminated in abrupt precipices at the edge of the sea, appeared to be composed of vari-colored lava, layer upon layer, liquid and

fiery once, but now solid as the eternal rock. At the water's edge were large, dark holes, wave-eaten, and probably leading to extensive caverns. Suddenly, on rounding Diamond Head (an old extinct crater a thousand feet in height), we saw, six miles distant, the pretty little town of Honolulu. It nestled in a sunny green valley, between cliffs whose heads were hidden in the trade-wind's silver clouds. A pilot, who had just guided a whaler out to sea, came on board and took us to a safe anchorage.

The town—or “city,” as it is styled by legal enactment—lies upon a plain at the opening of the beautiful valley of Nuuanu, which bisects the island of Oahu, and in the centre of a large semicircle of high lands that incloses the harbor. The situation is pleasant, facing the south, upon ground sloping from the mountains down to the bright blue water. The climate, though warm, is salubrious, the heat being tempered by the surrounding sea and the northeast trade-winds. From our anchorage, at two miles' distance, Honolulu showed to much advantage, the little huts being shaded by a goodly quantity of rich green foliage. This vegetation, however, is of foreign origin, most of the trees and shrubs having been imported from California, or from Tahiti and other of the South Sea Islands. It was a hard pull in the captain's gig toward the shore, for a heavy sea was driving us through the mouth of the harbor—a single narrow opening in the coral reef which extends from headland to headland. This little channel has been worn by a stream of fresh water from the hills,

fresh water being so inimical to the coral insects that they always suspend building operations whenever it makes its appearance in great volume. Within the semicircle mentioned the anchorage is safe, though the sea dashes with force against the reef. At the wharves were a dozen foreign vessels of small tonnage, and quite a number of native schooners, which ply between the islands. At anchor near by lay the United States sloop-of-war *Jamestown*, and a large frigate bearing the Austrian ensign.

Upon the wharf, which we presently reached, were a score of Kanakas, who greeted us with loud jabbering, to which we responded by the wise reserve of smiles. The town was very American in appearance, and the natives so much resembled intelligent negroes that we might almost have imagined ourselves at a certain pier on the East River, New York. The men were dressed in gay-colored shirts and pants, and the women in poke-bonnets and girdless calico dresses hanging loosely from their shoulders. The majority of the males also wore straw hats, though the shapes, sizes, and materials of head-gear thus presented defied classification, and represented every epoch since the American Revolution. The nearest street—the Esplanade—exhibited brick and stone warehouses and long lines of drays, and the *ensemble* was completed by freshly arrived foreigners struggling in the toils of newly developed business. The click of the billiard-ball was heard, and a half-open door disclosed a progressive American bar. We were dumfounded. Who would have expected sherry-cob-

blers in Typee, claret-punch in a land of milk and honey? We had dreamed of groves of cocoa-palms, made picturesque with half-nude Undines and houris, and we found billiard-tables, bowling-alleys, sangarees, and sample-rooms.

The captain's consignees could furnish no freight for China, but it was necessary we should visit the Custom-house, where the usual farce was enacted of entering and clearing the ship. I was obliged to pay two dollars in order to land my baggage, and was likewise under the necessity of taking an oath that my trunks contained neither liquor nor goods intended for sale. The proceeds of this tax are said to be devoted to the establishment of hospitals; but at that time Honolulu could not support one good hotel, and we were therefore justified in arguing that hospitals would be raised rather slowly by such a levy alone. In this South Pacific city clerks, old and young, take their meals at clubs and restaurants and lodge elsewhere. After much search I obtained comfortable rooms next to the United States Legation, fearing lest I should be obliged to eat at a Chinese restaurant adjacent, but hoping to be admitted to the table of the British or American or German Club.

I had determined to devote some weeks to resting and rambling among the islands of the South Pacific, and therefore the unpleasant task faced me of saying good-bye to the friends whom I had accompanied thus far, but who were now ready to continue their circumnavigation of the globe on board the *Golden Fleece*. The

reader will, I hope, pardon my passing over the sadness of that adieu without further comment.

One of the most interesting localities to visit is the pali, or precipice of Nuuanu, six miles distant from the town. The valley of Nuuanu contains the most fertile soil of the island. Many of the government officers and merchant princes make their homes there, and thus become neighbors of Queen Emma, who, it will be remembered, visited the United States and Europe in 1865-6. The ex-queen resides in a very plain house, the flower-gardens surrounding which are the envy and pride of the valley. A ride of two miles brought me to the royal mausoleum, the tomb of the kings. It resembles a small Episcopal chapel, is built of brick and coral, and is stuccoed. With the exception of Kamehameha, the royal dead are all interred here. If tradition speak truth, the bosom friend of that monarch suggested that the corpse should be eaten raw. A delicate compromise was made by boiling it until the flesh fell from the bones, which were then distributed among the chiefs, with a due regard to the jealousies of the aristocracy. The skull was given to one, the scapulæ to another, the fibulæ to a third, and so on until the last bit of skeleton was disposed of, and general good feeling was the result.

Reaching at last the summit of the volcanic ridge which bisects the island, the cold northeast trade-winds struck me with the force of almost a gale. In fact the native word Nuuanu signifies "great cold." Passing through a narrow gorge, we halted at the brink of the

pali, eleven hundred feet above the plain, and with cliffs upon each side rising nearly sixteen hundred feet above our heads. The view was grand almost beyond comparison. Far to the right rolled the bright blue ocean; nearer were several extinct craters, yellow, and entirely barren; in the centre was the little hamlet of Kaneohe; to the left stretched a large sugar-cane plantation, with its "waving sea of green;" an immense grassy plain lay directly in front; and a low range of dark-blue hazy mountains, fading away toward the northern extremity of the island, formed the background. At present a steep road, suitable for pack-horses, and cut in the face of the cliff, leads down to the plain; but formerly ascent and descent were made simply by means of small niches for the feet and an iron rod fastened against the almost smooth face of the pali. Yet by these meagre means the natives not only made the passage with swiftness, but even carried heavy burdens strapped to their shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE HAWAIIAN PALACE.

THE foreign residents of Honolulu live for the most part in one-story wooden cottages open to the roof. The ceilings and walls are of canvas, and an ingenious ventilator is made by leaving a space open just beneath the eaves and protected only by a fine wire grating. The floor is covered with matting. Lace curtains in the windows exclude the plague of flies during the day, and netting over the bed protects one at night from mosquitoes of immense physique and commensurate appetite. For greater comfort and convenience, piazzas shaded with Venetian blinds are on all sides of the house, and lavatories are attached to each sleeping-room. In the capital of the Sandwich Islands one good hotel is now patronized, but I regret to say there was not one good hotel to patronize when I was there. Several clubs are also supported by bachelors of various nationalities. To acquire this experience need not take one long. To visit the Kanakas in their homes, churches, and schools, to sleep in their grass-thatched huts, to eat their sour *poi*, drink their stupefying *awa*, and smoke their social pipes, are privileges easily obtained. But after being sated in these directions I desired to visit the abode of the king.

We found the royal palace at the eastern extremity of the city, surrounded by gardens and lawns three or four acres in extent, and inclosed by a high wall of rough-hewn coral. A sleepy, barefooted sentinel admitted us by a wicket. To the left were the barracks, with a few soldiers lolling around some light iron cannon. Before us a broad, hard avenue, shaded by beautiful trees, led to a simple one-story edifice, built of coral from the reef in the harbor, encompassed by a noble piazza, and surmounted with a huge square cupola. Iolani Palace, as it is called, is about seventy-five feet in length and fifty in width. After looking over the grounds (which were not kept in very good order—possibly because a new palace was in contemplation), we mounted a flight of stone steps, and entered the royal mansion through a wooden doorway which opened into an immense hall. A long table, covered with green leather, occupied the centre of this room, and upon it was a rack of law books. Some admirably executed paintings adorned the walls, among them a full-length portrait of Louis Philippe, one of the Emperor of Russia, and half-a-dozen of other European sovereigns and statesmen. These paintings had been presented to the different Kamehamehas by the celebrities whom they portrayed.

A door opened from the hall into the library, a lofty room with green upholstery. The walls were hung with fine paintings of Kamehameha I., surnamed the Great; Kamehameha III.; Kamehameha IV., when a young boy; and Kaahumanu, the female premier, who was one

of the first of royal blood to embrace Christianity. On one side of the room stood a secretary and an iron safe; another side contained handsome cases, two filled with French and two with English books, about one thousand volumes in all. Among them were several very valuable illustrated and scientific works—Audubon's "Birds of America," Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition," and others. On the centre-table stood an elegant set of Lord Macaulay's works. Adjoining the library was the Crown Room, so called because the king places his crown here in state upon a magnificent table of native woods. This apartment is furnished in brighter colors than the library, and contains several very fine steel-plate engravings—two of the British House of Lords and Commons in session, one of Prince Albert of England, and another of the Duke of Wellington. Crossing the hall brought us to the grand reception-room, which occupies one half the building, and bears the same relation to Iolani Palace that the East Room does to the White House at Washington. The walls and furniture are richly gilded, and two large chandeliers, each containing ten kerosene lamps, depend from the lofty ceiling. At the centre of one side of the room stands the royal chair of state used by the king on reception days. On the wall behind it hangs a splendid painting of Kamehameha IV. in full uniform.

The kings and queens of Europe have their ermine capes, the rajahs of India their cashmere shawls, the princes of China and Japan their gorgeous silk gowns,

and the king of the Hawaiian Islands has his *mamo*, or feather cloak. This magnificent garment has a length of four feet, and a spread of twelve feet at the bottom. "Its groundwork," writes one who had the privilege of seeing it, "is a coarse netting, and to this delicate feathers are attached with a skill and grace worthy of the most civilized art. The feathers forming the border are reverted, the whole presenting a bright yellow color resembling a mantle of gold. The birds from which these splendid feathers were taken had but two feathers of the kind, and they were located one under each wing. It is a very rare species (*Melithreptes Pacifica*), peculiar only to the higher regions of Hawaii, and is caught with great care and much toil. Five of these feathers were valued at one dollar and a half. It is computed that at least half a million dollars have been expended in the manufacture of this gorgeous fabric."

On the right of the palace proper, in a frame house, were the private apartments of the king. On the opposite side was the modern building which His Majesty caused to be refitted and handsomely furnished for the occupancy of the Duke of Edinburgh on his visit to Honolulu in 1869. A portion of it was used by the king as a dining-room. There was also a parlor containing an excellent oil-painting of the Hon. R. C. Wylie, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs; engravings of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; and a splendid likeness of the Empress Eugénie on porcelain, painted by order of the Emperor Napoleon, and given by him to Kamehameha V. It is a superb work of art, about ten

inches in length by six in width, and was very highly prized by the late king.

We next visited the billiard-hall, and the room where the royal plate is preserved. Among many articles which attracted attention in the latter was a silver vase, nearly three feet in height, inscribed "The Gift of Queen Victoria," and an elegant pair of solid silver candelabra and a fruit-basket from Napoleon III. Louis Napoleon, indeed, seems to have taken precedence of all other monarchs in the elegance and variety of his gifts, for in addition to the fruit-basket and the candelabra was a superb cut-glass dinner service, bearing his crown and royal cipher. From a large calabash in the dining-room I took, with the attendant's permission, a bill of fare for "Dinner at Iolani Palace." Beneath the Hawaiian great seal appeared mullet à la Cardinale, crabs à la Française, fillet of veal à la mode, wild ducks with olive sauce, macaroni cheese, prawn curry, lobster salad, strawberries and cream, confectionery and coffee, Madeira and Champagne, hock, claret, and ale.

At the time of our visit Kamehameha was absent at Molokai. He died two years after, in December, 1872, in his forty-first year, having ruled but ten years. His brother, the former king, died at the early age of twenty-nine, having ruled only nine years. Kamehameha V. possessed considerable ability and good judgment. He was shrewd, resolute, and devoted to the welfare of his country. It is well known that His Majesty's cabinet was composed of foreigners—the majority of them Englishmen—and to the latter the king was much attached.

To the American members he was less gracious, while to Americans at large he had a decided antipathy. For much of this feeling we have to thank Dr. Judd, the missionary. In 1849 that gentleman accompanied Alexander Liholiho, then heir to the throne, and his brother, Prince Lot (afterward Kamehameha V.), as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the governments of the United States, England, and France. While Prince Lot, accompanied by Dr. Judd, was "ascending the Connecticut River on a steamboat, he sat down unassumingly to the supper-table, with a princely condescension before utterly unknown. He was clothed in citizen's attire, and had only his brown face as a distinguishing mark. Through the inadvertency of Dr. Judd, he was not made known to the passengers or officers of the boat. So a very democratic native of the Green Isle, a waiter at the table, unceremoniously informed the royal stranger that 'no nagsurs were allowed to eat with the white folks at the table.'" The matter was explained; but Prince Lot, afterward king, never forgave the insult.

It will be remembered that in January, 1873, Prince William Lunalilo, a grandson of Kamehameha the Great, was crowned king, his cabinet being principally composed of Americans. Dissolute as a prince, he reformed on attaining the throne, and made a just and conscientious ruler. He came, however, of a short-lived race, and died, after a reign of about one year, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The events which divided the island into factions severally espousing

Queen Emma, who was the widow of Kamehameha IV., and Kalakua, the most powerful chief in the nation and a member of the House of Nobles, are matter of history. So, too, are Kalakua's final election to kingship and his tour in the United States.

Before leaving the island I visited the old coast crater of Leahi, or Diamond Head. Its walls are rugged and steep, and deeply furrowed with old-time lava streams. On gaining the summit, the eye looks down on the level bed of the crater, two hundred feet below, where a small pond of water glitters, and, at that time, a dozen head of cattle nibbled rich grass. The crater, two thirds of a mile in diameter, was once very active. This is proved by the appearance of the neighboring clay and sand-fields, which are strewn with huge masses of volcanic rock. Many of the boulders would weigh half a ton, and some even a ton. Several have been hurled half a mile from the crater's rim.

My long ride was by no means monotonous or lonesome, for I continually encountered groups of good-natured Kanakas, who saluted me with a cheery "Aloha!" Literally this means "My love to you;" but it serves equally for "good-bye," "thank you," "how do you do," and "good-morning." Spoken so often and so blithesomely, it had a most hospitable sound; and so, filled with pleasant reciprocations, I clattered up the narrow lanes of the suburbs, just before the dim, delightful twilight melted into the blackness of tropic night.

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSES OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

AFTER two weeks' residence in the capital, and visits to various parts of Oahu, I proposed seeing something of the other islands and towns. The group numbers thirteen islands in all, though but seven of them are inhabited, and only five are of sufficient importance to deserve notice. These are Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Maui, and Hawaii. Formerly Honolulu was called the whaling station of the North-Pacific, but since the almost annihilation of the whaling fleet the cultivation of sugarcane has become the chief industry. Maui alone is said to produce over two thirds of the yearly crop. But a great drawback is the insufficiency of cheap and steady labor. The native Kanakas are lazy and desultory, and coolies have not yet been largely imported.

After the fortnight was ended, I took passage in a little coasting schooner of one hundred and twenty-five tons' burden, and sailed for Hilo, on the isle of Hawaii. The distance was over two hundred miles, and the average voyage five days, including slight detentions. Half a hundred of these schooners, some of only fifty tons' burden, ply between the various ports. They all carry passengers and general merchandise, also live stock, such as bullocks, sheep, pigs, and horses. The passen-

gers are mostly Kanakas, a very social and hospitable people, visiting much with their relatives, and voyaging continually from island to island. Occasionally foreign merchants, or missionaries with their families, are among the voyagers. There were but two other occupants of the cabin besides myself. One of these was a young lady (daughter of a missionary), and the other a Chinese merchant. The fare was ten dollars. The deck passengers consisted of about twenty-five Kanaka men, women, and children. Their fare was only two dollars. These natives took up their abode on the cabin roof, covering themselves with huge straw mats as a protection against the sea-spray. Kanaka passengers have to supply their own food; but this is no great undertaking; for it consists simply of a calabash of sour poi and some dried fish. Sometimes they gorge themselves with food just previous to starting, and manage to exist on almost nothing until the end of the voyage; but often they are so shiftless that they even neglect to take this precaution, and then the captain has to furnish them with bread or biscuit. About every ten minutes a smoke was in order. Some one would fill with native tobacco a little pipe made of kou wood, light it, and, taking one or two pulls and puffs, draw the smoke into his lungs, and then slowly exhale it. He would then pass the pipe to his neighbor, male or female, who would go through the same operation, and so on until the pipe had passed around the entire circle, all chatting and laughing as though life were one long *dolce far niente*, and humanity one jolly good-fellowship.

In the night we sailed along the coast of Molokai, where the leper hospital is situated, which Mr. Nordhoff in one of his recent books has so well described. It contains over eight hundred victims of this fearful disease, which, though not contagious, has extensively prevailed among these islands for a number of years.

Early on the following morning we were at anchor off the little town of Lahaina, the capital of Maui. We stayed there long enough to embark a passenger, for whom we stopped, and then sailed along within half a mile of the beach, until we came to McGee's sugar plantation, one of the largest and richest in the archipelago. While there I visited Mauna-Haleakala, the largest quiescent crater in the world, being three thousand feet deep and thirty-five miles in circumference. Its bottom is a field of lava, and of the fourteen cones which decorate its crest, one is six hundred feet in height. The size of this crater can be imagined when it is remembered that that of Vesuvius is only two miles in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet in depth, and that of *Ætna* only four miles around and eight hundred feet deep.

We passed the smaller islands of Molokini and Kahoolawe, and were now in the channel between Maui and Hawaii. This last-mentioned island is the largest in Polynesia, and we were now rapidly approaching it. Of the two chains of mountains which traverse it, one contains the celebrated volcanic summits of Mauna-Loa, Mauna-Hualala, and Mauna-Kea, the highest peak of the Hawaiian group. Along the northern shore of Hawaii

the soil is fifteen feet deep, a very unusual depth for a purely volcanic island. Besides this, Hawaii is the latest formed island of the archipelago, and vegetation is most luxuriant on the oldest, as in Kauai, owing to a more thorough decomposition of the lava.

The fertile soil of the Sandwich Islands has been estimated to be one sixth of their entire surface. On Oahu, near Honolulu, it consists of a layer of mould from two to six feet in depth, then of a similar layer of black sand, and, lastly, of a deep bed of coral. Geologists agree that the Hawaiian islands have been upheaved, by volcanic processes, from the depths of the sea. Coral and shells are said to have been found on some of the mountains of Kauai, and the whole group is known to be even now slowly rising. The comparative age of the several islands has been determined, and it is demonstrated that they have been uplifted in regular order from northwest to southeast, and are still in process of formation. May we not, then, with considerable propriety, look for the appearance of another reef to the southeast of Hawaii?

Upon the northern parts of this island the valleys are covered with sugar-cane, and the mountains with their natural growth of ohea, kukui, and kou trees. Native huts are scattered over this section, and often the eye rests upon pretty little white churches, which have native pastors, and congregations of three to four hundred. The missionaries, of whom there were but three, acted as bishops of a diocese, visiting and comforting their flocks. The fertility of the country is due in great measure to

the frequent rains. In the centre of the islands the high hills catch the clouds, and rain almost constantly falls during the greater part of the year, forming on its course to the ocean innumerable cascades, and occasionally waterfalls five hundred to a thousand feet in height.

Hilo, seen from the sea, is not very attractive. The houses are mostly concealed by the foliage. It has no harbor; in fact the only harbor of the islands is that of Honolulu. At Hilo vessels are obliged to load and unload by means of their boats, having first been made fast to a buoy. The waves, excepting in one single place, dash high over the coral reef in clouds of foam. Among the wonders of Hilo are its cocoa-palms, those peculiar tropical trees which bear fruit throughout the year. One day I engaged a Kanaka to procure for me some green cocoa-nuts, purposely selecting a tree sixty feet in height as a trial of his skill. He climbed fearlessly, with astonishing rapidity and apparent ease, simply bracing his feet against the rugged trunk, and grasping it above his head with both hands. Thus drawing and pushing himself, he gained the tuft of leaves at the top, and having picked and thrown down some of the largest nuts, descended so quickly that I feared he had fallen.

The cocoa-nut, thus enjoyed, is very different from that purchased in New York. The fruit is green, and the milk, which by the way is thin and limpid, is in the best condition for drinking. The nuts resemble green citron melons, though the outside rind is quite dense

and tough. After removing an inch of fibrous covering, one sees the shell, now white and comparatively soft. Having, in the native fashion, cut a round hole in one end with a sharp stone, you open the nut and disclose the soft white meat, half an inch in thickness. This is usually eaten with a spoon. The interior is completely filled with the refreshing but rather insipid white liquid which has imaginatively been called milk.

The leaves of the cocoa-palm are twelve to fourteen feet in length, with a very strong middle rib. A tree generally yields one hundred nuts, which grow in clusters, of about a dozen each, near its top. Cocoa-palms seem to prefer herding together, and I have seen as many as five hundred in a single grove. They also delight in maritime situations, living best near the seashore, though no saline taste is ever perceptible in the cocoa-nuts. But few cocoa-palms are now remaining, and of these the majority are so old that they bear an inferior quality of fruit. The natives give little attention to propagation, and the stock is therefore nearly exhausted. Good cocoa-nuts are worth in the Honolulu market two dollars and a half per hundred.

The banana is another champion fruit of Hilo. The tree attains a height of thirty feet, and has a trunk five inches in diameter, green and succulent. The foliage consists of long, green leaves, shaped something like those of the cocoa, and, like them, supplied with strong middle ribs. The banana is propagated by suckers, which attain maturity in about a year after being planted. The stems are cut down after fruiting, but the plan-

tation does not require renewal for ten or twelve years. The tree bears but one cluster, and this often weighs as much as sixty pounds.

The great pests in this part of the world are mosquitoes, fleas, cockroaches, scorpions, centipedes, large spiders, and caterpillars five inches long. The scorpions are exceptional, however, and there are no serpents. The Rev. Sydney Smith has given so humorous a caricature of the shape which petty miseries of this kind take in tropical life, that I shall say nothing more about them at present than that they materially modify the pleasures of the torrid zone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT CRATER OF KILAUEA.

THE volcano of Kilauea is about forty miles from Hilo. In company with a party of ladies and gentlemen whom I was so fortunate as to be able to join, I set out, mounted upon a mustang, and properly equipped with saddle-bags, walking-boots, a blanket, and a rubber coat. Leaving the village, we entered at first upon a simple trail which led through immense forests. Then came barren tracts of lava ; then, the road gradually ascending, trees and shrubs ; finally dense woods, with an alternately sandy and rocky soil. The forests presented common ferns ten to twenty feet high, and tree ferns (*Cibotium chamissonis*) twenty to seventy feet in height, and resembling Oriental palms ; varieties of screw-pine, with sword-like leaves and crooked stems ; an immense species of lily ; hundreds of mosses and thousands of delicate creepers ; and stout parasitical plants, in whose serpentine folds the trees were twisted like Laocoon.

By noon we reached the half-way house, where travelers are regaled with good drinking-water, native food, native beds, and, should they desire it, the rejuvenating lomi-lomi. This is the Hawaiian name for a spe-

cies of shampooing, which is accomplished without the clothes being removed, and is extremely refreshing. The operator is usually a woman or a young girl, and the effect is to aid digestion, and, if applied with regularity, to promote fat. The lomi-lomi is well patronized by foreigners, and much used by many of the native chiefs in order to render nugatory their gross excesses.

We reached Kilauea late in the afternoon, and at once accepted the hospitalities of a small bamboo hut kept for that purpose. The host was a Kanaka, a Chinaman acted as cook, and our party just filled the three small rooms. In the evening we were glad to sit around a fire, although in the tropics, and not four thousand feet above the sea. But among the first things I did was to take a sulphur steam-bath. The bath-house was a small thatched hut, within a stone's-throw of a steaming bank of yellow and white sulphur. The sole furniture was a tight wooden box in which to sit, and a bench on which to place one's clothes. The steam issued from a fissure in the rock beneath, and was admitted by pulling a cord that lifted one of the boards of the floor. The temperature of the steam was very high. Mauna-Kea, Mauna-Loa, and Mauna-Hualala are the three lofty mountains of Hawaii, but it is of the second only I wish now to speak. Near the centre of the island, and almost entirely of volcanic origin, Mauna-Loa is about fourteen thousand feet in perpendicular height. It presents the appearance of an immense smooth dome, and scientific men suppose it to be nearly a hollow cone, disemboweled by volcanic fires and sub-

terranean gases, and liable to cave in at any moment by the action of an earthquake. It possesses many craters of different dimensions, and new ones are continually opening. Its terminal crater — Mokuaweoweo — about two miles and a half in length and one in width, has always been more or less active, but the lava was never known to overflow until the fearful eruptions of the summer of 1872. Twenty years previous there was a great eruption from a crater on the side of Mauna-Loa, about ten thousand feet above sea-level. A column of lava was spouted five hundred feet into the air, and formed a molten river a mile wide, which in its devastating course filled several ravines from two to three hundred feet in depth. From another of the side-craters a terrific discharge occurred in 1855, destroying with lava-streams an area of three hundred square miles. The most violent eruption, however, took place in January, 1859, and continued for ten months, destroying a village, and creating a lava stream forty miles long and at some places six miles wide.

The most remarkable of the craters of Mauna-Loa is Kilauea, upon the southeast side, and situated on a plain 3970 feet above sea-level. It is the largest active volcano in the world, the crater being nine miles in circumference and from twelve to fourteen hundred feet deep. It is of irregular shape, with almost perpendicular walls of a kind of limestone. The inside is rimmed with cooled lava, called the "black ledge," from three hundred to two thousand feet wide, and about one thousand feet deep. The centre was formerly a surging sea

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of fire, with fountains of crimson lava, hung with a cloud which was silver by day and red at night. This reservoir has sometimes overflowed its banks, and in one night has been known to discharge fifteen million cubic inches of lava. One observer writes: "During the day the bottom looks like a heap of smouldering ruins, but at night it shows two immense pools or lakes of cherry-red liquid, in a state of violent ebullition, which illuminates the whole vast expanse, and flows in all directions, like water; and there are numerous conical craters continually throwing out stones, ashes, lava, smoke, and flame."

It was therefore with more than usual interest and excitement that we prepared to spend a day in the crater. Accompanied by native guides, we descended the immense pit by flights of wooden stairs and precipitous winding paths to the first landing, or "black ledge." Formerly this was the lowest depth of the crater, but owing to the great earthquake of 1868 the centre, with a diameter of about a mile, sank two hundred feet lower. The "black ledge" is composed of black lava, which lies in immense waves, rough and jagged. There being but slight volcanic activity at the time, we were able to walk, though at some risk, over the very bottom of the crater.

After walking about for some time, almost blinded and suffocated with sulphureous steam, we came to a miniature crater in operation. In a hole two feet in diameter the red-hot lava was seen boiling and bubbling like water in a kettle over a quick fire. Every now

and then the lava would be thrown two or three feet into the air. Then it would simmer down, and seem to wait for new vigor to again spout forth in a beautiful yellow-ochre stream. We approached within four feet of this lava fountain, much to the astonishment as well as anxiety of the guides, and doubtless to our own risk ; but when one is fairly down a crater, curiosity casts out fear.

The earthquake of 1868 shook down immense masses of the exterior walls, and opened some quite extensive caverns, the beds of ancient lava streams. One of these caverns is two hundred yards in length, but so narrow that we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in order to pass from one entrance-chamber into the other. In all the caves the most beautiful stalactites, some a foot long, were pending from the ceilings. Hot air and steam issued from numerous fissures. Here and there were smoking sulphur-banks, whence choice crystals could be obtained—very beautiful, but crumbling at a touch. The top of the crater's wall is covered with luxuriant shrubbery and small trees on all sides, excepting that toward which the prevailing winds blow. There sulphureous flames appear to have changed the very nature of the rocks. The bed of the crater supports no vegetation, not even a blade of grass. All is barren, rough, brittle, vari-colored lava, thirty distinct varieties of which may be found. It is difficult to paint in words a lava stream. Imagine a torrent of molten lead rushing down the side of a precipitous mountain, and then suddenly checked and cooled ;

or fancy a wave-tossed sea of liquid lava suddenly solidified and fixed—cold, stiff, and brittle, layer piled confusedly on layer, some of it like coke, some resembling pitch, some similar to lead, some honeycombed and cellular, some hollow, some solid as rock, and, all taken together, combining almost every color and tint.

Kilauea has been known to overflow its pit but once—in 1840—and then it burst through the southern bank, and ran a stream through the district of Puna into the sea, throwing up two enormous conical sand-hills and a high ridge of sand along the beach, and killing a great number of the cocoa-palms and pandanus trees. The great lava flow of 1859, within three days after first being perceived, had reached the sea at Wainanalii, in North Kona, forty or fifty miles from its source, destroying an entire village of thatched houses. At this place the lava filled up a valuable fish-pond, and ran out over half a mile into the sea, forming a solid pier over a quarter of a mile in width. It is said that this stream descended the mountain in a nearly northerly course, carrying a head of fire twelve or fifteen hundred yards wide. The shapes assumed by the molten stream were infinite in variety. An eye-witness says: "Now we passed a cascade, then a whirlpool, then a smooth, majestic river, then a series of rapids tossing their waves like a stormy sea; now rolling into lurid caverns, the roofs of which were hung with red-hot stalactites, and then under arches which it had thrown over itself in sportive triumph." The lava

continued to flow into the sea at Wainanalii for nearly seven months.

The eruption of April, 1868, was the most destructive to life and property of any on record. It occurred almost simultaneously with those on the western coast of South America ; thus apparently proving that the burning mountains of Hawaii are only a spur of that gigantic volcanic chain which may be said to bind together the shores of the great Island Ocean, and run round half the world. The extent of this volcanic chain will be appreciated when the reader remembers that a range of active volcanoes is traceable from Victoria Land, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and the Andes of South America, through the Cordilleras of Central America and Mexico, the Sierra Nevadas, on to the Aleutian Islands, Kamtschatka, the Kurile and Japanese groups, and finally circling through the Philippines, the Sunda Isles, and the Moluccas, to Java and Sumatra. Earthquakes and tidal waves have not been infrequent visitors to the Hawaiian group, but are experienced there at all times of unusually severe volcanic eruption. It is not therefore wonderful that the natives, before their conversion to Christianity, should have ascribed to Kilauea a fearful deity—Pele by name—whom they sought to propitiate by sacrifices of animals and provisions thrown into the yawning crater.

We spent the entire day in walking about the immense bed of the crater, and at night, after our return to the "Volcano House," witnessed a grand eruption and overflow from the very vent-hole to which we had

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ventured so near in the morning. A beautiful fountain of crimson fire shot to the height of twenty feet, and a burning lake of lava usurped the spot where we had stood. The lurid cones, the seething waves, the ashen-hued smoke, seen through a gloom tempered by a moon in her first quarter, produced a scene weird and grand. Never have I beheld a more vivid illustration of the Virgilian line which assures us that the descent to hell is easy.

From 1868 until 1872 the volcano of Kilauea was by turns active and quiescent, and several new craters were opened on the sides of Mauna-Loa. During the summer of 1872, more particularly, its summit crater, Mokuaweoweo, was in an unparalleled state of explosive irritability. Throughout 1873, not only the lofty Mokuaweoweo, but also the monstrous Kilauea, burned with almost uninterrupted brilliancy. The column shot from the summit crater varied from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, assuming the various forms of a great water-fountain. Mariners report having seen it at the distance of a hundred miles. During 1874 there were occasional eruptions from the sides and summit of Mauna-Loa.

We returned to Hilo through the district of Puna, along the eastern coast of the island, in order to visit, first, a very large extinct crater, and then to inspect some of the immense lava flows of Mauna-Loa. The crater—we could not learn its name, and it is but seldom visited—would, had it been in action, have been better worth seeing than the celebrated Kilauea. The

pit was oblong in shape, a mile in length, and half a mile in width. That one half was double the depth of the other was probably due to an earthquake shock, and the lowest was fully two thousand feet below the surrounding surface. The shallower part was a level plain, with grass and low shrubbery, the sides being completely covered with trees. The deeper half, separated from the other by an abrupt precipice, was cone-shaped, with a rocky bottom and precipitous walls. From one or two fissures steam issued, proving the crater to be in communication with subterranean fires. But no one could tell me when an eruption had taken place. Standing upon the brink of the deeper half, the view was appalling, the awfulness being enhanced by the small diameter of the crater in comparison with its exceeding depth. The trees which grew at the bottom, and which must have been one hundred feet in height, seemed less than half as many inches. The very soil upon which we stood was veined with huge cracks two feet in width, and slight indeed would have been the earthquake shock needed to sift it instantaneously into dust and ashes, and send it shivering into the abyss beneath.

CHAPTER VII.

AT HOME WITH THE KANAKAS.

HAWAIIANS are accustomed to pass half of life on or in the sea. It was at Hilo that I first inspected some of the native canoes. They are usually made from the trunks of the cocoa-nut or koa trees, which are hollowed out by means of fire, and are so narrow that it is just possible for a man to kneel in them, as he is obliged to do while paddling. Their bottoms and sides are so nearly round that an outrigger is necessary to hold them in place. This consists of two slender timbers, each ten feet long, attached at right angles to one side of the canoe, and joined at their outer extremities by a long, curved, and sometimes carved piece of wood which rests upon the water. This appendage, while it gives security by increasing the beam, does not sensibly impede the progress of the canoe, nor render the paddling more difficult to an apt and nimble native.

You will not always find the Kanakas, therefore, by looking for them in their little straw-thatched huts under the cocoa-nut palms. The sea is equally their residence. A Kanaka seems to have no fear of the voracious sharks which infest his beautiful archipelago, and sometimes he even kills one in single combat in the water. Armed

with his long, sharp knife, and taking advantage of the fact that the shark has to turn upon his back before seizing his prey, the Kanaka dives and stabs the monster from beneath. Natives have frequently been known to remain in the sea twenty-four hours at a time, and to swim distances of twenty and even thirty miles. Surf-bathing is freely indulged in by the youth of both sexes at the same time and place. Among the many ancient national games, that of heenalu (riding on surf-boats) is almost the only one universally retained. The swimmers start from the shore, carrying with them their surf-boards—flat pieces of wood adapted in size to the muscular strength of each, and usually four or five feet in length and one or two in width. The party then proceeds seaward until the outermost line of breakers is reached, sometimes half a mile from shore, and then, lying upon their boards, are carried toward land with terrific speed. But just as an observer might fancy them about to be dashed against the rocks, they slip from their boards by a dexterous movement, dive beneath the foaming surge, and swim out again seaward to repeat the feat. In this manner they will often amuse themselves for half a day at a time.

One morning my obliging host, Captain Tom Spencer, was so good as to show me over his sugar-cane plantation. This gentleman owns about four thousand acres, only three hundred and fifty of which, however, were at that time covered with cane. Through the plantation runs a road bordered with a stream, which is conducted in a wooden trough from a mountain torrent tapped for

that purpose three miles above. This stream is used in transporting cane and fuel-wood to the mill. The "flume," as it is called, saves a vast amount of cartage over almost impassable roads. Workmen cut from the forests billets of proper dimensions for the furnace, and place them in the flume. The grade and bend of the trough carry the timber with great speed to the mill, where it is piled in sheds, and soon becomes dry. The land now under cultivation lies on both sides of the flume, and the laborers have only to cut the cane, the stream undertaking the freighting.

In Hawaii sugar-cane is grown something like corn, excepting that it is planted in continuous rows instead of hills. The soil is deep and rich, and the weeds are so persistent that about a thousand Kanakas are employed the greater part of the year in battling with them. Fine cane, the captain informed me, yields about two tons of sugar per acre; extra fine, three. Grinding generally begins in December and continues until April. Only two qualities of sugar and molasses are turned out from the mill, and thirty Kanakas, with a foreigner as superintendent, are employed in their manufacture, which is similar, I believe, to ours in the Southern States. The cane is first pressed between three ponderous iron rollers, whence the expressed juice flows into large vats. It is then placed in iron, brick-incased tanks, under which are furnaces fired with the very inflammable refuse canes. The syrup, after being boiled, is put in large shallow cisterns to cool, and when it has attained the consistency of jelly is shoveled into circular iron

boxes, three feet in diameter, which are rapidly turned by water-power machinery. The friction serves for drying purposes, and the syrup, which at first was thick, moist, and glutinous, is taken out as granulated sugar. It is then packed in kegs, and shipped to Honolulu in the small coasting schooners already described.

Having seen as much of Hilo as I desired, I resolved to visit Mauna-Kea, and with that intent procured the service of a guide, and set out on horseback for the village of Laupahoehoe, thirty miles distant. We slept the first night in the hut of a native schoolmaster, who was bright and intelligent-looking, but did not understand a single English phrase. His hut contained but one room, eight feet by twelve, and in this were living eleven persons, without distinction of age or sex. A supper, consisting of boiled yams and native tea, was soon prepared. In one corner of the hut was some kapa, or tapa—native cloth. The processes of its manufacture, which devolves upon the women, are rather interesting. The cloth is made from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry, beat out upon a flat board with long wooden mallets of different sizes and weights, and joined together with arrow-root, so as to form any length required. "The juice of the raspings of the bark of trees, together with red clay and the soot of burned candle-nut from the kukui-tree, furnish the women with coloring-matter and varnish, with which they daub the cloth in the form of squares, stripes, and triangles." Formerly garments made from this kapa were the only ones worn by the natives, and kapa sheets, for beds, are still used in remote parts of the group.

This was indeed seeing the Kanakas at home. The room was abominably dirty ; cats, pigs, and fowls being enrolled as members of the family circle, and admitted at all hours of the day and night. But the white traveler was entirely too wearied to be annoyed even by such intrusions, and, taking his large poncho from his saddle, he made a comfortable bed as near the solitary door as possible, and prepared to sleep. As soon as he lay down the family took their supper, simply a calabash of poi and a saucer of kukui-nuts and salt.

Poi, or the taro plant (*arum esculentum*), whence it is made, has been justly styled the Hawaiian's staff of life. It is the national dish, the islanders' bread. However civilized a native may become, he invariably prefers his dish of sour poi to the choicest dainties eaten by hāoles—foreigners. The manufacture of poi from taro is quite simple. The root, having been thoroughly roasted, is pounded to a pulp in a trough by means of a lava mallet, pestle-shaped. During the pounding water is added from time to time, and when all has been reduced to a white paste it is called poi, and is ready to be eaten. The natives, however, who relish it most when it is sour, prefer allowing it to ferment for a couple of days. As a diet it is wholesome and not innutritious, imparting bulk rather than strength or solidity. It resembles hominy, yet it is not eaten with a spoon, but with one or two fingers, according to its consistency. The forefinger of the right hand is the digit usually thus distinguished. In fact, this finger is named in Hawaiian dialect *ka-rima-poi*, or poi-finger. The process consists

in dipping it into the common bowl, whirling it around with artistic rapidity, and then transferring the adhering poi to the mouth. The less time that is occupied, the more successful the performance.

At the supper-party in question no beverages were used, though the natives are very partial to a drink called *awa*, made from a carrot-like vegetable with fibrous roots, resembling those of the *sassafras* shrub. Formerly, it is said, each chief possessed a man or two whose pleasing duty it was to chew the root into a pulp, which they then projected into an earthenware vessel. Upon this water was poured, and when absorption was complete the liquor was drunk. "Its immediate result was a stupefying intoxication not unlike that caused by opium, while in its ultimate consequences it ruined the sight by rendering the eyes bloodshot, and produced on the skin a kind of leprous appearance." Of foreign liquors the native is passionately fond, and to rum the depopulation of the islands since the days of Cook is probably due. The strongest and about the only preventive of universal drunkenness is the general inability to raise the necessary funds, the government imposing a heavy tax upon all imported spirits.

We reached Laupahoehoe early the following morning, and proceeded thence to a small house on the west side of Mauna-Kea, the residence of Mr. John Parker, to whom I was provided with a letter of introduction.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAUNA-KEA, WAIPIO, AND WAIMEA.

MAUNA-KEA is a volcanic mountain nearly fourteen thousand feet high. It is situated in the tropics, being four degrees south of the Tropic of Cancer, yet notwithstanding the heat of its tropical situation remains snow-capped throughout the year. These facts excited my interest and curiosity. Mounted on a good horse, and with a Kanaka boy who could not speak English for my guide, I started one afternoon, intending to ride about half-way up the mountain, ten miles or so from the plain, and, passing the night there in a large cave known to the natives, to gain the summit as early as possible the next morning, in order to obtain a view unobstructed by cloud or fog. The guide carried some blankets, meat and bread, and some bottles of water, there being no springs on our way.

We reached the cave after a three hours' ride, staked our horses in the forest near by, and, collecting a pile of dry wood, made a huge fire to keep us warm during the night. This precaution was needful, as the night proved exceedingly cold. At five in the morning we continued our journey, riding along narrow trails made by wild cattle over apparently interminable fields of lava of dif-

ferent color and composition. The ascent was so steep that after riding about ten miles our horses became thoroughly exhausted, though fortunately not until we had reached the snow-line. The last stage of the ascent presented a cone of sand and slag with precipitous sides fully two hundred feet in height, up which we were forced to climb almost by tooth and nail. The sublime prospect thus obtained more than rewarded us. The ocean lay at our feet. In the near distance the island of Maui, with its clear-cut shores, rose grandly, its vast crater—the House of the Sun—emulating the calm and awful majesty of Mauna-Kea. Far to the west, Mauna-Hualala, the third great peak of Hawaii, towered above the dust-clouds of the red-hued plain. On the south kept guard the mighty Mauna-Loa, whose summit was but four hundred feet below our barren coigne of vantage. The fertile valley of Waimea lay deep beneath, nearly concealed by floating fleecy clouds, and the plains all around were dotted by what seemed only mole-hills, but which were in reality huge craters thousands of feet high.

A visit to Mauna-Kea would perhaps prove more interesting to the geologist or general scientific traveler than to the botanist alone, or to the mere pleasure-seeking tourist. More than one good authority believes that a close study of its geognostic character will prove that this volcano has been raised from the bed of the ocean. An American traveler remarks that, like the other large mountains of the group, it may be classed among the craters of elevation; and proceeds to say that “one im-

mense layer of lava succeeds another, each one becoming more youthful as the summit is approached. By some terrible reaction the crater seems suddenly to have become extinct, while vents have been formed in the sides of the mountain, and the grand peak or ridge of cones superimposed on the great platform. In this way that crateriform lake has been established [referring to a pond near the top]. It is supplied by the action of the sun's rays on perpetual snow. Just below the summit, and around its entire circuit, there are no fewer than forty-seven high conical hills of lateral formation. When the main crater became extinct these cones or chimneys formed the natural outlets of gaseous fluids and volcanic steam. Through these same vents the fires expended their last strength, or took a subterranean course and united with those of Kilauea on the northeast slope of Mauna-Loa and of its own crater."

After a long rest we slowly descended, and reached Mr. Parker's house late in the evening, having ridden nearly forty miles since morning.

A few days after my kind friend rode with me to see the Waipio Valley, so appropriately styled the "Eden of Hawaii." Situated in the district of Hamakua, it is about one mile in width at its mouth, and perhaps seven miles in length. This isolated and beautiful ravine is hedged in by almost perpendicular walls, fifteen hundred feet high, and composed partly of lava-rock and partly of volcanic soil covered with verdure. The northern extremity opens toward the sea. At the other enters a rapidly flowing stream, which loses not a moment

in seeking the ocean, being introduced to the valley by a magnificent waterfall twelve hundred feet high. The soil of this South Sea Paradise is composed of a rich débris of lava-rock, several feet deep, resting upon a layer of alluvium washed up ages ago by the sea. This valley was the property of the late King Kamehameha V., who leased it in small lots for the cultivation of the taro. The little village of Waimea, twelve miles distant, is situated upon the largest plain in the islands, consisting of fine grass-land, and covered with immense herds of cattle. It also belonged to Kamehameha V., who leased it to foreigners for various farming purposes. That monarch was much devoted to business pursuits, and engaged in those of the most diverse character. Besides the forced attention to weighty matters of state, His Majesty was able to possess many of the choicest tracts of land on the different islands, to run a cattle ranch on Molokai, to own several coasting schooners, to be employed in the salt trade, to cultivate taro quite extensively, to hold stock in several San Francisco companies, etc.

Waimea, situated in the interior of the island, is noted for its even and comparatively low temperature, the average for many years having been 65° Fahrenheit. It may in fact be called the sanitarium of Hawaii, for to it yearly flock those whose constitutions have become enervated by too long a residence near the coast, where a higher temperature and many unhealthy influences prevail. Obtaining a fresh horse at Waimea, a quiet ride of two hours brought me to the little village of Kawai-

hae, whence I proposed sailing down the western coast to Kealakekua Bay. In the deep waters of that bay the remains of Captain Cook, retaken from the native king, are entombed. It was my desire to visit the scene of the great circumnavigator's untimely and sad death, falling, as he did, a sacrifice to the devilish rites of cannibalism.

Kealakekua Bay is forty-five miles distant from Kawaihae. I obtained for coast cruise a large whale-boat, manned by four Kanakas, and an old white sailor who acted as coxswain. About nine in the evening, with a favoring land breeze, we started from the mass of lava-rock, Kawaihae, to which it was gross flattery to give any name at all, and early on the following morning we were sailing swiftly by the great lava-flow of 1859. About noon we reached Kailua, a small and unimportant town, at which we did not delay, and, pushing on, floated into Kealakekua Bay just before dark, and took quarters for the night in a native hut.

The next morning at daybreak I visited the spot where the illustrious Cook fell. The only monument standing in memory of this world-renowned explorer consists of the old stump of a cocoa-palm about six feet in height. Even this is placed one hundred yards from the precise spot where it has been proved he was killed. To this palm-tree stump were fastened several copper tablets, whose inscriptions I copied verbatim. A few of the tablets were merely laid on top of the stump, which was held upright by a heap of stones piled around its base. Some of the inscriptions re-

ferred to the visits of various English war-vessels during the present century. One was as follows :

Near this spot
fell
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK,
the
Renowned Circumnavigator,
who
Discovered these Islands,
A.D. 1778.
His Majesty's Ship
"Imogene."
October 17th, 1837.

Another informed the visitor that

This Sheet and Copper was
put on by "Sparrow Hawk,"
September 16th, 1839,
In order to preserve this
Monument to the Memory
of Cook.
beneath is a coat of
Tar.

A third added :

This tree having fallen, was
replaced in this spot by H. M. S.
V. Cormorant, G. T. Gordon, Esq.,
Capt, who visited this Bay,
May 18th, 1846.

With this costly and splendid gratitude does Great Britain honor the memory of one of her illustrious dead. A few years ago subscriptions were started by the En-

lish consul and some other prominent gentlemen of Honolulu to build a suitable monument to the memory of Cook. A sufficient amount was raised, and the monument was half completed, when it was torn down by order of the consul, it not having been erected in accordance with the design. Nothing but a plain stick of wood therefore remains to tell the stranger where fell this valiant pioneer, one of the greatest heroes in the history of British science, exploration, and discovery. Surely it is the duty of the English government to look to this matter, when private enterprise proves unavailing.

Confronting Kealakekua Bay are some huge lava-cliffs, in the face of which you can see quite a number of holes a foot each in diameter. They are entrances to vaults where the natives formerly buried their dead. The cliff having been split by earthquake shocks, thus discloses these ancient Hawaiian catacombs.

The great decrease in the population of the Sandwich Islands since their discovery by Captain Cook is an acknowledged historic fact. I met an old man who told me he had lived at Kealakekua forty-five years, and that he himself remembered when there was a city of sixty thousand inhabitants where to-day there are not one thousand. In fact, according to the census of 1866, the population of the entire group is only 63,000. In 1778 Cook estimated the population of the islands at 400,000, but 300,000 is supposed to be closer to the truth. Accepting the latter estimate, the pe-

riod of eighty-eight years has witnessed a decrease of 237,000.

Upon the hill behind Kealakekua stands a huge wooden cross, erected upon the spot where the body of Captain Cook was sacrificed. It is not generally known, though it is true, that his body was cut into pieces, and portions of it sent to different parts of the island, the bones being carefully divested of the flesh and preserved by the king as relics. The manner of Cook's death was similar to that of another great discoverer, the first circumnavigator of the globe — Magellan, or Magalhaens. The Portuguese historian Pigafetta relates that he was killed in a conflict with the natives of the island of Mactan, one of the Philippine group, where fifteen hundred natives had opposed him with so much vigor that his ammunition became exhausted. It became necessary to retreat to his boats, and in doing so he was killed, and his companions with difficulty reached their ships. "His death," like Cook's, "in a useless affray, was the result of a rashness which frequently mastered his judgment."

Not far from the cross above mentioned is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Paris, a missionary who has resided forty years upon the island of Hawaii. He was one of the original translators of the Bible into the Hawaiian language.

Kawaihae is celebrated chiefly for its large heiau, or native temple, and for having once been the residence of the English sailor John Young, afterward friend and counselor of Kamehameha the Great. This temple,

the largest on the islands, is located one mile south of the village, within a few yards of the shore. Externally its length is three hundred and fifty feet, and its width one hundred and fifty. Its walls are nearly thirty feet thick at the surface of the earth, their width at the top eight, and their average height fourteen. It was built by Kamehameha I., in celebration of some special victory over a rebel tribe. Tradition says that "at the time of its erection all the inhabitants of the island were convened for the purpose, and that the stones of which it is composed were conveyed from the valley of Palulu, a distance of twelve miles, by being passed from hand to hand of the workmen, standing in single file. The character of the stones forming these huge walls is volcanic. The solid materials of this heiau, including the altars, and allowing for their nature, would weigh nearly 2,000,000 tons." Human sacrifices were offered in this temple as recently as the early part of the present century.

After having embarked on a schooner, preparatory to returning to Honolulu, I was much amused at the manner in which some bullocks were shipped. The schooner was anchored about two hundred yards from the shore. The animals were first driven into a small inclosure, situated on the beach and surrounded by a high stone wall. A rope, by means of which a large scow could be pulled to and fro, was stretched between the inclosure and the vessel. Two Kanakas, on horseback, now set to work. One of them lassoed one of the cattle, while the other seized the animal's

tail and twisted it two or three times around the horn of his saddle. Both horsemen then started for the scow, and however obstreperous the bullock might have appeared at first, the logic of the lasso and the argument of his twisted tail soon proved to him the prudence of submission. It is said that the bone in a bullock's tail is easily fractured, and that when thus caught the animal will resist until fracture threatens, after which he becomes quiet. Reaching the scow, the heads of the cattle were secured, and while two or three natives pulled the boat the animals were compelled to swim to the schooner, to which they were hoisted by means of a tackle and a broad girth around the belly. They were then placed in double rows, their heads to the centre and their horns firmly lashed, and in this manner were transported to the capital.

Kawaihae is about two hundred miles from Honolulu, and the passage is usually made to the south of the islands of Kahoolawe and Lanai. The former island is the property of the Hon. E. H. Allen, who is, or was in 1870, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. It was this gentleman's intention to establish a sheep-run and ranch upon it, the only purpose it was capable of serving. Lanai is an extremely rugged-looking island, with not a blade of grass upon it visible from the sea. Near the centre the southern coast terminates in an abrupt precipice two hundred and fifty feet in height. This bluff, obstructing the trade-winds, produces calms which are perceived at quite a distance seaward, and is on this account given a wide berth by all coasting cap-

tains. The island, of course, like the others, is of volcanic origin.

I was not sorry to regain Honolulu, for my protracted experience with native huts, mountain caverns, mules, Mexican plugs, and Kanakas had rendered a general ablution not only expedient but necessary.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM HONOLULU TO SYDNEY.

THE *Honolulu Directory* gives some very interesting information relative to the rapidity with which the Sandwich Islanders attained civilization. According to this authority, only fifty years have elapsed since missionaries first arrived there and found the natives in a state of heathenish debasement. Whatever mistakes these pioneers may have committed, certainly the amount of good they have achieved is almost incalculable. Commerce was attracted to the country they were the means of civilizing, and industry became almost universal and habitual. Native printers, masons, carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, sailors, and domestics appeared; all the comforts, luxuries, and refinements of an advanced state of society were rapidly introduced and appropriated; and the country emerged from darkness to light. Habits of saving grew common even with these careless and volatile islanders, sensible laws were enacted, light taxes were imposed, education was free to all, and every man had the right to vote.

My Hawaiian visit enables me to bear witness that these are not vain boasts; and it was therefore with

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some regret that, on the 24th of May, 1870, I left Honolulu for Auckland, New Zealand. The *City of Melbourne* was one of the new line of steamers just established which were to ply between Sydney (Australia) and San Francisco, *via* Auckland and Honolulu. The vessels of this company are still running, though irregularly, notwithstanding the long-continued opposition of the New Zealand and Atlantic Steamship Company upon a similar route. As is well known, the steamers of the latter company have been recently withdrawn, owing in great part to the failure to obtain a subsidy from Congress. It is now reported that a new mail service will soon be established by English capitalists between San Francisco and Sydney, the steamers calling at Honolulu and the Fiji Islands. The growing importance of trade between the great English colonies and the United States warrants the success of this enterprise, in proper hands and under favorable auspices.

There were but few passengers—half-a-dozen in the saloon, double that number in the second cabin, and perhaps four times as many in the steerage. Among the saloon passengers were Mr. H. H. Hall, American Consul at Sydney, the originator and main prop of the new line; Mrs. Mary Gladstone, the well-known actress, who was professionally visiting the colonies for the first time; and Mr. H. K. Goddard, of San Francisco. Mr. Hall was returning from San Francisco, whither he had been to perfect arrangements regarding the new mail and merchandise service called "The California, New Zealand, and Australian Mail Line of Steam Pack-

ets." A steamer was to leave Sydney on the 30th of each month, thus alternating with the steamers of the "Peninsula and Oriental Company," which leave for Point de Galle and Suez on the 15th. The schedule time from Sydney to Liverpool *via* San Francisco was forty-seven days, which is one week less than the time required by the other route going west. The through charge for a first-class passenger was to be four hundred dollars in gold, and the company's advertisement announced that "parties proceeding to the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, or any other part of Europe, should avail themselves of this route, which is admitted to be a perfect pleasure-trip. Two months are allowed for travel by rail through America, the scenery being among the grandest in the world. Invalids need have no hesitation in taking this route, which is through calm seas and fine climates."

Mr. Goddard had been in Honolulu about a week previous to the departure of the steamer looking for a vessel to take him to Tahiti, but had met with no better success than myself, who had been on the same quest. He therefore determined to visit Australia and return by one of the same line of steamers to San Francisco. I had taken passage to Auckland, hoping to reach Tahiti in a fruiting schooner, but gave up the idea and planned a trip through Australia in company with Mr. Goddard.

It seems to me that those archipelagoes of Polynesia which lie north of the equator are incorrectly comprehended under the generic name of Micronesia (small

islands), since by far the greater number of small islands are situated south of "the line." These are properly styled the South Sea Isles. They are low and level, and formed of coral, while the others are mountainous and volcanic. Some of the South Sea Isles have simply fringed or shore reefs, while others are of the atoll type—that is, they consist of a simple ring of coral which incloses a central lagoon or shallow lake generally connected by a narrow opening with the sea. The climate of these groups is delightful, their vegetation luxuriant, their scenery enchanting.

The coral reefs and islands are produced by the secretion of calcareous matter by minute polyps called coral insects or worms. These aquatic animals are said to possess no special organs of sense. They have generally a cylindrical body of the consistency of jelly, with a mouth at the side surrounded by six thread-like tentacles for motion, feeling, and the acquisition of food. It was formerly believed that these islands were built up from the bottom of the sea, but it is now ascertained by careful experiment that the coral insects can not exist at a greater depth than thirty fathoms; and hence it must be inferred that very many of the islands are reared on the summit of submarine mountains. The distinguished naturalist, Chamisso, gives an extremely picturesque and interesting description of the process by which these bare coral atolls are transformed into verdant, habitable islands.

We crossed the equator in longitude 165° W., and held steadily on toward the southwest, with smooth

seas and pleasant weather. Steering through so vast a network of archipelagoes, one would imagine that land would have been in sight every few days; but it was not so. The body of water over which these islands are scattered is eight thousand miles in length and eleven thousand in width (nearly half the circumference of the globe), and the dispersion is so irregular and at such wide intervals that the sea-surrounded reefs appear like the merest specks. We saw land but once during the entire voyage.

It was on the tenth day from Honolulu that the island of Savaii was sighted twenty miles distant to the east. This island is the largest of the Samoan or Navigator's group. It is about forty-five miles long by twenty-five wide, hilly and fertile, with one peak which rises to the height of four thousand feet. It also contains a few extinct craters. The interior of Savaii is rarely entered by natives, and has never been penetrated by strangers, though the group was visited by Lieutenant Wilkes and the United States Exploring Expedition in 1839. The total population is about forty thousand. Savaii produces spontaneously citron, nutmeg, indigo, coffee, and sugar-cane. The only settlements are on the shore. Mataatua Bay, off the north side of the island, affords good anchorage. The houses are about four hundred in number, and the population two thousand, most of whom, though not destitute of courtesy, are still heathen. Four or five days later we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, and thereby lost one day, making our Hawaiian Tuesday the New Zea-

land Wednesday. This is one of the few cases in which a day is unavoidably lost—one, too, which can never be regained except by going around the world the other way, from west to east. Soon after we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, thus completing my third journey through the entire tropics. We went within one hundred miles of Viti Levu (the largest of the Fiji Islands, being eighty-five miles long and forty wide), and within fifty miles of Tongataboo, the largest of the Friendly Isles. In the north island of New Zealand, and in several of the Fiji Islands, cannibalism is still practiced, though the Christian Missions are making great inroads upon that institution. The Rev. Dr. Nesbitt, of Samoa, affirms that whereas sixty years ago every island in Polynesia was under the spell of heathenism, there are now about four hundred thousand of these islanders who profess Christianity.

On the morning of June 11th we dropped anchor in the excellent harbor of Auckland, more than sixteen days and thirty-eight hundred miles from Honolulu. We remained only long enough to coal, and at ten the next morning started for Sydney. A few evenings after we witnessed the rare phenomenon of a lunar rainbow. The iris extended from horizon to zenith, and the stars were shining brightly. The colors could be seen only near the horizon, the remainder being merely a pale white ribbon of light.

The harbor of Sydney is justly esteemed one of the best and most beautiful in the world. We entered it on the morning of the 18th. It is about five miles in

length, is nearly land-locked, and could easily contain the shipping of a hemisphere. The coast of the great island-continent near Port Jackson consists of coarse sandstone cliffs, but throughout the entire length of the harbor are beautiful isles and coves. To the right, after passing the Heads, one sees the Quarantine station, and far to the left, on the opposite shore, the pilots' residences. Just before reaching the city are some brick walls, devoutly believed by the Sydneys to be fortifications. One of these, built upon a small island exulting in the pensive cognomen of Pinch-gut, consists of a martello tower, on which are mounted two or three small guns. Upon the shore opposite is Fort Macquarie, also furnished with a few guns of small calibre. Hard by lay some war-ships of Her Majesty, huge old-fashioned wooden hulks. These warlike paraphernalia did not impress me. As we steamed slowly along it almost seemed as though one of our little "cheese-box," sea-going monitors could capture the city of Sydney in about fifteen minutes.

Not long after, Mr. Goddard and myself found ourselves ashore in quest of lodgings. We decided upon the Royal Hotel, situated on the chief business thoroughfare—George Street—and were soon ensconced in rooms forty feet in length, twenty-five in width, and with ceilings twenty feet high. Such is the spacious Australian fashion. It being mid-winter at the antipodes, the fires of soft coal were very comfortable. We had our meals served in our parlor, after the popular and not expensive mode of the place.

CHAPTER X.

WONDERS OF KANGAROO LAND.

THE general impression about Australia seems to be that it is a mixture of sheep-runs and gold mines, that kangaroos and black men people its forests, and that the entire civilized population are convicts or their descendants. In fact, Australia is an important nucleus of civilization, a continent but one-fifth less in superficial area than all continental Europe ; and Sydney, which contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and Melbourne, which contains one hundred and fifty thousand, compare favorably in most respects with European cities of like extent and population.

The aborigines are of a race distinct from that found in the East Indies, with the exception, perhaps, of the island of New Guinea. They are neither Malays nor negroes, though probably belonging to the same division of the human family as the Papuans and Fijis. The majority live in the northeastern part of the continent, among the lakes, and on the banks of the creeks and rivers ; though even there, quite as much as among those of the aborigines who live nearer the large towns, an excessive use of spirituous liquors, joined to other immoral practices, has done the work of decimation. It

is the custom of the natives to live together in small tribes, each of which has its respective chief. Continual warfare among themselves is the result. They are intelligent enough to be capable of acquiring English, but too indolent to become proficient in it. When living near a river, they make their diet contentedly of fish; at other times they subsist upon opossums, kangaroos, birds, and the coarse and scanty roots and berries of the desert. A simple waist-cloth is their only dress, and a bark shed their favorite sleeping-place. Many of them are employed by the colonists as cattle and sheep drivers, farm-hands, and miscellaneous jobbers. But the opportunity for being industrious does not make them so, though they are sufficiently fond of liquor to work an entire day for half a pint of rum. Spirits make them fierce and wild, and to sell them any is an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment. One of these blacks will climb a tree by making, with his stone hatchet, a niche in which he inserts his great toe; thus poised he makes another niche above, drawing himself up by the hatchet still sticking in the thick bark; he thus proceeds, using each successive niche as a foot-rest, and raising himself by the hatchet inserted in the niche above, until the top of the tree is reached.

These aborigines have a singular custom of burying their dead in an upright position. They account for the presence of the white man on the supposition that he sprang from the ground, having originally been black. The logical inference is that when they die and are buried, they will subsequently spring up white.

It is feared that cannibalism is still practiced among some of the tribes—not in most cases as a matter of luxurious diet, but as an expression of revenge upon an enemy taken in war, and because they believe they can thus appropriate such virtues as he may have had. Infanticide is prevalent, and it is even hinted that in a few of the remote tribes parents eat their own children. The coast-colonists remain unmolested by the natives; it is only explorers of the interior who suffer. So far as is known, the aborigines remain uncivilizable.

In animal life Australia is anomalous. It abounds with kangaroos, black swans, birds with hair, flying opossums, quadrupeds with birds' bills, lion ants an inch in length, and a brown ant which builds hills fourteen feet high and eight wide. Incredible as this seems, it is eclipsed by the white ant of Siam, which builds hills nearly as high and four times the width. In Australia and Tasmania are said to be one hundred species of the genus *Marsupialia*—animals with pouches—to which the kangaroo belongs. These eccentric animals, now becoming scarce, feed on grass and young shoots. They frequently weigh two hundred pounds. Their palatable flesh resembles venison, while their tails, quantities of which are sent to Europe, make epicurean soup. From kangaroo hide a fine quality of dress boot is manufactured.

Reference was made to animals with bills. The ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, is a hybrid of this description found only in Australia. So anomalous is this creature that when a stuffed specimen was first

sent to England it is said that a learned zoologist classed it among manufactured mermaids and other like impostures. It is semi-aquatic, about one foot long, and is sometimes called a water-mole, having the bill and webbed feet of a duck, and the body of an otter or mole, covered with plushy brown fur. The hind-feet or paws are armed with a sort of spur, whence exudes a poisonous liquid. This curious puzzle of beast and bird lays eggs, and eats roots and water insects. It frequents the banks of the Yass, in New South Wales, and also a few other rivers, and, though very shy, is speared, trapped, or shot by the natives without much difficulty.

The variety in vegetable life is small, eucalypti and acacias being its universal forms. Yet even here we find curiosities; and among them are grass-trees and tea-trees, cherries growing with the stone outside the fruit, and gum-trees shedding their bark and retaining their leaves throughout the year. The country produces but few indigenous berries. The vegetable plants used for food were all imported from Europe, and are now cultivated extensively throughout the colonies. The forest trees, mostly of the eucalyptus species, are all evergreens. They grow to an immense size, have but few limbs, and those near the top, and their leaves are like those of the willow. I have frequently seen these kings of the forest over two hundred feet high and ten feet in diameter at the base, and have been reminded by them of the *Gigantea Washingtonia*, or big trees of California.

Sydney is at present second only to Melbourne in

trade and political importance. It is much favored, so far as its harbor is concerned, but can scarcely be called an imposing city. It is built upon high ground, which rises abruptly from the water's edge. Its streets, mostly laid out at right angles, are broad, paved, and lighted with gas. Many of its buildings are of sandstone, and the public edifices are all worthy of notice, a few of them rivaling those in European capitals. Not even in England itself is there a town of more decidedly English character than Sydney. George Street is a diminished Regent Street, and omnibuses, hansoms, and swarms of English faces enhance the resemblance.

At the Italian Opera I was much surprised at the excellence with which Meyerbeer's "Gli Ugonotti" was produced, though the scenery, orchestra, and costumes would not have satisfied Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Gye, or Mr. Strakosch, or any other fastidious *impresario*. In the centre of the dress-circle was the Governor's box, elaborately ornamented and upholstered. Above the arch of the stage was a resplendent Prince of Wales feather, with the royal motto, "Ich Dien." The programme announced that the theatre was "under the patronage of His Excellency the Earl of Belmore, K.C.B., etc., etc., and the Countess of Belmore." What the patronage netted the management in pounds and shillings it was not difficult to calculate, since every barber, shoemaker, and grocer in the city made the same announcement, and in some cases even claimed to carry on business by special appointment of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. Whether

this was fealty or flunkeyism I leave the casuistical reader to decide.

Sydney possesses a beautiful botanic garden, situated in what is called "The Domain," a park eight hundred acres in extent. There one may see trees and plants from all quarters of the globe. At one end was a menagerie, in which were black swans, black cockatoos, wallabies, kangaroos, and other nondescripts with strange names and strange natures, found only in the great South Land.

The Parliament House, situated near the centre of the city, contains the chambers for members of the Legislative Council and members of the Assembly, the Parliamentary Library, and suitable offices for the heads of departments. In one of the library rooms were several elegantly bound volumes relating to the late Prince Consort. They were gifts from Her Majesty, for in one of them, which stood open, was the following inscription, in the Queen's handwriting: "Presented to the Parliamentary Library of Sydney, in memory of her good and great husband, by his broken-hearted widow, Victoria R., 1864." In Hyde Park, near the Parliament House, surrounded by ornamental trees and shrubs, stands a finely proportioned granite obelisk, which the stranger would take to be a monument of more than ordinary interest, but which he finds is simply a ventilator to the main city sewer. It might perhaps be called a monument to Hygeia. In another corner of the park is a really fine work of art—a colossal bronze statue of the late Prince Consort.

The Sydney University is associated with the University of London. It is an imposing edifice in the Elizabethan style, and built of brown stone. In one wing is a grand hall, one hundred and thirty-five feet long, forty-five feet wide, and seventy-three high. This hall is decorated with magnificent stained-glass windows, which contain portraits of many who by word or deed have enlarged the domain of thought or meliorated the condition of mankind—founders of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, sovereigns of England, men in English history remarkable for their attainments in literature, science, and the arts. The University possesses a small though rare museum, a fine library, and a suite of lecture-rooms and laboratories furnished with complete and valuable philosophical and scientific instruments.

Five miles south of Sydney is the famous Botany Bay, so called from the great number of new plants observed there by Captain Cook in 1769. This place was first used by the English as a penal colony in 1788, Governor Phillips having arrived there with eight hundred convicts. Owing to the swampy nature of the ground Sydney was chosen for a settlement, and emigrants of this class continued to arrive there for more than thirty years. In fact, until 1840, four fifths of the population of the continent consisted of criminals, bond and free. In that year the practice of sending out convicts was discontinued.

The omnibus set us down at Sir Joseph Banks's Hotel, the felicity of whose name I did not perceive.

Six miles from here, at the entrance of the bay, is a copper plate fastened to the rock, and bearing an inscription relative to Captain Cook's important discovery. Keeping company with it is a stone pillar erected to the memory of La Pérouse, the distinguished French navigator, who refitted here for his third voyage in 1789. From that time nothing was heard of La Pérouse until 1826, when some relics of his expedition were found by an English ship upon one of the New Hebrides, where it is supposed he was wrecked. At Botany Bay may be seen willows and bamboos growing side by side with oranges and pine-apples, flourishing in a climate much like that of San Francisco.

One day we made a little excursion by rail about one hundred miles northwest from Sydney. Australia is not blessed with many railways. Their total length is not more than seven hundred miles, and although several lines have been begun by private companies, the work has in nearly every case been completed by government, whose property they subsequently became. They are admirably built and perfectly appointed. The carriages and engines are of English importation. Internal communication is by coach and horses or bullocks, and upon many of the rivers there are steamboats. The seaport towns are connected by regular lines of steamers. Our road led us at first across a flat, uninteresting country, then over several magnificent iron and stone bridges, and finally up the Blue Mountains, by a grade so steep that, to use a nautical phrase, it was necessary to "tack" up their sides. This part

must have presented gigantic engineering difficulties. It cost the enormous sum of five hundred thousand dollars per mile. On gaining the summit, nearly thirty-five hundred feet in height, the view of the surrounding mountains, crowned with snow and studded with evergreens, was very beautiful. Now the road ran on the brink of a frightful precipice, now through long tunnels, then around sharp bends, at times in a channel cut for it in the soft brown stone, afterward upon an artificial bank of earth two hundred feet high, and at frequent intervals spanning mountain torrents.

The great mines of Newcastle, which supply all the southern hemisphere with coals inferior to few in the world, are seventy-five miles distant from Sydney, up the coast. Named after its great English prototype, Newcastle-upon-Tyne—celebrated for its extensive ship-building and export of bituminous coal—it has about ten thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are engaged in the collieries. The neighboring country, in which workable seams of coal exist, is said to embrace an area of at least two hundred square miles. The inutility of carrying coals to Newcastle has become proverbial ; yet during a number of years it was found necessary to import coal from Old South Wales for the use of the ocean steamships running between England and Australia. The coal mined here is generally pure, and to all appearance the mines are exhaustless.

After having seen every thing of interest in and around Sydney, and after considerable balancing of pros and cons, we decided to travel by rail, coach, and

horse to Melbourne, going first to the town of Albury on the Murray River, thence by steamer to Echuca, and thence by rail across the colony of Victoria to our destination. On making known our intentions, we were met with all sorts of lugubrious forebodings, among which were accidents by flood and field ; but our resolution was taken, and we set out at once.

The chief beauty of an Australian landscape consists in its numerous and fine contrasts of color. The closely woven foliage, the rich velvet grass, the peculiar yellow of the soil, the soft gray tint of many shrubs, and finally a pure blue sky seen through a crystal atmosphere, combine to form a picturesque and exquisite *ensemble*. Albury is situated in an agricultural and mining country that is not without a pastoral character. Much attention, also, is given to grape-culture. The colonial wines are mostly clarets, and nearly equal those of the best French provinces. In Queensland are many vineyards and manufactories, and of the wines raised there large quantities are consumed and much is exported. In the colonies it is sold as cheap as a shilling per bottle. Our journey calls for no long description. Let it suffice to say that we completed our trip of eight hundred miles in less than two weeks.

The site of the present city of Melbourne was selected by a small body of colonists from Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, as it was afterward called, in 1837. Two years later it was officially recognized and named in honor of the English premier Lord Melbourne. Though the situation was neither healthy nor otherwise

advantageous, being on low, swampy ground, and possessing no contiguous harbor, its astonishing growth can be compared only to that of the cities of our own great West. Its population in 1841 was five thousand ; in 1852, twenty-five thousand ; in 1861, one hundred and ten thousand ; and at present it is more than one hundred and fifty thousand. The Melbourne Chamber of Commerce boasts that this city's rapid growth is without a parallel, and regards it, very justly, as the commercial capital and metropolis of Australia.

Melbourne and Sydney being, *par excellence*, the important cities of Australia, are often contrasted. The foreign population of the former is more cosmopolitan, more progressive, and more enterprising than that of the latter. While the great proportion of the inhabitants of each are English, yet Melbourne includes many Americans, some Chinese (of whom there are said to be twenty thousand in the colony of Victoria), a number of Germans, and a few French. The city wears an air of earnest business activity and advancing ideas — of wealth, refinement, and prosperity. The people of Sydney are conservative, enjoy comfort and quiet, are thankful and satisfied. Those of Melbourne are radical, desire political and social reforms, and seek innovations in opinion and practice. The two capitals are of dissimilar age and unequal population, though probably their wealth and intelligence are nearly on a level. Sydney in many respects resembles Boston, while Melbourne might with much propriety be likened to San Francisco. Sydney is the more intellectual, æsthetic,

and aristocratic ; Melbourne the more industrial, secular, and democratic.

Like Sydney, Adelaide, and Hobart-town, Melbourne boasts no monuments of antiquity, being but a city of mushroom growth. Her public buildings, however, are conspicuous for architectural grandeur and splendid site. Many of these edifices were unfinished at the time of our visit. The colonists began them on so grand a scale that their exchequer often failed, and years must elapse before many of these structures are completed. The Parliament House, for instance, will, when ready for use, be four hundred and twenty-four feet long, two hundred and forty deep, and possess a tower two hundred and fifty feet in height. In the library of the Parliament House we noticed a fine large engraving of our illustrious First President. In another room, among a list of newspapers on file, was the familiar title of the New York *Herald*.

From the library catalogue we learned that many of the sovereigns as well as literary and scientific societies of Europe had presented valuable books to the Melbourne *bibliothèque*. The King of Prussia—now Emperor of Germany—had bestowed, with other works of merit and interest, a copy of Lepsius's great work on Egypt, in twelve volumes of huge proportions. The British Museum had given all the works issued by its authority, together with a fac-simile of the Old Testament from the Alexandrine Codex, six volumes folio—a magnificent present. The late Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia had also enriched

the collection with works of considerable importance. It is a singular and praiseworthy custom of this library to loan, for three months at a time, from two hundred to four hundred volumes—duplicates of those in stock—to the Mechanics' and Literary Institutes of towns near the city. When these are returned, a reissue of a like number for a similar period is made. Upon entering the Museum, which is connected with the Library, you see before you a large room filled with casts of the most famous statues of antiquity. Adjoining this is an apartment containing coins, seals, and ceramics. Next in order is a room devoted to busts of the most celebrated authors and statesmen of the world, chiefly of modern times. Finally you enter the Fine Art department, which contains a few excellent marble statues, and paintings of various schools and eras.

About one mile from the business quarter, surrounded by a beautiful botanical garden forty acres in extent, stands the National Museum, one of the finest buildings of Melbourne, and which, moreover, is completed. The visitor at first enters a large room containing paleontological, mineralogical, and geological specimens, but I was most interested in what was called a "mining museum." This contained the tools and machines used in alluvial gold washing and mining in Victoria, all the larger machinery being illustrated by beautifully accurate working models, showing every detail of construction. Especially instructive were the models of the mines of Ballarat, Buninyong, and others, formed of the actual materials, and showing

the underground strata, the shafts, drives, timbering, etc., made exactly to scale. There were also various foreign machines used for boring for water and coal, the Russian gold-washing machinery employed in the Ural Mountains, and several drawings of machinery and physical and geological maps of the gold-fields. The public have free admission to the National Museum daily.

The Observatory is well worth a visit, though not strictly among public buildings. The great telescope is a magnificent reflecting instrument of the Cassegrain form. It was made in Dublin, at the celebrated manufactory of Goubin, in 1868. The object-mirror is four feet in diameter, and the tube fully thirty feet long, with a circumference of fifteen feet. The entire telescope and appurtenances weigh ten tons ; but this ponderous mass is so nicely balanced and perfectly adjusted as to require but the lightest finger-touch to direct the tube to any part of the heavens.

The Melbournese have especial reason to be proud of their Botanical Gardens, which, with one exception—those attached to the palace of the Governor-general of Netherlands India, at Buitenzorg, Java—are the finest in the world. They are on the south bank of the River Yarra, about two miles from the city. Besides an immense variety of plants, the gardens contain green-houses, palm-houses, and an aviary. The latter, constructed of wire, is partially covered with vines and surrounded with trees. Nightingales, thrushes, black-birds, goldfinches, and canaries find there the space and

freedom of nature so well imitated as almost to forget their native fields and forests.

From Melbourne we made two excursions—one to Ballarat, the other to Hobart-town, in Tasmania. Ballarat, ninety miles northwest of the metropolis, with which it is connected by rail, is a wonderful city. Its rise is similar to that of San Francisco or Melbourne, gold in each instance being the lever at work. It is built upon one side of a low range of hills, in which lies the precious metal; and throughout the city may be seen the shaft-houses of the various mines. The population, whose whole attention seems given to mining, is at present estimated at forty thousand. The Chinese camp is separated from the city, and contains at present but two thousand inhabitants, most of whom are miners. They are represented as peaceable and quiet, and their parsimony and ability to get rich where any other people would starve are well known.

Ballarat is the centre of the most extensive gold-field in Australia. When the world was still frenzied over the discovery of gold in California, report came that a new El Dorado had been found in the Australian Alps. The first discoveries were made in 1851, thirty miles from Bathurst, in New South Wales, and gold was soon after encountered in all the colonies, found in pure masses generally with quartz rock. Upon these announcements, so rapidly did immigration to Australia set in from all parts of the world, and so rich and great was the supply of the mines, that during 1852 nearly seventy-five million dollars' worth was dug up by

about thirty thousand miners, and exported to England. Heretofore the great staples of Australian commerce had been wool, tallow, and hides; but thenceforward they were gold and copper. In 1850 nearly twenty thousand tons of copper, of a good quality, were dug from the Burra-Burra mine in South Australia. The geological formation of the country around Ballarat (which is composed of bold hills and deep gullies) exhibits quartz, iron ore, sandstone, and clay slates, and the precious metal is found in the flats or alluvial diggings, and on the ranges.

We visited one of the largest and most productive of the Ballarat mines, that once produced gold at the rate of one thousand ounces per day, but which did not then average that amount per week. It is asserted that the largest natural piece of gold in the world was found at Ballarat. It was called the "Welcome Nugget," and weighed twelve hundred and seventeen ounces. It seems to me, however, that I have heard or read of a lump of gold being found in the Australian Alps of the colony of Victoria which weighed more than one hundred and eighty pounds, and sold for fifty thousand dollars, though whether I gained this impression at the time I first read the adventures of Sinbad I can not recall. As the finest and largest diamonds are often found by the native Indians of Brazil, so one of the largest masses of gold was discovered by a native Australian black. It was a fragment of quartz, lying upon the surface, and containing a hundred-weight of gold. The black's master realized over twenty thousand dollars from its sale.

One week we spent in Tasmania. We embarked at Melbourne on a stanch iron steamer of three hundred tons, and were carried across Bass Strait and forty miles up the Tamar River to Launceston in about thirty hours. Launceston is the northern outlet for the commerce of this part of the island, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. The only railroad built in Tasmania commences here, and terminates fifty miles distant, passing through some of the richest agricultural land in the island. From Launceston to Hobart-town is an excellent post-road, one hundred and twenty-five miles in length. It was all made by convict labor, and cost at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars per mile. It is graded as perfectly as a railroad, and the half-dozen streams it crosses are spanned by massive stone bridges. The coaches used are of the old-fashioned English pattern, seating four inside and twelve outside passengers; painted in flaming colors of red and yellow, and with the royal crest and arms blazing defiantly from each door. Four horses are driven at a time, and in addition to the coachman—usually a duplicate of the original Tony Weller—is a guard with orthodox bugle and red coat, whose duty it is to take charge of the baggage and mail, collect tickets and fares, and wait upon the passengers. Only fifteen hours—including time for meals and stoppages—are required for the coach ride across the island. Of the several hamlets scattered along the road, the majority consist of half-a-dozen inns, a few stores, a church, and a public school. The scenery is like that of Australia, though the face of the country is

more undulating. We saw much grass suitable for sheep, and wheat appeared to be raised in considerable quantities.

Hobart-town was named after Lord Hobart, who at the time of its settlement was Secretary of State for the colonies. It is situated upon the Derwent River, forty miles from its mouth, and is the most southerly city of the world save one, that of Dunedin, in the south island of New Zealand. Like ancient Rome, Hobart-town is built on seven hills, and rises from the water tier above tier, with Mount Wellington, nearly one mile high, for a background. The streets and houses being thus terraced amphitheatrically one above another, the *coup d'œil* is unique, and not unimposing. The buildings are of brick and freestone. The city contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is governed by a mayor and aldermen. Steamers run regularly to Melbourne, the distance being a little less than five hundred miles.

About twenty-five miles from Hobart-town is a famous gum-tree, called Lady Franklin's Big Tree, and reputed to be one hundred and seven feet in circumference. A similar curiosity, five miles from town, is three hundred and thirty feet high and eighty-six feet in circumference. In a hole, burned by a bush-fire in the body of this tree, fifteen persons once sat down to lunch, the dimensions of the room being eleven feet by twelve, with seven feet for height. In actual measurement, however, these trees are considerably surpassed by the great monarchs of our Sierra Nevada forests, the rivals of which nowhere exist.

We returned to Melbourne, but by this time both Mr. Goddard and myself had abandoned the idea of going to either New Zealand, the Fijis, Tonga, or Tahiti. We concluded to take a sailing-vessel to Batavia, my companion resolving that he would go thence to Singapore and Hong Kong, and so home to San Francisco. But after much search, a suitable vessel not being found, my friend engaged passage in a ship bound for Callao, Peru, whence he intended to go up the coast to Panama, taking thence a Pacific Mail Steamer for the rest of his route. I soon after secured a state-room in the magnificent English ship *Eaton Hall* bound for Calcutta, British India. My room was unfurnished, it being the custom on all English sailing-vessels, and even with the second-class cabin of their steamers, for the passengers to provide their own beds, bed-linen, toilet-service, and furniture. The inconveniences of this custom to passengers are excessive, since at the end of the voyage these appointments must be sold at great loss, if indeed a purchaser can be found at any price.

Our respective ships, bound to very different quarters of the world, sailed on the same day—the 2d of September; but I would not part from my excellent friend until he promised to join me in Yokohama the ensuing spring, that we might make together the tour of Japan and China. Of course that meeting never took place, for destiny has an underhanded way of bringing pleasant companionship to an abrupt termination. My friend was unable to keep his promise, but I subsequently spent two months in Japan; accompanied Baron de Hübner

(formerly Austrian Ambassador in Paris and in Rome) to Peking, the Great Wall, and Mongolia; penetrated six hundred miles into the interior of Central China with an English gentleman as *compagnon de voyage*; and visited various parts of Southern China, the Philippine and East India Islands, etc.

Upon leaving Hobson Bay the *Eaton Hall* headed nearly due west through the Southern Ocean. We encountered head-winds and stiff gales until, two weeks after leaving port, we succeeded in rounding Cape Leeuwen, the southwest extremity of the great island continent. In the Indian Ocean we experienced a fortnight of doldrums. It was now October, the month in which the monsoon changes, and when calms and hurricanes are apt to alternate with each other. The monsoons are periodical winds which blow half the year from one quarter, and the other half from the opposite quarter—in the Indian Ocean from June to October from the southwest, and from November to May from the northeast. The breaking up or change of the monsoons is accompanied by frightful hurricanes, or cyclones, as they are called, and more of them happen in October than in any other month of the year. These cyclones, the same in nature as the China Sea typhoons, have two motions, a circular and a forward one, and revolve around a central point where it is quite calm. They are sometimes five hundred miles in diameter, and move with a velocity of ninety miles an hour, nearly five times the rapidity of a brisk gale. The central point is especially dangerous for a vessel.

Our track was nearly as lonely as that of the *Golden Fleece* from Cape Horn to San Francisco. The few ships we saw south of "the line" were probably bound through the Strait of Sunda. In this part of the vast Indian Ocean are some curiously isolated islands, bearing the names of Keeling or Cocos. They average about ten miles in length and seven in breadth, and, though little better than coral reefs, are covered with thousands of cocoa-palms and contain good water.

We crossed the Equator—my fourth passage of "the line"—in longitude 91° East, and then laid a direct course for the mouth of the Hoogly River. In doing so we passed within two hundred miles of Acheen, a town on the northwestern extremity of the island of Sumatra, with whose sultan and people the Dutch have just concluded a successful war. The winds were extremely baffling—blowing from every point of the compass; suddenly springing up, and quite as suddenly dying out; coming in stiff gales accompanied with tremendous rain-showers, and then leaving us quite becalmed for days and nights together. Such weather, at that season, augured ill, and kept us on a constant lookout for a cyclone; but we were fortunate to reach our destination without encountering one.

While going up the Hoogly River, an outlet of the sacred Ganges, I first observed an instance of the practical working of the Hindoo system of caste. A Baboo, or native clerk, who had eaten nothing during the day, rushed down the ladder into a boat that came alongside, and, first washing his mouth with water from the river,

begged a pipe from one of the boatmen. But as the latter was of a lower caste than himself, he would have been contaminated by using the same mouthpiece ; so, unscrewing the obnoxious part, he wrapped a towel around the end of the stem, and drew the smoke through this into his mouth. This served him as food during the day, for he would no more eat with an inferior grade of natives than with us.

On the 25th of October, 1870, just one year from the time of my leaving New York, and after a journey already equal to the circumference of the globe, the *Eaton Hall* ended her voyage from Melbourne by dropping anchor opposite the splendid Oriental city of Calcutta.

CHAPTER XI.

CALCUTTA.

WE anchored at Garden Reach, a long extent of water, near which are the Botanical Gardens. On one bank of the Hoogly was the King of Oudh's palace, and on the other a large college for native youths. Upon landing, that which astonished me most was the seemingly countless number of natives, swarms of whom surged through the streets. My second surprise was caused by the gharries, or hacks, with their diminutive ponies, the size of Newfoundland dogs, and the clumsy wooden carts, and sleek, humped bullocks. I repaired to the Great Eastern Hotel, and was shown into a large, slimly furnished bedroom, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high. In Indian houses as little furniture as possible is used, all the space being required for air.

The present population of Calcutta, embracing natives of nearly all countries of Asia, is about six hundred thousand. This estimate includes about ten thousand foreigners, mostly English. By means of extensive railway connections and the water transport of the Ganges and its tributary streams, Calcutta has an uninterrupted communication with the whole of the upper and central provinces of India. It is, besides, so advan-

tageously situated for foreign commerce as to trade extensively with almost every land upon the globe. Its exports are indigo, cotton, sugar, rice, silk, saltpetre, and opium, from which drug alone the government is said to derive one twelfth of its income. The imports are British cotton goods, salt, copper, iron, and hardware.

The morning after my arrival I engaged the services of a smart young Eurasian (half-caste) as guide and interpreter, for the munificent sum of twenty-five cents per day. He understood English very well, and spoke fluently most of the dialects peculiar to the northern provinces of Hindostan. My first feat was that of riding in a palkee, or palankeen. For a distance of one mile the charge was three annas, or ten cents. Palankeens are simply oblong boxes, made of light though strong wood, and with long bamboo poles at each end. The boxes themselves are about six feet long, three wide, and four high. The front is usually of glass, and upon each side are sliding doors that can be closed or opened at pleasure. The bottom is of cane, upon which is a straw cushion. At one end is a curved support and pillow for the back and head; at the other a shelf for the reception of small parcels or papers, or one's sun-helmet. The motion is that of an easy-going horse; the four bearers are relieved by a relay when the distance is great, and ease their task by calling upon their divinities and humming words of encouragement.

In the city of Calcutta it is impossible to gain a good idea of native character, habits, and usages. These can be more fairly studied in the upper and central prov-

inces. In the metropolis, among places worthy of visit are the public buildings and the European gardens. Chief among the former is the Government House, surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower-gardens, and approached through massive arches surmounted by huge stone lions. The throne-room has a marble floor, with two rows of pillars extending throughout its entire length, the ceiling is gorgeously frescoed, and the furniture gilded and upholstered in red silk. The palace contains much fine statuary. I was denied the honor and pleasure of a proffered presentation to Earl Mayo, the viceroy, as his lordship was absent at Simla.

A visit to the Asiatic Society's Museum was rendered especially interesting from the fact that this society was established in 1784—when Warren Hastings was Governor-General—and soon after his arrival in India, by the celebrated Oriental scholar, linguist, philosopher, poet, and lawyer, Sir William Jones. "The bounds of its investigation," says the illustrious founder, "are the geographical limits of Asia; and within these limits its inquiries are extended to whatever is performed by man or produced by nature." The Museum contains a large variety of beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, but is especially rich in its collection of idols, statues, and sculptures taken from ancient Indian and Burman palaces, temples, and tombs. One of the most interesting things exhibited is a slab of stone covered with Pali (a close derivative from the Sanskrit dialect) characters, from which Prinsep, a distinguished scholar and archæologist, obtained his clew to inscriptions in that lan-

guage. Connected with this institution is a library which contains an excellent stock of European books on Oriental subjects, and also a very valuable collection of Sanskrit, Persian, Chinese, Burmese, Thibetan, and Arabic manuscripts. The Society has published many volumes of transactions styled "Asiatic Researches," and several Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit books. At present it issues a journal once a month, and at irregular periods the "Bibliotheca Indica," a collection of unpublished standard works.

Upon the Maidan—a large, open plain near the Government House—is a lofty pillar raised in honor of some long-ago deceased English official. The three hundred and fifty steps of ascent are arduous, but the fine panoramic view of Calcutta repays one. In the centre lies the native or black town; nearer, the European quarter; and far away to the north the foreign private residences—the chowringhee, or court end of Calcutta. Here stands St. Paul's Cathedral, in one of the transepts of which is a magnificent colossal statue of Reginald Heber, the well-known bishop of Calcutta, in a kneeling posture. It was cut by the celebrated sculptor Chantrey. The floor is of tessellated marble, and from the ceiling depend double rows of the ubiquitous punkah. A chair of state for the bishop occupies one side of the altar, and opposite is another for the viceroy. Above the altar is a superb stained-glass window, one hundred and thirty feet in height and sixty feet in width, representing the Crucifixion, by Benjamin West, and painted on glass by Forest.

Near Garden Reach, on the side of the river opposite the metropolis, are the Botanical Gardens, in which is a large specimen of that wonderful tree the Banyan, or Indian fig (*Ficus Indicus*). Before the great cyclone or hurricane of 1864, which swept more than half of it away, there were one hundred and ten trunks, of which the main one was about fifteen feet in diameter, and the outermost one more than one hundred feet distant. Some of the minor stems were three feet in diameter. The branches extended straight out about twenty feet from the ground, and threw down stems which took root at intervals from ten to thirty feet.

The Dying Houses, on the banks of the Hoogly, where the Hindoos formerly exposed their aged and sick relatives and friends to die, have long been closed by order of government. They might with some truth have been called Morgues for the Moribund. The Burning Houses, where funeral piles are erected and bodies burned, consist of two inclosures with high brick walls, situated near the banks of the river in the northern part of the city. Passing through the gate of one of them, I saw a party of women in one corner engaged in piling light and dry wood upon a heap of blazing logs. Approaching nearer I distinguished the neck and head of a man protruding from the burning mass. Through my interpreter, I learned that the party had brought the body of their dead friend from a short distance in the country for the greater convenience of burning offered in the city. The mourners were seven in number, and all women. None of them exhibited a particle of sor-

row, but, after praying to Krishna, sat in a circle and smoked from a water-pipe that was passed around. The head of the corpse happening to fall out, it was coolly propped up with a stick, and then the singing and praying went on. It requires about three hours to consume a corpse, and after that ceremony is over the friends go jovially to attend a banquet—a sort of Irishman's wake, without the body. Sometimes the ashes are scattered on the river, and when the corpse is half consumed a little clarified butter, or ghee, is poured on the head, which is then broken with bamboos. A near relation usually lights the pyre. In order to consume the noxious gases the government at one time erected tall chimneys, and built furnaces inclosed in iron cars which could be run into ovens ; but the body being consumed with great difficulty in this way, the natives returned to their old fashion.

We found the temple of the goddess Kali, patroness of Calcutta, crowded with natives sacrificing kids and bullocks. Formerly human beings were offered, a man satisfying the goddess for one thousand years, and three men for one hundred thousand. Such imperfect view as we could obtain through the throng showed the idol to be of fierce countenance, with a long tongue protruding from an ill-shaped mouth, and thick hair falling on every side of its head. One of the attendants wished to garland our necks, but we refused, having no desire to fee the priests through the pretense of a present to the goddess.

In Calcutta both health and fashion necessitate a

drive every evening or afternoon upon the Esplanade—a broad macadamized street parallel with the river—and afterward a promenade upon closely cropped lawns in a beautiful little park near the Government House. At night the park is brilliantly lighted with gas, and has a small pavilion at one side occupied by a regimental brass band. Near the centre is a lofty Burmese pagoda of teak, with its portals guarded by immense griffins, lions, serpents, and men, indiscriminately blended. An inscription says that this building was removed from the city of Prome, Burmah, in 1854, after the war which resulted in the annexation of the province of Pegu to the British Indian Empire.

If it is the cool season, one may also attend the opera or theatre later in the evening. The Opera House is built of galvanized iron, arranged with parquette and two tiers of boxes, and will seat about five hundred people. Opera is a luxury in Calcutta, and is supported entirely by subscription. The season usually extends over four or five months. One night I attended the opera of "Un Ballo en Maschera." The chorus embraced about five female and nine male voices, and the orchestra thirteen instrumentalists.

One of the best sights of Calcutta is the menagerie and garden of the ex-King of Oudh, though to these it is not always easy for Europeans to gain admission. I was fortunately furnished by Captain Peacock—a son-in-law of the viceroy—with a letter of introduction to Moonshee Ameer Allie, Khan Bahadoor, the chief aide-de-camp of the king, who kindly proffered his services

as cicerone. Early in the morning I left the hotel and went with my interpreter to the palace of Moonshee Ameer Allie, who is a lesser or subordinate prince. A drive of half an hour brought us to an immense square brick building. We were ushered up-stairs into the parlor, a large room furnished very handsomely in European style. On the walls were some frames containing Persian poems, and a remarkably well-executed portrait of the King of Oudh by a native artist. The prince sent his grandson to talk with me until he himself should be at leisure. The young man spoke English quite respectably, and also seemed well-informed concerning many matters of foreign history.

After we had conversed for some time, the prince entered and received me cordially, asking facetiously whether I spoke Urdu — Hindustani. Upon my answering negatively, he said, "Neither can I speak English, and therefore we shall prove very excellent companions." In reply to this I pointed to my interpreter as the medium of communication. The prince was a very intelligent-looking gentleman, sixty-one years of age, as he afterward informed me, of medium height, and rather corpulent. He was dressed in a white linen suit (over which was thrown a long silk gown or tunic), silk socks, and patent-leather shoes. Upon his head rested a turban of blue velvet, encircled with a rich gold band. From a pocket of his gown hung a gold watch-chain. Around one of his wrists was a light bracelet, and upon the little finger of his right hand a ponderous amethyst ring. But the most remarkable ornament of

the prince was a closely cropped mustache, dyed bright red, and considered exceedingly stylish and aristocratic.

The prince's barouche was at the door, and motioning me to a seat beside himself, we drove to the king's palace, six miles from the Government House. The Moonshee kept up a spirited conversation, asking questions about my former travels, how I was pleased with Calcutta, and so forth, and informing me that he was an author as well as courtier, soldier, and lawyer. At the same time he opened a large tin box placed on the front seat of the carriage, and took therefrom a coverless volume, his autobiography, neatly printed in Persian. He afterward showed me an English abstract of the same. Hastily glancing over a few pages, I saw that it contained an account of his services to the English government during the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, the administration of Lord Mayo, the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Moonshee's observations made during a recent tour through India.

The King of Oudh owns or leases a square mile of land on the banks of the Hoogly below the city, besides a dozen large palaces. These I was not permitted to enter; but glimpses here and there showed magnificent marble pillars and floors, the marble being imported from France, and gorgeously ornamented furniture. After passing through several of the compounds, the prince led the way to the menagerie, preceded by two or three officials, one of whom bore the emblem of royalty and rank—a silver mace or cane,

about six feet in length and two or three inches in diameter, handsomely chased and engraved. The mace-bearer was surrounded by half-a-dozen sub-aides in gorgeous dresses of silk and linen, and twenty or more servants. In the menagerie the most imposing specimens of animal life were an African lion and a Bengal tiger, both very large. Within an immense inclosure, protected by a wire fence, were several thousand birds, mostly water-fowl, and of every conceivable variety, color, and size. Near the centre of this inclosure was a large pond flanked with a summer-house, whence His Majesty was wont to view the aviary. Upon the menagerie he is reported to have spent half a million dollars. So fond was he of the animals and birds that at that time he was absolutely living in the midst of them, and superintending the arrangements for their comfort during the approaching cold season. It was owing to this latter circumstance that I was favored with a sight of His Majesty before leaving the grounds.

We were standing directly in front of the main palace, looking at a magnificent marble fountain basin, when one of our attendants suddenly cried, "The king! the king!" I turned and saw before me Wajid Allie, sitting cross-legged in a large palankeen borne by eight servants. Immediately raising my sun-helmet and bowing low, His Majesty was gracious enough to bow twice in return, lifting his cap, made of the finest white linen and threaded with silver embroidery. While the king conversed with his officers a good opportunity was of-

ferred to study his development of brawn and brain. He had a large, powerful frame, and a not unpleasant though somewhat sinister countenance, with bright black eyes and regular features. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, wore an iron-gray mustache much turned up at the ends, and his lips were stained a cherry color from chewing the pawn or betel-nut. He was very plainly dressed in white linen, with one half of his olive-brown chest bared. The king inquired who the foreigner was, and the prince's reply, "A friend of mine," seemed to be satisfactory.

His Majesty certainly did not look the spendthrift and debauchee he is represented to be. It is a well-known fact, however, that over one hundred "lights of the harem" illuminate his zenana and shed radiance upon his life. Concerning the question of extravagance, it is stated that, though for twelve years the king has never left his palace, yet his expenditures have averaged more than one million dollars per annum. The government of India has lately interfered, and appointed a commission to pay his debts, and deduct from his income six hundred thousand dollars yearly. Until then the revenue of the dethroned King of Oudh was twice that of the Queen of England.

Burra Bazar is one of the largest in Calcutta. The streets in the native or black town are scarcely wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass each other, and are generally crowded with bullock-carts, palankeens, and pedestrians. The shops are in clay or bamboo huts, and consist of little rooms—or holes, more properly—

about six feet square. In these you may see a few goods piled on shelves or laid on the ground, while their owners lie beside them sleeping, smoking water-pipes, or gazing vacantly at the passers-by, with a supreme indifference to business incomprehensible to a Christian shopkeeper. The goods are very nearly all of European manufacture, being generally purchased at auction in Calcutta.

The native traders are great cheats. They invariably demand two or three times as much as they are willing to take; and the stranger who pays for an article what he deems a moderate price often learns afterward that a resident would have obtained it for less than half of the sum given. I priced some nose and ear rings, of native manufacture, such as are worn by the lower class of women. The trader at first demanded six rupees (\$3 00) for the lot, but upon my laughing his exorbitancy to scorn, offered to take four rupees "as the very lowest, since the articles were extremely valuable." Finally, he accepted two rupees and eight annas (\$1 25); but imagine my chagrin when one of the hotel servants afterward informed me that he could have obtained the very same articles for twenty-five cents.

After a stay of three weeks in Calcutta I traveled nearly due north to the Himalayas and Thibet, and, returning, made a circuitous tour of India which covered more than four thousand miles, and occupied nearly six months.

CHAPTER XII.

NORTHWARD TO HIGH ASIA.

My intention was to reach, if possible, the city of Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, and the residence of the Grand Lama of the Buddhists, the pontifical sovereign of Eastern Asia. The cars of the East Indian Railway carried me in a single night two hundred and twenty miles to the town of Sahibgunge and the banks of the Ganges. The first sight of the sacred river excited in me but little enthusiasm. It was a mile in width, shallow and very muddy, with a swift current and dreary sand-banks, whereon huge crocodiles basked in the sun. Its religious character among the Hindoos is well known. In the courts of justice believers in Brahma swear by it; and Benares, Allahabad, and Hurdwar, situated on its banks, are cities of especial sanctity.

Having been ferried across, I journeyed onward in a shigram — a large palankeen on wheels, drawn by two horses. The country around was an immense plain, with occasional palms and bamboos alone giving it an Oriental character. The trees were banyans, peepuls, and mangoes, and we passed fields of rice and corn. The straw-thatched huts were of bamboo-reeds and mud, but an inside view was prohibited by that iron law of

caste which prevails from Peshawur to Rangoon, from Cashmere and Thibet to Cape Cormorin and Ceylon. Immense trees shaded a macadamized road. The native methods used to coerce our balky Mongol ponies were amusing. A groom held in his hand a piece of bamboo two feet in length, at the extremity of which was fastened a strong, looped horse-hair cord. This being twisted around the ear of a fractious beast, a very little power, applied a few paces in advance, overcame its scruples. Horses that would not back into the shafts were assisted by a rope around a hind-leg, and one that would not start forward was precipitated into a better frame of mind and conduct by a cogent combination of rope and pressure applied to a fore-leg. Often one native would take a wheel and others would push from behind; some would then lift the fore-feet of the obstinate brutes, and a few would take their heads; and after much alternate fondling and forcing, off we would suddenly start at break-neck speed for perhaps a mile, when the horses would quiet down into an easy trot preparatory to devising another tableau.

About twelve o'clock on the first night a provoking yet amusing incident happened. I had some time previously covered myself with my blankets, and, closing the sliding-doors, as it was bitterly cold, had been enjoying a sound sleep. Waking suddenly, I found the shigram standing in the middle of the road, but without horses, coachman, or groom. Having heard that such an event will occasionally happen in Indian dak-posting, I endeavored not to be disconcerted. Alighting, I

approached a fire discernible through the trees, and found my missing coachman taking a comfortable smoke and a quiet chat with half-a-dozen bullock-drivers, friends of his, who were camping there for the night. I approached the group with the feelings of a ghoul, shook my fists in the coachman's face, and talked with exceeding loudness, making eloquent use of all the bad words in Bengali that I was master of, and placing heavy emphasis upon the scathing "soour" (pig) and the withering "gudha" (fool), epithets more dreaded by the Hindoos than the most profane oaths. This judicious method produced the desired effect. In less than ten minutes the ponies were harnessed and we were again on our way.

In the morning I stopped at a dak-bungalow for breakfast. *Dak* means post or stage, and bungalows are government-erected inns, twenty miles apart, for post-travelers. They are of one story, contain apartments for sitting, dining, and sleeping, besides dressing and bath rooms, and are under the direction of a khansamah, or native butler, who hires a small corps of servants. If you bring provisions, the khansamah will have them cooked, or he will supply you with a moderate bill of fare, charging for each dish according to an official scale. For one rupee (fifty cents) any one may claim accommodation for twenty-four hours, but not longer, should the bungalow be full or other travelers arrive.

Next afternoon we reached the foot of the hills and the terminus of shigram travel. My route then lay di-

rectly over the nearest range of the Himalayas, which I found bold and sharp in outline, and densely wooded to their tops. The one over which my route stretched was something more than one mile high. The foot-hills can be ascended by palankeen or pony. For the former, previous application is necessary, as relays of bearers must be arranged. There are eight bearers, four of whom carry you at a time, being relieved by the other four every half mile. The stages are eight miles long, at the end of which an entirely new set of bearers is obtained. On good level roads the distance made averages four miles an hour; going up or down steep mountains it is rather less. I chose a mountain pony, wiry and vicious, and for one rupee a coolie carried my baggage to a village thirty miles distant.

At Kurseong was a good hotel, bearing the intensely civilized title of "The Clarendon," and kept by an old New-Yorker, who told me he had left America fifteen years before. He had traveled all over the world, had made much money in Western Africa in the palm-oil trade, and had finally settled in India. He started the first tea plantation in the Himalayas, and was reported to be worth one million rupees.

My coolie—a Nepaulese—was a wonderful illustration of strength and endurance. He carried my baggage up the mountain on a sharp trot, and reached the hotel but two hours after my arrival. The weight of the burden was nearly eighty pounds, and, as I have said before, the distance was thirty miles. The hill-tribes, breathing a cool and invigorating air, are alone

equal to such feats; and on going to Simla, in the Western Himalayas, I afterward employed coolies who possessed the same wonderful stamina. They were splendid-looking men, short but thick-set, and very muscular, with olive-brown skins, piercing black eyes, long glossy hair, and regular and handsome features. One of this class of men (Hindoo hill-tribes) will carry thirty seers (sixty pounds) upon his back, or twenty-five seers upon his head, for fifty miles up the hills, in twenty-four hours. His charge for this is one rupee—a special instance of the astonishingly cheap labor of all India.

The road ran the whole distance on the face of almost perpendicular hills, and for the greater part of the way was guarded by a low wall on the dangerous side. The scenery was grand enough to well repay me for the arduousness of the journey from Calcutta. Some views, however, were rather frightful. Imagine a ride on the very brink of a precipice thirty-five hundred feet high, with the hills rising abruptly on the other hand twenty-five hundred feet above you. The tops of the distant and lofty mountains were all hidden in the clouds, but the scenery of the valleys far beneath was very beautiful—immense fields of tea planted in rectangular rows, with here and there a planter's dwelling or factory glittering in the sun, while bickering waterfalls and bubbling brooks flashed and sparkled amid the dense foliage of the dark-green forests, whose sombre beauty was enriched by the black shadows cast by the clouds. Yet, though already on summits more than a mile in height, I seemed to have gained this altitude

only to obtain glimpses of much higher and grander mountains nearly a hundred miles distant.

In due time I reached Darjeeling, three hundred and fifty miles almost due north from Calcutta. The European residents here number about fifty, with about four times as many tea-planters in the suburbs. Sunday is the day when marketable supplies are brought into town for the whole week, and the proprietor of my hotel took me to see the bazar. It much resembled those in and near Calcutta ; but what most surprised me was the number of European vegetables offered for sale. There were pease, onions, potatoes, squashes, lettuce, radishes, turnips, and many kinds of grains, including that unique Yankee institution, "pop-corn." The bazar was held out-of-doors, in a public square, with a few dry-goods shops around ; and the motley crowd assembled made a terrible din. In one place a number of soldiers from the cantonments were bidding on some glassware offered at auction, and in another mothers of families and khansamahs were bustling about, purchasing their necessary household supplies. Here a wretched beggar, wearing a grotesque mask, danced before some merchants, who rewarded his contortions with potatoes. Hindoos, Mohammedans, Bhooteas, Nepaulese, and Sikkimites were represented, and offered every variety of dress and figure—the one characteristic they all had in common and in the same degree being that evinced by unclean skin and raiment. The Nepaulese women wore bracelets and necklaces of Indian coins, besides silver anklets, finger and nose

rings, gold ear-rings, and beads. Suspended from her neck each also wore a silver snuff-box, three or four inches square, of the purest metal, and handsomely carved and embossed.

At Darjeeling I learned that my plan of traveling to Lhasa was not feasible. My host obligingly proposed other plans, but my chagrin was as great as that of Mark Twain's supposititious youth, who desired to go to the circus, and whose moral parent answered, "No, my dear; but I will take you to your grandmother's grave." I was destined to know but by report the Talé-Lama (Sea of Wisdom), the great palace, the city whose three prime productions are lamas, women, and dogs; the streets lined with houses built of oxen's and rams' horns; the people whose lively mode of salutation consists in uncovering the head, thrusting out the tongue, and scratching the right ear, and who dispose of their dead by cutting them to pieces and giving them to "sacred dogs," raised and nurtured in convents for that express purpose. The Thibetan traders at Darjeeling reported that the Pugla Diwan of Sikkim had become a great man in Thibet, had seized every thing *en route* from Lhasa during the year, and, having stored all in huge warehouses, would allow nothing to pass into Sikkim or Bengal. Previous travelers and missionaries had all entered the country disguised as priests or as Chinese or Mogul traders, having a knowledge of the Thibetan or some allied language, and even then so greatly fearing detection as to be unable to learn very much of the condition or capabilities of the land, or the habits and

usages of the people. That foreigners should be so rigorously excluded from Thibet is doubtless owing to the influence of the Chinese, who fear and are jealous of British power and possession in the East, the southern boundaries being strictly guarded by a cordon of Chinese garrison-stations on the highlands of the Himalayas.

The most reasonable suggestion made by the proprietor of the hotel, and one which I adopted, was that of a little excursion on horseback in Sikkim, the country of the Lepchas. It is ten or twelve miles to the bottom of the valley, and the road, or rather bridle-path, winds around the hill forward and back, but constantly descending, until at last the Rungeed River is reached. Some of the precipices were frightful to look over, and I clutched the reins tightly, braced myself in the saddle, and almost held my breath as the pony trotted quietly along a path three feet in width, and often lying at an angle of forty-five degrees. But, unless from the sliding away of part of the road, there was no danger, since the ponies are mountain-bred and very sure-footed. The views were extremely grand, and the distances from peak to peak so immense that the mind was almost lost to detail. Much of the land is cleared of forest trees and covered with tea-plants. Cinchona is also cultivated, and with great success.

The Rungeed is a small mountain torrent, a branch of the Teesta, which empties its waters into the great Brahmapootra—"Son of Brahma." It serves as a boundary-line between Bengal and Sikkim. Crossing this

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stream, at a height of six feet, is a bamboo-cane suspension-bridge three hundred feet long, and built entirely by the natives. It is intended for foot-passengers, and will safely support a dozen people at a time. It consists of sixteen bamboo-canes, of the thickness of a finger, on each side. The bottom is formed on three very large stems of bamboo, and a sort of wicker-work extends from these upward to the supporting canes, which are about four feet from side to side, and may be grasped by the hands in crossing. The bridge has a peculiar oscillating motion, which much increases at the centre, together with an up and down movement. These two vibrations, joined to the sight of the fiercely rushing water, are quite enough to make the traveler giddy.

Crossing, I met in the forest an English gentleman, who informed me he was just returning from a two-weeks' tour through Sikkim. He was Colonel Mainwaring, of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and was engaged in compiling, under government orders, a dictionary of the Lepcha tongue. Salutations over, he pressed me, Briton-like, at once to drink, and asked if I would try a native beer. On my assenting he ordered a quantity of *chi*, a drink made of fermented millet, from a hut near at hand. It proved nutritious and exhilarating, though not intoxicating, and we drank it *à la* Sikkimite, warm, through a reed a foot in length, and from a joint of bamboo holding perhaps a couple of quarts. The colonel informed me that the Lepcha language is very copious, expressive, and beautiful, abounding in metaphor.

The number of words is extraordinarily large, and necessitates a partial knowledge of geology, botany, and zoology in a foreigner acquiring it. His labors he described as trying and discouraging. He had been employed on the dictionary for three years, and it was only partially complete.

I had waited nearly a week for a clear day on which to view the highest mountain-peaks in the world, and almost despaired, when on the last morning of my stay, upon looking from my window at daybreak, I saw that, although the valleys and sides of some of the hills were covered with clouds and fog, still a lofty peak near Darjeeling showed its face distinctly, and for the first time during my visit. Remembering that this mountain was over two miles in height, I fancied that possibly Mount Kanchingga might be in view, but hardly dared entertain the thought. It was my last chance, for I intended to return to the plains in the afternoon; so jumping into my clothes, pulling on my hat, and snatching up my field-glass, I walked, or rather ran, to the opposite side of the hill for an unobstructed view. Suddenly turning a sharp bend in the road, I saw through the trees a clearly defined, substantial-looking cloud—was it a cloud?—and, rushing forward a dozen paces, lo and behold! one of the highest mountain-summits on the globe stood unveiled before me! I confess never to have experienced like sensations of awe and reverence. My eyes involuntarily filled with tears, and I stood completely lost in wonder and admiration.

It was early morning. The sun, newly risen though

not yet visible, threw a flood of rosy light on the gigantic snow-tipped pinnacles, causing them to glisten like polished white marble. The valley below, four or five thousand feet deep, was filled with an ocean of silver clouds which majestically rolled and rose upon the forest-clad sides of the great mountains as far as the limit of perpetual snow ; and from this fleecy mass, as from a border, the magnificent form of Kanchingga embossed itself against an azure sky. For miles in each direction the thickly wooded sub-hills were in sight, but all interest centred in those never-trodden peaks. A dread and awful silence seemed to pervade the air, and the total absence of life and motion lent an almost supernatural glamour. For nearly two hours I sat as one entranced, until the sun gently lifted the clouds from the valleys, and as with a silver-wrought screen shut out from my eyes the most impressive scene they had ever beheld. During this marvelous exhibition the littleness of man had been made very painfully lucid.

Kanchingga, properly speaking, consists of three peaks, which are sharp, serrated, precipitous, and apparently composed of solid rock from the snow-limit to the summit. Its immense height is not thoroughly appreciated by the traveler for two causes—its great distance (fifty miles “as the crow flies”), and the fact that the point of observation itself is one fourth the height of the mountain. Had I risen earlier and ridden to Mount Senchal, fifteen hundred feet above Darjeeling, I might have obtained a view of Mount Everest, which is nearly thirty thousand feet (about five and a half miles) in per-

pendicular height above the level of the sea, and is the loftiest point upon our globe. Until quite recently Kanchingga was supposed to be the higher of the two, but it is now found to be about eight hundred feet less. Mount Everest is a single peak—a cone—and the summit appears like a small white tent among the clouds. In grandeur and sublimity, however, it is excelled by Kanchingga. Well do the Himalayas bear out their meaning—"the abode of snow;" for on their southern slopes in some places the snow-line descends to within fourteen thousand feet of the earth's surface. The mean elevation of this remarkable range is double that of the Alps, and many of its passes to the elevated table-lands of Central Asia are higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. Huge glaciers of smooth ice, though none so vast as those of the Alps, are numerous in parts of this stupendous mountain-chain, and even descend from the region of perpetual snow until within eleven thousand feet above us. Though the Andes present a mountain system twice the length of the Himalayas, still in respect to altitude the Asian rivals bear the palm. Mount Dwalaghiri, in Nepaul, is of nearly the same height as Kanchingga; two other peaks attain twenty-six thousand feet, four about twenty-four thousand, and over twenty exceed an elevation of twenty thousand feet.

Leaving Darjeeling, I visited one of the large tea-gardens near the terai at the foot of the hills. The best of land may be purchased at ten rupees per acre, and an average-sized plantation embraces about two hundred acres. The prospective garden must be cleared of its

forest and jungle. This is an arduous task, but, once performed, one native can properly cultivate an entire acre. The best teas are raised upon the hill-tops, seven thousand feet above the sea-level. Good tea can be grown only under two conditions—moisture and heat. Hence the southern slopes of the Himalayas are admirably adapted for its cultivation, for during the middle of the day the sun is warm, and at night the dews are copious. The laborers employed are all natives, and only one or two Europeans are necessary to superintend the largest plantation.

In Hindostan land is owned either by government or by the native rajahs and nawabs. That belonging to the former is leased to a class of people called zemindars, which means landholders or landkeepers. These sublet it to another class styled ryots, meaning husbandmen or peasants, who are the real tillers of the soil. A well-to-do zemindar will rent two thousand acres of land, for which he pays four annas (twelve cents) an acre. The hardships of the ryots are great. They are treated like slaves, and can barely make a subsistence; but among the zemindars are some of the wealthiest men in the country. One, for instance, owns fifty square miles of fertile land, all wrung from the labor of the poor peasants. Formerly these zemindars were merely the superintendents of the land, but latterly they have been declared its hereditary proprietors, and the dues of government, previously fluctuating, have under a permanent settlement been unalterably fixed in perpetuity.

I had now reached the Ganges once more, and was

traveling westward up its rich valley. I soon entered upon the great plain of Hindostan, embracing an area of half a million square miles, and some of the most fertile soil on the globe. On both sides of the railroad, far as the eye could see, were immense fields of wheat and barley, paddy, tobacco, mustard, the castor-oil plant, millet, maize, poppy, indigo, and sugar-cane. Wheat and barley are not sown broadcast as with us, but in drills a few inches apart. Both of these grains are entirely consumed in the country, none being exported. The paddy, when growing, resembles rye or wheat, the rice-kernels being contained in husks at the top of the spires. There is but one crop a year, and the plant requires a wet loamy soil, such as is best offered in Cambodia and Siam, the former being called the "Asiatic storehouse of rice." The mustard plants were two feet high, and bore small yellow flowers as crests. The oil and the table article of commerce are made by grinding the seeds in mills constructed for the purpose. The castor-oil plant is a green and succulent shoot about six feet in height, with white flowers hanging in bunches like hops. Maize is never fed to cattle as in America, but is all consumed by the poorer classes of natives. Most interesting were the poppy plants. They are raised on oblong patches of ground, surrounded by low mud walls for retaining the water essential to their growth. The plants are quite small, with green leaves at their bases, from which rise tall stalks with bulb-like tops—the pods of the flowers. When ripe, slight incisions are made in their bulbs by drawing two needles across them, the

time chosen being evening. During the night the juice exudes, and is scraped off in the morning and collected in shells. This operation is performed on all sides of the bulb, and then the juice is sent in earthenware jars to Bankipore, to be dried in the sun, and to undergo various other processes in its manufacture into opium. It is then pressed into balls and exported to China, to the great emolument of the British Indian government and the fearful moral and physical degradation of the Chinese.

Patna is one of the oldest cities in India. It extends for a mile and a half along the south side of the Ganges, which in the rainy season is here five miles wide. Patna properly consists of but a single street eight miles long and thirty feet in width, and numerous short by-ways. It contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and was formerly a place of such considerable trade that the English, French, Dutch, and Danes had factories there. Few European merchants, however, are to be found there at present. I found the streets crowded with gayly dressed Mohammedans and Hindoos, and solemn, gruff-looking Afghans. Some were on foot, some astride splendid horses from the Deccan; many rode in eckas, a few in baillies—two varieties of native vehicle. The city dwellings, built of mud, with tiled roofs, were mostly but one story in height. In those of two stories the lower is rented as a shop to the merchants, or used as such by the owners, the family dwelling in the upper portions, as with us. The stores were of all denominations, but the manufactures

were principally of cotton goods and earthenware, the latter being made in feeble imitation of European crockery. The smell of the ghee (clarified butter) and curry was intensely disagreeable. The natives are very fond of sweets named *metai*, which are compounded of sugar, butter, and flour. Numerous shelves teemed with these bonbons, but they looked any thing but inviting to a *gora-log*—a fair-complexioned person, or, as our Indians would say, a pale face. It is generally reported that the Hindoos never use intoxicating beverages, but in passing several liquor-shops I saw three or four men drunk in the streets. The drink in general request is the fermented juice of the taul, or Indian palm-tree, mild and soft to the palate, but acrid and baneful to the stomach.

There is an old brick granary in Patna, a large beehive-shaped structure, at a guess two hundred feet in diameter and one hundred feet in height. Two staircases winding up to its summit give the building at a distance the appearance of a huge corkscrew. Up these stairs Shah Maharaj, the present premier of Nepaul, is reported to have once ridden his pony. On one side are two large stone tablets, one in English and one in Persian, stating that the granary was erected in 1786, for the storing of grain and the prevention of famine. It has never been used for that purpose, however, but has been employed as a military magazine. The building of the Ganges canal and the railroads have rendered the occurrence of a widespread, calamitous famine, like that of 1770, almost impossible. The

extent of the recent famine was grossly exaggerated. Had certain public works contemplated by the government been completed, probably no reckless sensational reports of "a disaster which had no parallel in the history of human misery" would have reached our ears.

In the long street extending between Bankipore and Patna is situated the government opium manufactory and warehouse. March and April are the months in which opium is made, and at the time of my visit it was being packed and prepared for shipment to China. The buildings are of brick, and the grounds are surrounded by a high wall. In one of the largest structures I found about one hundred natives, with a European superintendent, weighing and packing the drug. The juice has the appearance of thick tar. It is placed in large tanks, well worked up, and dried in the sun. Then poppy-leaves, poppy-flowers, and the liquid juice are worked into a layer an inch thick, and this is wrought into hollow spheres six inches in diameter. The whole interior is next filled with the viscous fluid, and the balls are placed to dry, in earthenware cups, upon immense shelves, with which many entire buildings are filled. The balls weigh two seers, or four pounds, and are worth thirty-two rupees, or sixteen dollars each. Rolled in poppy-leaves, they are subsequently packed in long wooden boxes with thin partitions. There were forty balls in a box, which, when filled, was worth twelve hundred and eighty rupees, or six hundred and forty dollars. In this manufactory about three thousand natives were employed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS.

I now traveled by rail up the valley of the Ganges to Benares, the Hindoo metropolis. Thirty miles from Patna the railroad crosses the famous Soane bridge, over the river of that name, small and shallow in the dry, but swift and deep in the rainy season. The erection of this bridge was a most gigantic undertaking. Nearly a mile in length, the foundations are said to have been sunk to an average depth of thirty-two feet below water-level. In the evening we arrived at Mogul Serai, the station for Benares, which is reached by a branch line six miles in length.

The Hindoo capital is on the opposite side of the river (the left bank), and at Rajghaut I left the cars and crossed the Ganges on a long bridge of boats. Unfortunately it had grown quite dark, and I could not see the splendid ghauts of fine Chunar stone, nor the magnificent palaces one hundred feet in length and four or five stories in height, with their little carved balconies, their oriel windows, and their gorgeously painted walls; nor the gilded temples, nor the stately mosques with their lofty minars and graceful minarets. Having walked slowly across the bridge, and clambered

up a steep bank eighty feet in height, I engaged a gharry, and was driven to the Victoria Hotel, a small one-story building kept by a Hindoo Christian named James Ebenezer. The rooms were miserably furnished and the table only fair ; but the European travel to Benares is small, and I ought to have been grateful that the hotel was not a dak bungalow. Two or three officers were the only guests, except a nawab and suite who occupied rooms adjoining mine. The nawab had his own cook with him, as being a Mussulman his religion would not allow him to eat any thing prepared by a Hindoo, nor could he dine with us at the *table d'hôte*. He had come to attend the races which, under English auspices, annually take place in Secrole, the foreign suburb of the city.

Benares is one of the oldest cities in the world. It is five hundred miles from Calcutta by the railroad, and is situated on the northern bank of the Ganges. It is the capital of the Hindoos, their political and spiritual centre, as Delhi was of the Moguls, and Calcutta is now that of the English. Benares has been styled the Athens of India, as in ancient times it was the chief seat of Brahminical learning and civilization. The Hindoos delight to call their metropolis Kasi, or "The Splendid," and its magnificent temples, palaces, and ghauts warrant their doing so. Formerly its population, comprising natives of all parts of India, with numbers of Turks, Tartars, Persians, and Armenians, was estimated at not less than seven hundred thousand. At the present day the number would probably not ex-

ceed two hundred thousand, excepting in times of great religious festivals, when it frequently contains four times that number. It lies upon a cliff eighty feet above the river, along which it extends for three miles, with an average breadth of one mile. It is very compactly built, the streets being too narrow for the passage of any vehicle other than a palankeen. In the heart of the city the buildings of stone and brick are four or five stories in height, though the greater number are simply one-story huts of clay or bamboo, with thatched or tiled roofs.

Benares is the home of Hindooism, and is said to contain one thousand temples. The number of idols worshiped is immense, not less than half a million, says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, an English missionary stationed there. This city is styled the type of India, and especially the India of the past. It is to the Hindoo what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Rome to the Catholic, Lhassa to the Buddhist, and Philadelphia to "centennialism"—a most revered and sacred spot. Seven tenths of the people are professors of the Brahminical religion, and yearly to Benares come hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all quarters of India—patrician and plebeian, prince and ryot, priest and pariah—to worship and give alms. As many as ten thousand Brahmins subsist entirely upon the offerings of pilgrims and pious residents; and so holy is the city considered that a residence in it of but twenty-four hours, or in the surrounding country within a radius of ten miles, will secure eternal happiness to any

one — Christian, Mohammedan, infidel, or pagan. I therefore contemplate the future with calmness, fully appreciating so brief and bright a method of gaining admission into Paradise. The many splendid palaces, temples, and gardens, belonging to rajahs and princes living at a distance, are occupied only during certain festivals long enough to enable the owners to do penance for their sins. Remorse is certainly well-housed, and the great men, becoming purified, depart in peace. During the rest of the year these palaces remain closed, in the same manner as a summer residence at Long Branch or Saratoga.

Not content with bowing down to stocks and stones and graven images, the Hindoos worship certain brutes, among them bulls and monkeys. In Benares the sacred bulls wander about the streets at will, being welcomed, fed, and religiously protected as representatives of the god Siva, to whom they are dedicated, and with whose mark they are branded. Some of these bulls are quite beautiful, with their soft white skins, glossy black horns, and large brilliant eyes.

The day following that of my arrival I visited the "monkey temple." At a little distance from a large tank, dedicated to the goddess Durgha, appeared the monkeys, sitting demurely on the walls, clambering up the huge mango-trees, or running about the road. The temple is a graceful stone building of pyramidal form, and elaborately carved with figures of those animals esteemed sacred by the Hindoos. It is situated in the centre of a small quadrangle, which has a corridor for

the use of the Brahmin attendants and devout worshippers. A large bell used in idolatrous ceremonies is found in the cupola of a fine porch adorned with carved pillars, and said to be a recent addition. The temple itself, the priest told me, had been built two hundred years. At the time of my visit but few people were in the inclosure, and hence the opportunity to examine every thing at leisure was good. In the temple the presiding goddess Durgha was placed in such a dark recess, or shrine, and so covered with jasmine blossoms, that nothing could be distinguished but a small hideous gilt head—like those we used to draw at school on walnuts—and several necklaces of English gold sovereigns. The face and neck were about one foot in height; there was no body.

The monkeys—there were nearly four hundred, all “living deities,” belonging to the temple—were seen on every side. We fed them with koe (parched corn), and fried rice, which our attendant Brahmin produced. We were soon encircled by an immense troop, and very sleek and fat they were, of all ages and sizes, who scrambled and wrestled and fell over one another in the most ludicrous and ungodlike manner, eagerly contesting for the food. While we were looking at the idol, one of the Brahmins wanted to put a necklace of jasmine blossoms, wet with Ganges water, upon my shoulders; but I objected, and compromised by carrying the wreath in my hands. To be garlanded as he desired would have been construed into an act of homage and respect to Durgha, with whose walnut face it would have

been difficult for me to become much enamored. The Brahmins were fine-looking men, quite as sleek and apparently as well-fed as the monkeys. They followed me to the gharry, crying, "Bukhshish, sahib, hamen ko bukhshish do"—"A gift, master, give us a gift."

The oldest building in the city is supposed to be the Man Mundil, or Observatory of Jai Singh. It is a large stone structure, situated near the river. On the roof are some ancient astronomical instruments. These consist of an immense stone mural quadrant, eleven feet in height and nine in breadth; an instrument, thirty-six feet long and four and a half feet wide, for ascertaining the declination and distance from the meridian of any planet or star; a large sun-dial; and various appliances used in astrology. The instruments were all marked with scales and characters which are not now understood.

Jai Singh, the founder of this observatory, was a rajah of Jeypoor, who fought against several nations of the Deccan, under the Emperor Aurungzebe, in the seventeenth century. In the earliest periods of Indian history, before the Mohammedan invasion, the Hindoos had made great progress in literature and the arts and sciences. Especially were they well-versed in geometry, arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry. In all these they had made valuable explorations, anticipating not only the Greeks and Romans, but, in many respects, the most advanced of the modern nations of Europe.

The Vivishas temple, formerly one of the handsomest in the city, but now fast going to decay, contains a large

stone bull seven feet in height, which is worshiped simply by throwing upon it rice, flowers, and Ganges water. Bisheswar, or Siva, seems to be the most popular divinity in Benares. To "the Destroyer" is dedicated the Golden Temple, which is situated in a very crowded part of the city, and consists of three small rooms crowned with two gilt domes, said to have been overlaid with pure gold by Runjeet Singh, Rajah of Lahore. In each of the rooms is a small, plain, conical stone, called Mahadeo—the Adam of the Hindoos—and representing the linga, or creative principle. Near this temple was another of the same style as that of Durgha. A pine-apple-shaped spire rested upon a square tower, which contained the shrine and columned vestibule for the people, and was dedicated to Unna Purna, the Indian Ceres. A rajah and his suite were praying at the time of my visit, and I could not obtain a view of the idol. In the same inclosure were the stalls of a great many "sacred bulls," which were being fed with milk by the natives—a peculiarly meritorious and pious act.

I spent several days in walking about the streets, visiting the shops and mosques, and sailing up and down the Ganges. The streets were always crowded, and my syce (groom) ran ahead, crying out from time to time, "Make way for the English lord!" while the interpreter followed at my elbow. In this imposing manner I "did" Benares. The first shop visited was that of a native silk merchant, who had received a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 for the superiority of his fabrics. In a large room, on the upper floor of a

brick house, the proprietor spread before me the finest of his goods, which were wrought with gold and silver patterns of leaves, branches, flowers, and odd figures. The silk came from Bokhara, in Central Asia, and the gold and silver threads were manufactured in Benares, where also the interweaving was done by looms. The designs of many of the mats displayed great ingenuity and good taste. Benares is celebrated throughout India for its manufacture of Kinkob—gold and silver thread embroidery.

There are various sects of fakirs or religious devotees in Hindostan, but they all seek to attain future bliss by torturing the body in this present life. Even affluent Hindoos seem to have a strong predisposition to become fakirs. With some it is crazy impulse, with others vanity, with a third class mistaken devotion, and with those who turn mendicant fakirs it is simply laziness. "Some fakirs make a vow to keep standing a certain number of years, generally twelve. The burning rays of the sun and scorching blasts of the hot simoon, the torrents of the monsoons, and the piercing winds of the cold seasons are alike unheeded by them. There is a class of them called Paramhanses, who are believed to be the highest of all. These people observe no caste, and go about in a state of nature. They say their minds are so taken up with the contemplation of the Deity that they can not pay attention to sublunary things."

The practice of bringing the old and sick to the river's edge to die is not now in vogue among natives of the city, though the provincials still cling to it. Much

caution is used, however, for the government is as determined to abolish this ancient and cruel custom as to do away with sutteeism, or widow-burning, and infanticide.

From the river Benares has a strange and Oriental look. Massive stone ghauts or steps ascend to the top of the cliff, along which extends a line of irregularly built houses, four or five stories in height, with small windows of different sizes promiscuously placed. Many of these buildings are fast going to decay. From the river, also, one sees the temples and the mosques, the palaces of princes who make periodical visits to the holy city, and the pagodas erected by wealthy men for the benefit of the pilgrims. Add to this brilliance tens of thousands of natives, in white and vari-colored garments, passing up and down the ghauts or bathing in the water, and the thousands of boats of every character upon the river, and the scene is one long and vividly remembered.

Near the eastern limit of the city, at the top of a very steep ghaut, stands the great mosque of Aurungzebe. It is a square stone building covered with three domes, and has at each end a slender minar or pillar that rises one hundred and fifty feet above the floor of the mosque, or nearly twice that height above the level of the river. This building is on the site of the Hindoo temple of Vishnu, which the Emperor Aurungzebe destroyed, and the materials of which are thus re-used to celebrate the triumph of Islam over Brahminism. The minars are but eight and a quarter feet in diameter at the base, and seven and a half at the top. They were formerly fifty

feet higher, but, becoming unstable, it was found necessary to shorten them. The ascent is by a stone staircase. From the top the view of Benares, the Ganges, and the surrounding country is very commanding—it is said that in clear weather even the Himalayas may be seen. From this point the city presents a very odd spectacle to an American, accustomed to cities of “magnificent distances;” for this bird’s-eye view gives it the appearance of one solid mass of houses. Such, indeed, it may well appear, since streets only four feet wide form scarcely perceptible divisions between houses five stories in height. The dense green trees constitute a grand background, and the Ganges may be seen winding away like a silver thread for miles and miles in the distance. From the top of one of the minars the muezzin, with a loud, shrill voice and a musical measure, calls the faithful to prayers.

Once, in walking through the bazar, I determined to taste the betel-nut—the tobacco of the Asiatics—to the use of which the natives of India are especially addicted. From a tradesman who dealt in nothing else I bought two little packages, each containing material for eight epicurean chews. For this luxury I paid one pice, or one fourth of a cent. The betel-nut stains the lips a bright red color, and the prepared leaf of the piper-betel tastes very like the sassafras bark or root. The Hindoos call it *pawn*. The effect upon the system is slightly exhilarating, but not so powerful as tobacco or opium. Princes and wealthy persons are accustomed to chew leaves which have been soaked in rose-water and

tinctured with rich spices. The appetite for the betel increases with the consumption, and from chewing one of the little packages after each meal (considered a moderate allowance), the approach to perpetual use is as rapid and inevitable as any other species of demoralization.

The ruins of ancient Sarnath, which I did not omit to visit, are situated four miles from Secrole. One tower alone remains of that once mighty city. This structure, which is about ninety feet high and seventy feet in diameter, is thought to be at least fifteen hundred years old. It is built of stone, elaborately carved with geometric figures, scrolls, flowers, fruit, and human forms, which give abundant proof of taste and skill in design and execution. It is, however, much dilapidated, and the sides and top are overgrown with grass and shrubs. A low and narrow passage extends through and underneath to the centre, where a small hole admits light from the top.

One morning two snake-charmers called at the hotel. Around their necks large boa-constrictors were twined; and each charmer carried jars of smaller snakes, and one of scorpions. The performance consisted in taking the venomous snakes from the jars in which they lay coiled, and in picking them up, the men placing their fingers upon the reptiles' mouths, tantalizing them to a frenzy, and then twisting them about their heads and necks, where the hissing, writhing mass presented a frightful spectacle.

A cobra bit the finger of one of the men twice, and

each time he made use of various charms, placed a small round stone over the cut flesh, smelt a piece of wood resembling flag-root, and then used it for marking a circle around his wrist. This, he told me, would effectually prevent the absorption of the poison into the system. The stone draws out the blood, and with it, of course, the virus. It is generally supposed, however, and with much reason, that the poison-glands of the cobra have already been removed by the crafty charmers. Several times the cobras advanced until within a foot of my chair, but turned back at the command of their masters. During the entertainment one of the men played at intervals upon a sort of flageolet. The scorpion *divertissement* consisted in stringing numbers of them together, as the whips of the Furies were made, and in hanging the horrid necklace upon the charmers' lips, noses, and ears.

At Benares dwells, during a great part of the year, the Rajah of Vizianagram—a liberally educated native gentleman, who speaks English fluently, and takes great interest in all matters tending to meliorate the moral and intellectual condition of his people. But at that time the rajah was absent at Madras, and I was therefore deprived of the introduction which an English gentleman, a resident, would have procured for me. However, a very great pleasure and honor was now at hand—nothing less than being received as a visitor of distinction, and splendidly entertained at his palace, by the Maharajah of Benares, the present spiritual and political chief of the Hindoos.

Early in the morning I left the hotel to visit the rajah at Ramnaghur, a citadel, palace, and town all in one, situated on the left bank of the Ganges, one mile above the sacred city. Riding in a gharry to a ghaut opposite, I crossed the river in a dinghy, or native boat, and was received at the palace by the rajah's chief officer. This gentleman, conducting me up long flights of stone steps, left me sitting in the court-yard near the audience-hall, while he presented to his royal master the letter of introduction which had been given me by my good friend Moonshee Ameer Allie, of Calcutta.

An aide-de-camp presently came and informed me that the rajah was then sleeping, being very tired on account of the festivities of the previous night while engaged in celebrating his son's birthday and performing the religious rites customary on such occasions, and that no one dare wake him. The officer added that the young prince would see me, and led the way to the audience-hall, a large room with a lofty ceiling, handsomely painted and stocked with European furniture, a Brussels carpet, and some native portraits of the rajah's ancestors. In the dining-room, which adjoined, was a tessellated marble pavement and a large rosewood centre-table, the walls being hung with engravings of the English royal family and some native princes. In one corner, upon a small table, stood a beautiful ivory model of the celebrated Taj Mahal tomb at Agra.

In the audience-hall I was presented to the young prince—the heir-apparent—who was surrounded by a

crowd of officers and attendants. His highness was dressed in a gold-embroidered satin robe and trousers, with velvet slippers, and wore a small turban studded with jewels and covered with tracery of gold and silver needlework. In his delicate ears hung circles of gold wire, strung with pearls and sapphires, and his fingers shone with costly gems. The prince was a bright-looking little fellow who spoke English fairly, and understood also some Persian and Sanskrit. He told me he was just fifteen years of age, asked about my previous travels, wished to know my intended route from Benares, and so forth, and then sent for a rifle—an American "Henry" patent—with which he had shot a large tiger in the jungle. The rajah was still sleeping, and no one in the palace wishing or daring to disturb him, I was invited to visit the palace gardens and the royal temple.

A ride of about a mile in the rajah's own carriage, with its liveried coachman and grooms, brought us, proceeding along the river-bank, to the royal gardens, which cover about four acres, and are surrounded by a stone wall with an imposing gateway. In the gardens were several large summer-houses, built in the Indian style, and near by was an immense tank of clear water. Passing through one of the houses in which his highness sometimes entertains European guests, we soon reached the private temple, whose foundations were laid over one hundred years ago by the famous Rajah Cheit Singh, an ancestor of the present rajah. This temple is built upon a raised stone platform,

and is nearly one hundred feet in height. There are also some smaller shrines and dwellings for the Brahmin priests, and the whole is surrounded by a high wall. The temple is built of Chunar stone, and is of the usual pine-apple shape, but differs from most others in the ornamentation of its sides, which are elaborately carved with figures of gods, goddesses, elephants, lions, etc., in middle relief. On the platform opposite, and facing the entrance of the temple, are three marble figures—a bull, a garud, or man with wings, and a lion on which the goddess is supposed to ride when out for an airing. A Brahmin comes to show us the idol, and opening the small, highly polished brass doors, her deityship is before us. Durga—for such is her name—stands in a carved stone recess. Her face is of gold and her body of gilded marble, and she is almost covered with flowers. While we were looking over the temple a messenger arrived, who said the rajah was awake and wished to see me. In leaving the gardens I was presented with beautiful flowers and baskets of fruit, and soon after I alighted at the principal gate and proceeded at once to the dewan of the rajah.

His highness, surrounded by a great crowd of princes and attendants, received me in a large pillared court, and having graciously waved me to a seat at his right hand, asked if I spoke Hindustani, remarking that he did not speak English. My interpreter was at hand, however, and served us well. The rajah was very plainly dressed, and was smoking a beautiful silver-

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wrought hookah. He seemed quite an old gentleman, of large and fleshy person, with a keen, intellectual countenance, and very bland and pleasing manners. He first offered me refreshments of all kinds, and then wished to know how he could serve me. He inquired concerning my past travels, asked me if I had seen Benares, and said that one of his elephants was at my disposal for visiting any part of the city, whenever desired. On taking leave, the rajah was good enough to present me with a beautiful silver-silk perfumed neck-ribbon as a mark of his regard, and one of his officers brought me a bottle of the priceless attar-of-rose, after the Indian custom. At the palace gate stood a huge elephant, ready to convey me to Rajghaut, where the gharry was in waiting.

Upon returning to the hotel one afternoon from a sail upon the Ganges before the city, I found Babu Ganesh Chunder, the private secretary of the Rajah of Benares, awaiting my arrival, with a note from his royal master proposing to give a nautch (native dance) in my honor at Karnatcha Palace. The palace was on the same side of the river as the city; the entertainment was to be given at any time between eight and twelve, and the rajah requested me to name the hour which would be most convenient. I gladly accepted the invitation, and specified nine o'clock.

My interpreter accompanied me, and a drive of two miles brought us to the palace gate. Though it was quite dark, one could see, upon one side, beautiful gardens, glistening tanks, and gayly ornamented summer-

houses, and upon the other the palace—a plain, two-story building, with a narrow stone staircase which led on the outside to the upper floor, and brought us to the reception chamber. A native-made carpet covered the floor, numerous candles glittered in chandeliers, and the walls were decorated with portraits by native artists of some of the rajah's ancestors and friends. Chairs having been placed, the officers informed me that his highness would not arrive until ten o'clock, having been detained by important business, but that the nautch would proceed at once. Wine and cigars were offered, as before, but were declined, and the musicians then entered.

The nautch girls were the rajah's private dancers, who danced before him nearly every evening, and were kept for his own especial amusement. They were dressed in wide-flowing trousers and long robes, or rather shawls, of heavy crimson silk, made perfectly stiff with gold and silver thread embroidery, borders, and trimmings. They were greatly overloaded with jewelry on the neck, arms, hands, legs, and feet. Large and curiously wrought rings hung from the lobes of their ears, and a perfect fringe of small rings dangled from holes pierced along each ear's upper rim. This system of jewelry was made complete by dozens of armlets—bands of gold two or three inches wide set with vari-colored gems—several necklaces, some of them consisting of chains with gold coins attached; four or six rings on a finger; anklets strung with little bells; and even gold and silver toelets upon their

naked feet. The distinguishable jewels were the topaz, onyx, carbuncle, agate, and carnelian.

The movements of the dancers were very slow, being much hindered by their long robes. They scarcely seemed to raise their feet from the floor, the performance consisting rather of posturing and singing than what we understand by the single term dancing. In fact, no people of the East indulge in dancing-parties as do the natives of the West. Orientals of the upper class never dance themselves. It is not dignified, and they always hire others to dance before them. So fond are they of the diversion that the profession of a dancing-girl is both popular and lucrative, though it is not considered very respectable. These girls—some of whom are possessed of extraordinary beauty—generally lead an irregular life. One of the officers behind my chair remarked of a rather fascinating girl, who had been dancing for some little time, that she was a celebrated singer, and mentioned her unpronounceable name. I confess never to have heard such extraordinary screeching. She “sang” at the extreme limit of her gamut, without the slightest attempt at expression or modulation, and, with short intervals for recuperation, as long as her strength lasted, when she was relieved by another, and afterward by another, and so the torture proceeded.

The musicians—four in number—stood behind the dancers, and followed their eccentric movements. The instruments were two violins, or guitars—one with steel-wire strings—a tom-tom, or kettledrum, and a pair of

cymbals. The guitars, shaped like very crook-necked squashes, were held before the body, supported by the waistband, and played with bows closely resembling those used with violins in more civilized countries. The tom-toms were two in number, fastened to a belt strapped around the performer, who played by drumming upon them with his fists and fingers. The cymbals were made of brass, and in action would answer perhaps to our castanets and triangle combined. The guitars were not incapable of producing melody, but the music extracted was entirely without tune, and hence rather monotonous, the same strains being repeated again and again.

On each side of the dancers and musicians were torch-bearers, who followed them forward and backward in their evolutions; and were so stationed that the light exhibited the gorgeous dresses to the finest effect. These torches were made simply of greased rags, and emitted a thick, oily smoke, which soon filled the room and almost suffocated us. To my mind, nautch dancing is like the famous attar-of-rose essence—a little of it goes a great way.

After an hour or so of the Terpsichorean and Euterpean performances, the rajah and suite entered. His highness was dressed in magnificent cloth-of-gold vest, trousers, and tunic. The latter was embroidered with a beautiful palm-leaf pattern. On his feet were silk slippers. A jeweled armlet clasped one arm, massive rings glittered on his fingers, and his coat was of purple velvet covered with rich gold flowers, leaves, and

vines. He carried a gold-headed cane, more for support than ornament, for he is quite an old man. The young printe, his son, Koor Perbho Narain Sing Bahadur, was not present, having remained at Ramnaghur in charge of the citadel during his father's absence. The nautch proceeded at the rajah's request, a silver hookah being brought for him to smoke.

This hookah well merits a description. It rested upon a solid silver tray two feet in diameter, and its stem—a pliable hose twenty feet long, called *nicha*—was covered with red velvet, wound with gold and silver thread. The bowl of silver, with fantastic embossed cover, held the tobacco and the lighted charcoal, which was in the form of balls composed of powdered charcoal mixed with water and baked in the sun. The silver pillar, or rather tube, on which the bowl was mounted, was about three feet in height, and the entire instrument was beautifully modeled and covered with arabesque engraving. At the bottom of this tube was a large bell-shaped vessel, containing rose-water, to which the hose was attached, and through which the tobacco-smoke was drawn, cool and perfumed. The *nicha* terminated in a beautiful mouthpiece of amber and silver.

“How long will the hookah of your highness remain lighted?” I asked; for the natives do not smoke continuously, but sit and gossip and read and sing for hours at a time, having the *nichas* in their hands, but taking only an occasional whiff. “All night,” answered the rajah; and added with a merry twinkle of the eye,

"My hookah is stronger than myself, for I am so fatigued at night that often while smoking I fall asleep ; but my faithful hookah is never tired, for I always find it lighted on awaking in the morning."

This may be explained by the fact that the greater part of the sleep of wealthy natives is taken at noon and in the early afternoon, during the violent heat of the day. They seldom retire at night before eleven or twelve o'clock, and always rise at five in the morning, or at daylight, thus making it four or five hours only during which the rajah's hookah remained lighted.

We then had a full half-hour of the nautch, during which time I talked almost incessantly with the rajah through my interpreter, the dialect employed being Persian, the court language of Hindostan, and a tongue with which most educated natives are familiar. His highness had recently been absent on a visit to Allahabad, where he also owns a palace and gardens. He had made the excursion for religious purposes, and told me laughingly that he had lost his mustache on that occasion. Allahabad, being situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is regarded as a holy city, and thousands of pilgrims visit it every year. The hair and beard are cut at the junction of the rivers, and for every hair that falls into the sacred flood a million years will be granted in Paradise. Hence the rajah's visit.

The nautch had ceased, and after refreshments two musicians were ordered to enter. The one carried a been, and the other a very long-armed and small-bodied

guitar. The been is a most singular and primitive instrument, which was used thousands of years ago in Hindostan. It consists of two large hollow pumpkins, which are joined by a bamboo-cane two or three inches in diameter and perhaps six feet in length. Over this are stretched seven wire cords of different sizes, resembling those of a piano, and upon these the performer plays with the tips of his fingers. Both of these instruments were capable of producing good music, but the men kept thrumming a half-dozen chords over and over again in a most monotonous manner, and with a nearly unbearable effect.

I exchanged photographs and autographs with the Maharajah, and had the gratification of seeing myself placed in his superb pearl-covered album, in the distinguished company of Lord Mayo and some other officials of the British Indian Empire. His highness also presented me with a letter of introduction, written in Persian, to a friend residing at Umritsur, and said he would willingly give me others, but that Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and Lahore were all Mohammedan cities, and that he, being a Hindoo, had no acquaintance in any of them—at least not a sufficiently intimate acquaintance to ask favors for an American or Englishman. He promised also to send me a hookah to smoke, and an elephant to use in visiting some of the more interesting parts of the city.

Previous to taking leave, his highness requested me to write him concerning my further travels, which letter he would answer ; and added, " If, while you are in any

part of India, you are in trouble, or in want of any thing in my power to grant, a written request from you will alone be necessary to obtain it." The rajah also placed upon my shoulders one of the silver-embroidered neck-ribbons of regard, and sprinkled some attar-of-rose essence upon my handkerchief, doing all with much kindness and apparent sincerity. "Good-bye," he concluded, using doubtless the only English phrase of which he had command. "Palagan Maharaj" ("I respectfully bow before you, honored sir"), I replied, in my broadest Hindustani. It was after midnight when we left Karnatcha Palace, and rode back to the hotel by moonlight, through long avenues of glossy peepul, feathery neem, and gnarled mango-trees.

The next morning two men—one of them the rajah's own hookah-burdar, or pipe-preparer—came to the hotel with the promised hookah, and shortly afterward the arrival of the elephant was announced. The hookah resembled the one already described. The smoke was of a very mild but agreeable flavor, cooled and purified by its passage through the water. The tobacco is not used pure and unadulterated, but several other plants and some spices and molasses are added. In consistency it resembles opium, or thick pitch, and is called goracco, or smoking-paste. I obtained an account of its preparation from the pipe attendant. The tobacco leaves, which are extensively grown throughout Hindostan, are pounded and chopped very fine. Molasses, bananas, and cinnamon are then added, and the mass, being well mixed, is kept in the sun until fermentation

ensues. A little musk is next supplied, and the paste, being of the consistency of soft clay, is made into lumps the size of a man's fist, in which state it will keep for years. In order to flavor the smoke, rose-water is sometimes poured into the "snake," or nicha, or the water in the bowl is perfumed by the addition of some fragrant oils. Tobacco and hookahs of good quality are sold in the bazars very cheap; and Hindoos, Moguls of every grade, and in fact all natives of India, from Brahmins to pariahs, are great smokers, but use very mild tobacco. Pipes are of infinitely various prices. The ryot (or peasant) pays but two pice (half a cent) for his neriaul (cocoa-nut water-pipe), while the jewel-studded, gold-mounted hookah of His Majesty the King or His Highness the Rajah often costs as much as a thousand rupees.

The entire morning was spent in riding about the city. In passing through the bazar, the elephant would occasionally help himself to a piece of sugar-cane, or a few guavas or vegetables, to the disgust of the traders and my intense amusement. It was quite a novel sensation to move along upon this species of airline, mounted so high as to be able to gaze into the second-story windows of the houses. Some of the streets were so narrow that the flanks of the animal touched the shop awnings upon each side, while others were of too slight breadth even to admit his body. We visited two palaces belonging to the rajah. They are situated in Secrole, the European quarter, upon opposite sides of a broad street. His highness entertains

his foreign guests in them, the one containing sitting and sleeping apartments, and the other banqueting and ball rooms. The Duke of Edinburgh and suite occupied them during his late visit to India, and Lord Mayo and other notabilities whenever they visited the holy city. The buildings are of brick, stuccoed, two stories in height, with broad verandas, and surrounded by extensive compounds, laid out in level lawns and beautiful parterres. The palaces contain large and lofty rooms furnished in European style, but are overstocked with paintings and engravings of little merit, and trinkets, ornaments, and fancy clocks. The carpets, of native manufacture, had the appearance of old rugs, owing to their dull color and thick, plushy substance.

Returning to the hotel, the driver of the elephant caused her to perform some tricks. Few of these animals can be taught them, and the rajah, thinking to please me, sent this particular one, she being a "trick" elephant. At command she would raise her trunk high in air and make a profound salaam or bow in correct style, accompanying the obeisance with a loud snort. She would also walk or dance upon two feet, lie down or rise at command, and smoke from a hookah. The stick pointed with iron which the driver carries is called a haunkus. It is about twenty inches in length, and is usually made of iron, though some have wooden handles. The tip has a sharp point, and some six inches above it is a semicircular hook, about four inches in diameter. With this as a means of enforcing his commands he pricks the elephant's head upon both

sides. When the animal becomes very restless or obstinate, a full half-inch of the haunkus is inserted, and the day following a healing oil is applied.

Benares was for many centuries the metropolis of the land of the Hindoos, the "intellectual eye" of India, and is still the seat of much learning, culture, and power, though no longer the capital of an immense independent state. Its early condition, its connection with ancient Buddhism, its antiquities, its famous temples, its holy wells and tanks, its numerous ghauts leading down to the Ganges, its manufactures and commerce, its inhabitants, the ceremonies of the idolaters, its religious festivals, and the gorgeous displays of the native courts, combine to make it to the Western traveler one of the most interesting localities of all India. A few days after my reception at Karnatcha Palace I reluctantly left for Allahabad, the capital of a province of like name, about one hundred miles from the sacred city of the Hindoos.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSQUES, PALACES, AND TOMBS.

ALLAHABAD, the City of Allah, or God, founded by the Emperor Akbar in the sixteenth century, stands at the head of steam-navigation on the Ganges, one thousand miles from Calcutta. After having reached it I proceeded through a level, fertile, and but partially cultivated country to Cawnpore, about one hundred and twenty miles distant. The chief interest of this city now is a very painful one, and is due to its association with the terrible Indian mutiny of eighteen years ago. The Memorial Garden, six or eight acres in extent, is tastefully laid out with lawns and graveled paths, and filled with trees, shrubs, and beautiful flowers. On a grassy knoll in the centre stands what is termed "The Memorial." It consists of a circular red sandstone platform, ten feet in height, surrounded by an open Gothic railing, beautiful in design and finish. The inclosure contains a large winged statue of a female figure, cut from pure Italian marble, and designed by the sculptor Marochetti. An inscription in Old-English text, carved upon the base, announces that this monument is "Sacred to the memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot

were cruelly massacred by the rebel Nana Dhoondpoot of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the fifteenth day of February, 1857." Over the door, on the inner side, one may read the following: "Erected by the British Government, 1863;" and, outside, the Scripture text, "These are they which came out of tribulation."

The guides will show you the site of the intrenchment in which General Wheeler, with his small band of soldiers, and the European and half-caste residents, were assembled, and for twenty-one days held the place in the face of a continual fire from Nana Sahib's troops. No vestige of the intrenchment now remains, but the well is seen whence, at the peril of their lives, the unfortunate soldiers had to procure their supplies of water. A small plot of ground near the barracks is filled with the graves of the victims, and in the centre is a massive stone cross bearing a long and appropriate inscription.

At Lucknow I found comfortable quarters in the Cantonment Hotel, built after the style of an Italian villa. I was somewhat surprised, on entering the parlor, to find it filled with English officers, in full-dress uniform, and on inquiry learned that His Excellency the Commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's Indian Army, Lord Napier of Magdala, then on his annual tour of inspection, was holding a levee of the local cantonment officers.

Soon after my arrival I visited an old garden-house, the Alumbagh, of the ex-King of Oudh, the political prisoner whom I saw at Calcutta. It is situated on the

main road which leads to Cawnpore, three miles distant from Lucknow. The palace stands in the centre of a garden, surrounded by a high wall one mile in circuit. The gateway is an imposing structure, surmounted with the king's crest or seal—two enormous fishes painted in colors. The Alumbagh was the headquarters of Generals Havelock and Outram, before the "relief of Lucknow." In the garden is the tomb of the former, surmounted by a plain granite shaft, twenty-five feet in height, bearing an appropriate inscription.

In Lucknow is a large school for European and Eurasian boys, called "*La Martinière*," from its founder, General Claude Martine, originally a common soldier in the French army, but subsequently a major-general. Some one has accurately described it as a "strangely fantastical building, of every species of architecture, adorned with minute stucco fretwork, enormous lions with lamps instead of eyes, mandarins and ladies with shaking heads, and all the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo mythology." Connected with the origin of *La Martinière* is a not uninteresting story. About seventy-five years ago General Martine showed its plan to the then ruling King of Oudh, who offered five million dollars (?) for it as a palace for himself. His death soon after rendered this bargain null. In process of time the general himself died, but commanded in his will that the school should be completed from funds which he had left. To prevent any future ruler from confiscating or occupying it, he ordered his body to be buried in a vault under the building, as no Moslem is permitted by his religion to

reside in a house where any one is buried. In 1857, however, the mutineers broke open his tomb and scattered his bones.

The Shah Nujeef, which I next visited, is the tomb of Ghazee-ooder Hyder, the first King of Oudh, built by himself, and modeled after the tomb of Allie, the stepson of Mohammed, at Medina, in Arabia. Through lofty portals you enter a circular room, paved with marble and surmounted by a dome. The latter is beautifully painted in various colors, and hung with twenty large chandeliers of plain and variegated glass, silver, and gold. At the Mohurram (Christmas) festival these are lighted. In the centre of this room were temples or pavilions of silk, which are covered with gold and silver filigree-work, and beneath which the body of Ghazee-ooder Hyder is buried. At one side were two tombs of tinsel-work, eight or ten feet in height, said to be models of the tombs of certain prophets, and between them were some old banners of the Kings of Oudh, made of silk, and heavily embroidered, in gold and silver letters, with extracts from the Koran ; lances with large silver hands at their extremities—a sort of crest, the five extended fingers being emblematic of the five holy personages of the prophet's family ; and shields covered with the names of Mohammed's successors.

Near the door was a collection of curious antique paintings, on paper, of the Kings of Oudh, their favorite wives, pictures of festivals, and models of the mosques and tombs at Mecca and Medina. One amusing painting represented Nawab Asaf-o-dowla and his court and

General Martine witnessing a cock-fight. The birds, with swollen throats and upreared tails, are seen in the foreground, beak to beak, and immediately behind them are the king and the general shaking hands—the pledge of a wager just laid, doubtless. Officers and attendants crowd around, with greatly interested though ludicrous countenances, anxious to be in at the death and to congratulate the king, should he be victorious. Ghazee-ooder Hyder entertained rather peculiar ideas of honor, reverence, and affection, for he is said to have despoiled the shrine of Nawab Asaf-o-dowla, his uncle, of all its furniture, and the tombs of his father and mother as well, for the decoration of this mausoleum.

Lucknow is a city of palaces, and one of the most splendid is the Kaiser Bagh, or Cæsar Garden. It is the great work of the ex-king's reign, was completed in 1850, and cost four million dollars. As every one knows, the English equivalent of Kaiser is Cæsar, and this ambitious title was adopted by the Kings of Oudh, who affixed it to their seal. These gardens are fully a mile in circuit. Passing beneath a massive gateway adorned with immense mermaids, painted with red bodies and green tails, I entered a smaller garden in which is the Badshahd Munzil, the favorite residence of the king. The ex-king's vizier, the notorious Allie Nuki Khan, to whom he gave the entire control of state business, and who in reality ruled Oudh, appropriating many lakhs of public revenue to himself, is said to have resided above the mermaid gateway, in order that he might be close to the king, and obtain instant informa-

tion of all he was doing. I passed under a magnificent arch called the Lakhi Gate (because it cost a lakh of rupees—fifty thousand dollars), and entered a beautiful garden entirely surrounded by palaces. Many of these were formerly occupied by ladies of the harem, but are now empty, though in a tolerable state of preservation. About the centre of this garden is a large marble and glass barraduri—an open arcaded pleasure-house, used for dances, theatrical performances, and concerts, and now belonging to a resident rajah.

The great Emambarra is the architectural gem of Lucknow, and the work of Asaf-o-dowla, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars in gold. The word “emambarra” signifies a holy place, a place of Moham-medan worship, a dépôt for the tazees (representatives of the shrines of the sons of Allie at Mecca), used at the Mohurram festival. It is said that the only restrictions the nawab put upon his architects, in making their plans, were that the building should not be a copy of any other structure, and that for beauty and magnificence it should surpass every thing of the kind ever built. The Emambarra was begun in a year of terrible famine, being undertaken in part to supply the poor with bread, and was completed in 1783. It is built of brick, and the extreme length is three hundred and three feet, the width one hundred and sixty, and the height sixty-three, while the walls are sixteen feet in thickness. In the centre is an immense hall (one hundred and sixty-seven feet long, fifty-three broad, and fifty high), and at each end are

octagonal apartments, each fifty-three feet in diameter, with ceilings even loftier than that of the apartment whence they open. In the hall itself is a marble slab said to cover the remains of the nawab. All the furniture, however, was pilfered by Ghazee-ooder Hyder to embellish his own tomb—the Shah Nujeef, already described. The Emambarra is now utilized by the English as an arsenal.

Of all the “lions” of Lucknow, the Hoseinabad Emambarra, built in memory of Hosein, a grandson of Mohammed, is the most interesting. It stands upon a raised stone platform, and all its sides have large windows delicately painted with designs of leaves, fruit, and animals, while three gilded domes adorn the roof. At first the colored glass, prismatic crystals, and looking-glasses *ad infinitum* almost blind one. The room is nearly filled with chandeliers depending from the ceiling or supported on pyramidal stands. The glass is of different colors, and the stands are of gold and silver tinsel-work, some of them containing glass shades for one hundred and thirty-five lights. On all sides were large pier-glasses, with massive gilt frames. Between the glasses were other frames, containing, in gold-embroidered letters, sentences from the Koran. In this tomb were formerly two chandeliers, each of which is said to have cost a lakh of rupees. They were presented by the ex-King of Oudh. Two candelabra, with splendidly enameled and embossed stands, long-branching arms, and stained-glass shades, have lately been added, at an expense of twelve thousand rupees.

In the centre of this room were two square gilt railings, at whose corners rose silver pillars six feet high, supporting a magnificent gold and silver embroidered canopy. Beneath these were the tombs of Mohammed Allie Shah and his mother. During the great Mohammedan festival the tomb is gorgeously illuminated. The entire exterior walls are covered with iron brackets, which hold thousands of little lamps. King Mohammed began, near his present tomb, what was to have been a seven-storied tower—a Babel whence he might look down upon the Babylon he had built; but the tower, something like its historic prototype, only reached the fourth story, and has never progressed further. The king also began a fine mosque, which was completed after his death, at an expenditure of two million dollars. At its gate are rules, printed in English, which state that strangers are permitted to enter at certain hours, but that they must either remove their shoes or walk on pieces of carpet spread for them by the attendants. That Mussulmans are enjoined by their religion to remove their sandals at the gate of a mosque reminds one of God's command to Moses from the burning bush. In the centre of the mosque, beneath the largest dome (every mosque has three), was the marble pulpit whence the priest reads the Koran. The walls were covered with choice Arabic and Persian extracts from the doctrines and precepts of Mohammed.

Returning to Cawnpore, I continued my journey to Agra, once the Mogul capital of India. At Toondla

Junction we changed cars, and reached Agra after a ride of thirteen miles, or one hundred and fifty-five miles in all from the Cawnpore station. We crossed the river on a bridge of iron buoys. To our left stood the massive fort of Agra, containing the palace of the Emperor Akbar and the beautiful pearl mosque, whose "three domes of white marble appear like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze must sweep away."

The fort of Agra, whose walls are nearly two miles around, is filled with old palaces and mosques, and modern barracks and arsenals. Though the walls are seventy feet in height, and are built of brick and faced with blocks of sandstone, a mud fort would probably stand a greater amount of cannonading. A moat, thirty feet deep and supplied with water from the Jumna, still exists, as also do "the triple walls, frowning one above the other," which originally formed a part of the fortress. Having crossed the mediæval drawbridge, we approached a large court-yard by means of a long and crooked stone ascent, passing through several gates, the last one of which was flanked by two towers. Formerly this fort was divided into three sections. In the first resided the guards ; in the second the officers and civil dignitaries ; and in the third, which comprises the side toward the Jumna River, stood the palaces, baths, gardens, and seraglios. At present the fort is occupied by English troops, and the old Dewan-i-aum, or judgment-seat of the Emperor Akbar, contains twenty thousand stands of arms. Here are shown the celebrated

"gates of Somnauth," twelve feet in height and ten in width, made entirely of sandal-wood, elaborately carved and inlaid. Here, too, is the Motee Musjid — pearl mosque, as it is poetically yet justly termed ; for if not literally a mosque of pearl, it is at least the pearl among mosques. The dimensions are not grand, but the proportions and style are perfection. From the outside nothing is to be seen excepting high red walls, with white domes just rising above them ; but, having mounted a long stone staircase, you enter a court-yard one hundred and fifty feet square, paved with white marble. The arcades on each side are of the same beautiful stone ; so also is the mosque immediately in front : the whole is built of the clearest polished white marble. Just before you is a tank for the ordained ablutions, and in one corner stands a large sun-dial, whence the priests learn the proper hours of prayer. The architecture is Saracenic. The roof is crowned with three graceful domes, supported by eighteen pillars, each cut from a single block, and joined by arches that a Ruskin or a Fergusson would travel far and endure much to behold. Above these arches runs an inscription in Persian verse, of which the following is a literal English translation :

"This place of prayer is one of splendor,
 Like the Bital Namour in the seventh heaven,
 Whose whiteness is slave to the dawn of the morning,
 And from whom the sun rejoices to draw light.
 To Ursh its solid floor is strongly riveted,
 And its dome is joined together like the leaves of Paradise.
 The mosque is betrayed in its lofty ceiling.

Its flower-pictures, which bloom in marble,
Are like a starry nosegay culled from heaven.
Here too the sun discovers his fountains,
And every golden pinnacle shines as though in heaven.
Radiance fills every arch to overflowing,
Like the moon on the first night of Eed.
On its four sides is the strong fort of Agra,
Built of red stone, whose walls reach to heaven.
So around the moon glimmers a halo
Made of the clouds of Allah's tender mercies ;
So bright vapors, raining down bounty,
Weave around the sun a nimbus of splendor.
Made from a pearl of unparalleled beauty,
Truly this building belongs to the highest heaven.
Never ere this was the soul of marble reached.
Never such a temple, provocative of worship,
Enriched the world, since the birth of creation.
It was built by a king, like Solomon in wisdom,
In faith like Abraham, the favorite of God,
The civilizer of the world, whose residence is heaven.
On him rests the shadow of Allah,
The founder of the world and support of princes.
By reason of the footsteps of this princely builder
The earth is proud, and assumes to be heaven.
Gifts he distributes here and hereafter ;
With him both wealth and fortune are enamored,
And beautiful angels are his constant well-wishers.
Heaven is a suppliant for some dust of his palace,
And the fire of hell fears the flash of his scimiter.
By the great, the just, the generous, the magnificent,
The merciful and kind Emperor Shah Jehan,
Was built this magnificent temple of devotion,
In the year seventeen hundred and seven Hijree."

Though this poetry partakes strongly of hyperbole,

yet it shows us that the Mohammedans themselves were not a little enamored of their pearl mosque, that they fully appreciated its great beauty. The contour of the domes is very striking ; that in the centre is perhaps a hundred feet in height, and all are surmounted by slender golden pinnacles. Along the edge of the roof is a row of little marble kiosks, and at the corners are tall towers, having eight pillars each.

The Motee Musjid, erected by Shah Jehan, was seven years in building, and furnished employment for three thousand workmen, among whom were many Persians, also a few Italians, Portuguese, and French. The marble was presented to the emperor by the Rajah of Jeypoor, and the simple cost of erection is said to have been as much as thirty lakhs of rupees, or one million five hundred thousand dollars. This, however, seems an exaggerated tradition, when we remember the cheapness of labor and the necessities of life at that period.

The emperor's palace, and the gardens and zenana, overhang the wall next to the river. The buildings are all of marble, carved, and exquisitely inlaid with gems. Some of the little pavilions are erected directly on the rough red walls of the fort, thus producing a contrast nearly analogous to that of diamonds placed upon an undressed board. In the gardens are fountains and tanks, and in some places waterfalls which are illumined at night by means of lamps placed in the wall beneath the fall. In front of King Akbar's audience chamber is a musnud, or throne, composed of a single slab of black

marble. A Persian inscription around the edge informs the spectator that

“This was the throne of such

A mighty king that his sword cut the heads of his enemies

In two whenever it was drawn from its jeweled scabbard.

It was the proof-stone of all the kings upon the earth.

And as this stone proves gold and silver,

So did the sun and moon prove its temper.”

Opposite this throne is another, on which sat the king's fool, or court-jester.

In the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, is a bath-room for the ladies of the harem, in which the ceiling is composed entirely of little pieces of glass set in silvered frames. In the centre are tanks lined with polished black marble. Water, admitted near the ceiling, is conducted over slabs of stone in beautiful cascades, and falls into the baths in broad white sheets. The room was originally lighted by lamps suspended from the ceiling. It is said that these beautiful edifices, and the fortress containing them, were twenty-seven years in building.

One of the finest tombs in all India is that of King Akbar, the most famous of the great Mogul lords who ruled during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Situated a few miles north of the city of Agra, it is a pyramidal structure of brown stone and marble, which, rising in five terraces, slopes from a summit of fifty to a base of three hundred and fifty feet square, and reaches an extreme height of one hundred and fifty feet ; it stands in a garden of about eight acres. In the centre of

the upper terrace, with no covering save the sky, is the royal cenotaph—a single block of pure marble, ornamented with the ninety-nine names of Allah in raised Arabic characters, which are enfolded in elaborate scroll-work. In various parts of the mausoleum are praises of Allah, and Akbar as well, and sentences from the Koran in raised marble letters. It is customary for all Moham-medan writers to begin their effusions with praises to Allah. The gross and obsequious flattery they address to their temporal rulers reminds one of the eulogies of ancient Greece and Rome, while their concluding texts and precepts and pious ejaculations recall the style of several French authors of the last century.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLANCE AT HINDOO LIFE AND LETTERS.

AMONG the Hindoos, as I have already hinted, the confluence of two rivers is regarded as a holy spot, where various religious ceremonies are annually held. Near Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, a great festival takes place in January and February, when thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of Hindostan to visit the place of flags and hair-cutting. Here the heads and bodies of pilgrims are shaved, a small tuft being left upon the crown; and, as I mentioned in my chapter on Benares, for every one of his hairs thrown into the water the pious devotee believes that one million years will be granted to him in Paradise. In addition to this observance is that of bathing, and of lying for some time in a prescribed position, where the Ganges and the Jumna mingle their floods. The Brahmin priests then take the devotee in hand, and proceed to fleece him to the utmost of a capacity which has met with careful cultivation. At the holy junction are a number of square bamboo platforms, upon which the shaving and hair-cutting are done. Near by, sitting cross-legged under huge umbrellas, are the Brahmins, waiting to receive alms, to forgive sins, and sell the

flowers and trinkets to be used in Hindoo worship. On tall bamboo-poles, and above each of the umbrellas, are gay-colored flags which represent the different districts of the country. By this means pilgrims from the various districts are directed to the respective Brahmins licensed to superintend their pooja or worship, or, not to speak figuratively, to tax their purses to the utmost limit. The Hindoo religion considers it very meritorious to feast the Brahmins and make them valuable presents. Of these priests (of whom there are about twelve millions in Hindostan) it is painful to be obliged to confess that they never lose an opportunity of practicing upon the credulity of the people. The following doctrine, which savors indirectly but strongly of profit to the priest, is said to be frequently propounded from the temple of a Hindoo goddess :

“Dan charhao debi nai;
Papi nark na jao bhai”

—“Present offerings to our mother the goddess, O sinner! and you will not go to hell!”

Melas, or festivals which are not exactly pilgrimages, are also popular. At one which I visited near Umritsur, the great Sikh capital of the Punjaub, the attendance numbered fifty thousand people during one day. Numerous booths, containing sweetmeats, pictures, and toys, had been erected, for Hindoo festivals of this kind are little more than fairs tinged with religion. Benares, Allahabad, Juggernaut, and Hurdwar are all celebrated for their annual fairs, but Hurdwar *par excellence*. Half a million pilgrims and dealers flock there yearly, the

former for bathing and worship, and the latter for business and fun. Every twelve years a sort of jubilee is celebrated, when all that is degrading and fiendish in paganism usually asserts itself.

I have frequently seen Hindoos worshipping the sun. Looking toward that luminary and muttering brief invocations, they offer in the palms of their hands water taken from the sacred Ganges. This practice they observe thrice a day, and devout Hindoos repeat equally often a short prayer, which varies with the caste, but the form of which, as used by the Brahmins, may be translated thus: "O Earth, Firmament, and Heaven! we meditate on the great light of the Sun. May it enlighten our hearts!" Indeed, the Hindoo Triad is said to be simply emblematical of the Sun, who was Brahma, or the Creator, at morning; Vishnu, or the Preserver, at noon; and Siva, or the Destroyer, at evening.

In the remarkable cave-temples of the island of Elephanta, which I visited, the Hindoos have sculptured a gigantic Trimurti, or Trinity, which is one of the grandest sights in all India. The temples, situated about half-way up the side of the island, are hewn out of the living volcanic rock. The principal hall is eighteen feet in height, fifty-five in length, and the same in breadth, while the entire temple is one hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred and twenty broad. The roof is supported by rows of immense fluted pillars, with capitals carved in imitation of poppy plants; and the niched walls, containing colossal statues of the

gods, are covered with entire scenes taken from the Hindoo mythology, and sculptured in alto-relievo. The principal group — that opposite the entrance — is called the Trimurti, or Triad. The central figure is a full-face image of Brahma, and upon the¹ right and left sides respectively are profiles of Vishnu and Siva. This group stands in a deep recess, and the triple-headed bust measures twelve feet in height and eight feet in width. All these temples, the date of whose erection is thought by antiquarians to have been the tenth century before Christ, prove that in architectural skill and in sculpture the ancient Hindoos far surpassed the Egyptians.

Credulity is a prominent characteristic of the Hindoos, and superstition governs every important event of their lives. They consult their priests or astrologers concerning natal, nuptial, and funeral ceremonies and festivals, and eagerly inquire concerning the mysteries of the future. Their superstitions are as amusing as any in "Napoleon's Dream-book." If they hear the word *bunder* (monkey) early in the morning, it presages nothing to eat during the day. The effect of the evil-eye on children is to be exorcised by a little chaff and salt. The mother who is told that her child is very poorly and does not thrive construes the condolment into a good omen. A shopkeeper never sells on credit the first article he disposes of in the morning. A child's name must not be mentioned at night, lest an owl hear and repeat it, and the child pine and die. These are a few of their childish credulities—not, how-

ever, more childish than many people born and bred in Christian countries cherish at the present day.

The Hindoos deal much in **proverbs**: "**They eat molasses**, but sedulously abstain from sweetmeats." This would be equivalent to the Biblical "Straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." So, too, our "Penny wise and pound foolish" is expressed in their "Gold mohurs (sovereigns) are allowed to be taken away, but charcoal is kept safe with seals." The following sayings need no explanation: "A cat is a lion in a jungle of small bushes;" "Every dog is bold in his own lane;" and, "What! live in water, and at enmity with the crocodile!"

An erroneous opinion prevails among Western people that all the inhabitants of Hindostan speak one and the same language. The language most widely disseminated and understood throughout the country is Hindustani, a dialect resulting from the union of the Sanskrit—the ancient vernacular of the Hindoos—with the Arabic or Persian of their Mohammedan conquerors. But there are also the Hindi, the literary medium *par excellence*; Urdu, used by the Mussulmans; Bengali, Punjaubi, Mahratti, Gujeratti, Telegu, Tamil, etc. The sacred books, which include many old grammars and medical works, are written in the Sanskrit, which, however, has long ceased to be a spoken language, being now understood only by a few learned pundits. Persian and English have taken its place, and many of its most valuable works have been translated into Hindustani. The golden age of Sanskrit literature was just

previous to the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century A.D.

The Hindoos have been called the most religious people in the world, and on many accounts they well merit the designation. Their ancient writings indicate the worship of one God, though in later times, the people having sunk into gross idolatry, books were written which instilled the paying of divine honors to innumerable gods and goddesses, animals, mountains, rivers, and trees. The Vedas (knowledge) constitute the Hindoo Bible. They are composed in verse, were first collected about the fourteenth century before Christ, and contain the revelation of Brahma, devotional hymns, legendary heroic poetry, history, cosmogony, laws, moral precepts, philosophy, science, and the ritual of worship. They are supposed to be the earliest of the Hindoo sacred books. The Rig-Veda—a fourth portion only of the Vedas, and containing the sacred hymns of the Brahmins—has been translated into English by the celebrated philologist Max Müller, after more than twenty years' labor, and published in eight large volumes. The Puranas (ancient writings), containing four hundred thousand stanzas, and comprising miscellaneous traditions, were composed probably in the tenth century A.D. It is said that in the Puranas very little of the primitive Hindoo religion remains.

All that has been preserved of the history and institutions of the Hindoos is contained in two great epic poems, named the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. They are the most colossal epic poems to be found in

the literature of the world. The Ramayana contains twenty-five thousand verses, which describe the war waged by Ram, or Ramchunder, king of Oudh, and one of the incarnations of Vishnu, in the thirteenth century before Christ, against Rawan, king of Ceylon. This book is the constant companion of every member of the Kshatriya, or Warrior Caste of Hindoos, since it relates the military tactics and exploits of ancient times. It is said that this really magnificent poem has been translated into Italian and published in Paris by the government of Sardinia. The Mahabharata describes, in two hundred thousand verses, the greatest avatar of Vishnu—a manifestation of the god on earth in human form. The enormous length of this poem has hitherto prevented its translation into any European language, since it would occupy about fifteen octavo volumes. The more important portions, however, have been rendered into English by Professor Wilson, who has also translated some of the Puranas.

The moral and political philosophy of this strange people is contained in the sacred book Manuvadharmasutra, or Code of Manu, the lawgiver. It contains four thousand verses, and treats of creation, education, marriage, domestic economy, the art of living, penal and civil laws, punishments, atonements, transmigrations, and the blessed state. The Rajneet, a Sanskrit and Hindi work, translated by Sir William Jones, exhibits many of the moral doctrines and precepts of the Hindoos. The following are a few selections :

"What is strength to him who subdues not his own foes? What is the soul itself to him who keeps not his own body in subjection?"

"Among all possessions knowledge appears eminent. The wise call it supreme riches, because it can never be lost, has no price, and can at no time be destroyed.

"He is a friend who delivers thee from adversity. That is a good action which is well intended. She is a wife who is an inseparable companion. He is wise who honors the good. He is a friend whom favors have not purchased. He is a man who is not subdued by his senses.

"A hundred good works are lost upon the wicked; a hundred wise words are lost upon fools; a hundred good precepts are lost upon the obstinate; a hundred sciences upon those who never reflect.

"In the sandal-tree are serpents; in the water, not only lotus-flowers, but crocodiles. Even virtues are marred by the vicious; in all enjoyments there is something which impairs our happiness.

"If a man has no knowledge of his own, of what use is a book to him? Of what service is a mirror to a blind man?"

The Hindoos have also quite an extensive song literature. The subject is usually love, and the verses are short, the same stanzas being repeated again and again to different musical strains. Here is a sample :

"Moved by the gentle breeze, the leaves of the Poorain wave gracefully. The easterly wind blows gently, and the Sakhees are fast asleep. My love is so very awkward that he does not arouse when I try to wake him. The leaves of the Poorain wave gracefully, being moved by the gentle breeze.

"The sky is covered with thick, dark clouds; the lightning flashes; I am terrified. O Sakhee, beseech my love to return, or I rend the paper that joined us. The time when he promised to return is nearly out. My heart's emotion is toward the Jumna, from which direction I expect him. If he does not come soon

I will lay aside my ornaments, and become a wanderer with disheveled hair."

The subjoined specimen of Hindoo correspondence may not prove uninteresting :

"The palagan [worship] of Nurpat Singh, Zalim Singh, and Goolab Singh, to Runjeet Singh, Phakoor. We are all well here. May the Yungajee [holy Ganges] always keep you well. We are, it seems, considered enemies by you ; not even one of our letters has been answered. If we were not considered so, you would doubtless have written to us. We are thought enemies. May not God be displeased. What can the pleasure of man do ? May God be pleased with us. Man's displeasure is nothing. May not God be displeased with us. You can write to us, if you are disposed to do so ; if not, you need not write. Our Ram Ram [salutation] to all the members of the families of Lallas Gokoolut Roy, Bidhee Chand, and Kishoon Dayal. Our Ram Ram and blessing to all, both old and young."

The state of education is exceedingly backward in Hindostan, the women, owing to the wretched system of caste, being in general entirely ignorant. At Benares, in 1792, however, a large and costly Sanskrit school was founded for Brahmins, and "Queen's College" is still considered the finest modern edifice in India. Almost all the literatures and sciences of Europe are taught there, and the Sanskrit department embraces a collection of rare Oriental manuscripts. In Burmah, Ceylon, and Hindostan more than one hundred thousand converts to Christianity have, within the last decade, been made, and the general desire for secular knowledge among the natives is increasing.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PALACE-TOMB TAJ MAHAL.

It is now my privilege to introduce my readers to a theme which has been touched in vain by far abler pens than mine, and in the treating of which, therefore, I expect to show little else than my own incompetency and bewilderment. What was said of the Latin Emperor Augustus regarding Rome might also be said of the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan concerning Agra—he found the city brick, and left it marble. One who loved not India or her races has said, “If the people of this land really built the Taj, the sooner the English leave the country the better. We have no business to live here, and claim to be their masters.” For grace, symmetry, material, and execution, the Taj Mahal surpasses the acknowledged masterpieces of architecture in all lands. It is not only the most beautiful and costly mausoleum on the face of the globe, the most faultless relic of Eastern architecture, but, taken for all in all, probably the most noble and perfect art-ideal of the kind ever embodied by man. It better deserves to be numbered among the wonders of the world than the Pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia. Were nothing

else of interest to be seen in India, the labor and danger of a journey around the world would be amply compensated by an inspection of that stupendous miracle of art, the Palace-Tomb Taj Mahal.

The name "Taj Mahal" signifies "Crown of Edifices." The building stands in the midst of a fine garden on the northern bank of the Jumna, two miles from Agra. You enter a spacious inclosure filled with trees. Upon one side is a gate leading to a small village where sweetmeats, food, semi-precious stones, models of the Taj, and knickknacks are sold. Directly opposite is the entrance to the Taj—a magnificent portal, whose doors are of solid teak, plated with copper, and studded with huge nails and bosses. The masonry is of sandstone elaborately carved, ornamented with black marble inlaid with extracts from the Koran, and surmounted by a row of marble cupolas.

Entering this superb gateway, the first view of the Taj flashes upon you through an arcade of dark and slender cypress-trees. "The whole building, as you look upon it, seems to float in the air like an autumn cloud." Before you is a narrow marble tank with a row of *jets d'eau*, which extends to the platform of the tomb. A quadrangular garden of about twenty acres is inclosed by lofty walls, with a tower at each corner, and in the centre of that side of the quadrangle which adjoins the Jumna the tomb is placed. The garden is filled with banyan, tamarind, orange, lemon, and palm trees and flowers, and the songs of birds are heard in every direction. The tomb is erected upon a platform

of sandstone measuring nine hundred and sixty-five feet in length by three hundred and thirty in width. The red-stone tower at each corner of this chibootra, or terrace, is surmounted by a marble kiosk. Two buildings occupy the east and west sides—the one a mosque, the other what the natives style a jawab, or “answer.” It is intended to preserve the proportion of the group, though also used as a rest-house for travelers. These edifices are of red sandstone, inlaid with marble and other stones, and surmounted by marble domes.

From the central sandstone platform, which is twelve feet in height, rises another terrace of white marble. This is perhaps twenty feet in height, and three hundred and fifteen feet square. In the centre stands the imposing and beautiful mausoleum of Mumtaz Mahal. The Taj itself is built entirely of white marble. It is octangular in shape, the sides being one hundred and thirty feet long. The roof is about seventy feet from the terrace. The marble dome is seventy feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet in height, and is crowned with a gilded copper spire and crescent, whose topmost point is three hundred feet above the ground. At each of the corners are four small cupolas, while the angles of the tomb are surmounted by slender minarets topped with gilded spires. On each of the chief sides are grand entrances, consisting of pointed arches which reach nearly to the cornice, and two arcades of the same form placed one above the other on each side, all save one now closed by magnificently carved marble screens. From each corner of the terrace rise, to the

height of two hundred and twenty-five feet, elegant minars of marble and inlaid work, crowned with eight-pillared domes. In accordance with a requirement of Saracenic architecture, extracts from the Koran are inlaid upon the walls and corridors. The mosaic being in black marble and the walls of white, the effect at a little distance is airy and veil-like. The whole Koran is said to be thus inlaid — a sermon in stone of five hundred pages.

Entering at the grand arch through sandal-wood doors, I follow a flight of marble stairs which lead down to the vault where the Emperor Shah Jehan and his favorite wife lie buried side by side. There is nothing in this chamber save two sarcophagi exquisitely inlaid with semi-precious stones and covered with inscriptions. On the begum's, or queen's, is written: "The splendid tomb of Arjimand Bannoo, whose title was Mumtaz Mahal, was made in 1009 of the Hijree." At one end is the following line: "Defend us from the tribe of unbelievers" — that is to say, Hindoos and Christians. On the side of the emperor's sarcophagus is written: "The magnificent temple of the king, inhabitant of the two heavens, Ridwan and Khool; the most sublime siter on the throne in Illeeyn [the starry heaven], dweller in Firdoos [Paradise], Shah Jehan Badshah Ghazee; peace be to his remains; Heaven is for him: his death took place the 26th day of Rujub, in the year 1043 of the Hijree" (1665 A.D.). "From this transitory world Eternity has ordained him to the next." The vault being quite dark, and having no opening except

the door, two or three natives bearing candles attended me.

Directly over these sarcophagi, in the central room beneath the dome, are the cenotaphs — magnificent tombs of pure marble inclosed by an octagonal trellis-work screen about six feet in height. The great rotunda is so profusely clustered with fruits, flowers, and foliage as to have the appearance of a blooming bower. It was intended to convey an idea of the blissful seats of Paradise. From the centre of the dome once hung, by a golden cord and jewel-button, an ostrich-egg, designed to represent the world floating about in the immensity of space. This splendid room is lighted by two rows of latticed windows composed of pieces of glass three inches square set in marble frames. Some of these windows contain as many as three hundred panes. The floor is tessellated with vari-colored marble. The screen inclosing the cenotaphs is of delicately carved marble, wherein the lily, iris, lotus, tulip, and other flowers are intricately arabesqued. Thus the genius of the sculptor, charming the stone into expression, has given to the most perishable things of earth eternal life. The marble posts, frames, and fanciful mouldings of the screen are covered with mosaics. One of the sections is a single slab, six feet in length by four in width, "wrought with such marvelous delicacy that it resembles a piece of rich lace-work, wherein are

‘Mimic leaves and vines,
That, light and graceful as the shawl designs
Of Delhi or Umritsur, twine in stone.’”

Over the door is a beautiful arabesque made from a mineral the exact color of gold. This is the only place in the mausoleum where this substance is found.

The cenotaphs glitter with embedded gems. Flower, fruit, leaf, and branch are here wrought—faithfully copying the colors and gradations of nature—in mosaics of carbuncle, lapis-lazuli, agate, carnelian, heliotrope, jasper, chalcedony, topaz, emerald, turquoise, garnet, crystal, sard, amethyst, chlorite, jade, and serpentine, insinuated into every square inch of the marble. So skillfully are these gems inlaid that the face of the marble has the appearance of a beautiful painting. Bishop Heber writes: "Every thing is finished like an ornament for a drawing-room chimney-piece;" and again: "These Pathans designed like 'Titans and finished like jewelers." As pure works of art these mosaics rival the most admired of the inlaid marbles at Florence—the tombs of the Medici. The guides call especial attention to a flower composed of twenty-seven different varieties of gems. Another flower contains three hundred pieces of stone. Owing to the Mohammedan abhorrence of the very appearance of idolatry, no figures of men or beasts are imitated in these pictures in jewel and stone. The Taj forcibly illustrates the metaphorical language of Isaiah when he says, "I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones;" and of the Revelation, in the passages, "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. . . . And the foundations of the wall of the city were gar-

nished with all manner of precious stones—the jasper, the sapphire, the chalcedony, the emerald, the sardonyx, the sardius, the chrysolite, the beryl, the topaz, the chrysoprasus, the jacinth, the amethyst.” Says Myers, fresh from the banks of the Nile, Euphrates, and Murghab rivers, and writing **about** this grand cenotaph vault: “No royal chamber or stately hall of Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, or Persian palace was ever decorated with such purity of taste, such chasteness of design, such delicacy of sentiment, such perfection of skill, such supreme forgetfulness of wealth and labor.”

The echo in the dome of the Taj is probably the finest in the world. An old and well-known American traveler thought it more sweet, pure, and prolonged than that in the Baptistery of Pisa, one of the most perfect in Europe. At the time of my visit some country people were spending the day in the grounds, and one of them had a flute upon which he played beneath the great dome. The effect was magical. The sound, which at first increased slowly, diminished as it rolled and reverberated through the arches until you could scarcely distinguish the separate notes. A sweet female voice gives the best idea of the clearness and softness of this echo, a cornet or flute of its power. An enthusiast compares the melody to the “atmosphere breathed by Ariel and playing around the fountain of Chindara.”

That which pleased me as much as any thing else about the mausoleum was the magnificence of its minars, whose symmetry to my eye seemed perfection itself. As I have already observed, they are two hun-

dred and twenty-five feet in height, and built with as small a circumference at the base as will support so great an altitude. Taylor exactly expresses my convictions in saying of the Taj minars that they "are perfect; no other word will describe them. You can not conceive of their being changed in any way, so little as half an inch, without damage to the general effect." I ascended one by a spiral staircase of one hundred and sixty-five steps, and was rewarded by a remarkably interesting view. Below me

"Agra slept,

By the long light of sunset overswept :
The river flowing through a level land,
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,
Skirted with lime and olive, gay kiosks,
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,
Fair pleasure-gardens with their flowering trees
Relieved against the mournful cypresses ;
And, air poised, lightly as the blown sea-foam,
The marble wonder of some holy dome
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood."

So sings the poet Whittier, well and truly.

During the reign of Aurungzebe, the son of Shah Jehan, and for fifty years after, the light that fell, noon and night, upon the tombs of the Taj was from perfumed oil in golden lamps, daily garlanded afresh. "Mogul musicians furnished appropriate music; five times in each twenty-four hours the muezzin's cry to prayers resounded from these minarets; and a eunuch of high station, with two thousand sepoys under his or-

ders, held watch and ward, without ceasing, over the entire place and all its approaches. None but men of Mohammedan faith were permitted to come within these precincts or to draw near the tombs; and the entire shrine was by the emperor's (Shah Jehan's) orders expressly held sacred from the approach of any Christian foot." After reading of such jealous care, it will scarcely be believed that this work of art came near being pulled down and sold for what it would bring by one of the former governor-generals of India. Yet such is indeed the truth. During the sepoy mutiny the Taj Mahal was protected by a regiment of English soldiers; and though it has suffered little in comparison with similar remains, yet when Agra was taken by Lord Lake in 1803 the English troops scooped out many of the jewels, imitating the Jauts, who had ravaged the city two years previously. For the past ten years the British-Indian government has been carefully repairing the Taj, and keeping in order the remarkably beautiful gardens.

This palace-tomb was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan in memory of his favorite wife and queen, Mumtaz Mahal, niece of the celebrated Nour Mahal, Moore's "Light of the Harem." The empress died in childbirth, but just previous to her death requested of the emperor that he would build over her remains a more beautiful tomb than the world had ever seen. Shah Jehan promised. At his command many plans of mausoleums were brought, and after much thought and study he selected one presented to him by Austin de Bordeaux, a French architect and adventurer attached

to his court. M. de Bordeaux had already designed the Takt Tous, or Peacock Throne of the palace in Delhi. In reward for his skill the emperor named him Jewel-Handed, and gave him a salary of two thousand rupees a month. A model of the Taj was first made in wood. Then, during a space of seventeen years, precious stones were collected. The marble was brought from Jeypoor, three hundred miles away, upon wheeled carriages, and the sandstone came from Futtehpore-Sikri, twenty-three miles distant. The splendid monuments of the Moguls in India could only have been erected by the squandering of their immense revenues during hundreds of years, and the possession of despotic power in compelling their subjects to work without remuneration, and their dependent princes to furnish gratis much of the building material. In the case of the Taj, the labor was all forced. In the construction of this wondrous pile twenty thousand workmen are said to have been employed twenty-two years. To these slaves very little payment was made in cash. An allowance of corn was daily meted out to them, and even this was cruelly curtailed by the rapacious officials. This jeweled tomb therefore is merely a monument of a woman's vanity and a tyrant's despotism.

A native account of the cost of the Taj Mahal states that 9,855,426 rupees were contributed by the rajahs and nawabs throughout the empire, and that from the emperor's private treasury were taken 8,609,760. This would give a total of 18,465,186 rupees, or more than nine million American dollars. Another account puts

the cost at \$15,000,000, and a third at \$60,000,000. There are reasons for believing the first-mentioned estimate nearest the truth. At the entrance to the Taj were formerly two silver doors, studded with eleven hundred nails, each having a head made of a Sonat rupee. The whole cost is said to have been \$640,000. These doors were taken away and melted by the Jauts. Upon the opposite side of the Jumna Shah Jehan began to build a mausoleum for himself, but the civil wars and the death of M. Austin de Bordeaux cut short the undertaking. The emperor intended to have joined the two tombs by a silver bridge. In 1853, the sheik who at that time took care of the Taj told Bayard Taylor that its entire cost, including gateways, mosques, and adjacent buildings, had amounted to seven crores of rupees, or \$35,000,000; but Mr. Taylor deemed this quite impossible, and thought the cost better estimated at 8,750,000 Spanish dollars.

In a Persian manuscript still preserved in the Taj Mahal is a catalogue of the workmen, with their respective wages, and an account of the stones and jewels, with their value, and the localities whence they were obtained. It is fortunately in my power to insert a translation of this document.

"The names of some of the workmen who came from divers countries to assist in the building of the Taj: The Headmaster was Isa Mohammed Shureef [a son of Austin de Bordeaux, employed after his father's death]; his salary was one thousand rupees per month. The Illuminator, Amarnud Khan, inhabitant of Shiraz, also

at one thousand rupees per month. The Master Mason, Mohammed Hunif, from Bagdad, also at one thousand rupees per month. The golden cupola became broken by a violent storm before it was finished, and the son of Isa Mohammed Shureef undertook its repair. He received five hundred rupees per month. A great many other workmen also were employed, some from Turkey and Persia, others from Delhi, Cuttack, and the Punjaub. These received salaries ranging from one hundred to five hundred rupees per month.

“Names and weight, also the value, of some of the stones : The white marble came from Jeypoor, in Rajpootana ; the yellow marble from the banks of the Nerbudda River ; a square yard of this cost (or was worth) forty rupees. The black marble came from a place called Charkoh ; a square yard of this cost ninety rupees. Crystal from China ; one square yard cost five hundred and seventy rupees. Jasper from the Punjaub ; carnelian from Bagdad ; turquoises from Thibet ; agate from Yemen ; lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, the square yard costing one thousand one hundred and fifty-six rupees ; coral from Arabia and the Red Sea ; garnets from Bundelkund ; diamonds from Punnah, in Bundelkund.” (It is, however, doubtful whether any of these were used ; although, since many of the precious stones have been picked out by the Jauts and the English when they severally took Agra, there may have been a few in some of the flowers.) “The plum-pudding stone came from Jaisilmere ; rock-spar from the Nerbudda ; the philosopher’s stone from Marcheen ; the loadstone from Gwa-

lior; the onyx from Persia; the chalcedony from Villait; amethyst from Persia; sapphires from Lunka. The red sandstone, of which one million and fourteen thousand cartloads were used, came from Futtehpoore-Sikri. Many other stones were also employed, in the inlaying of the flowers, which have no name in our [Persian] language." The greater portion of the marbles and jewels was received, in lieu of tribute, from different tribes and nations under Shah Jehan's dominion, or as gifts from the various petty chieftains of India. It is noticeable that the majority of the precious and semi-precious stones came from within what were the limits of the Mogul Empire at that period, A.D. 1631-71.

Though the above account resembles a chapter from the "Arabian Nights," it becomes more credible when we remember that the courts of Mogul sovereigns, two centuries ago, corresponded to the magnificence implied by these amazing contributions. At his death, Shah Jehan left \$150,000,000 in his treasury. His palace was the finest in the East, his hall of private audience the most superbly furnished and entrancingly beautiful the world has ever seen. His throne of gold and jewels—the famous "Peacock Throne," which was stolen from Delhi by Nadir Shah, and afterward broken up by his nephew and successor—was valued at \$30,000,000. His crown, which cost \$12,000,000, resembled those worn by the Persian kings, having twelve points, each tipped with a diamond of the rarest water. In the centre was a pearl of extraordinary beauty and size, and the whole was thickly sprinkled with rubies and other princely

gems. His dress comported with this gorgeous extravagance. His sword and buckler were incrustated with diamonds and rubies. His sceptre was entwined with a chain of large pearls, rubies, and diamonds. Around his neck he wore three strings of immense pearls. His armlets glittered with diamonds, and rows of jewels were embedded in his bracelets. His tunic was of cloth-of-gold, as thin as lawn, and his slippers were of gilded buckskin embroidered with pearls. Except upon grand and state occasions, when the royal crown came into use, he wore a rich turban plumed with long heron feathers. On one side was an unset ruby, and on the other a diamond, both as large as walnuts; in the middle was an emerald like a heart, only, as credulous chroniclers relate, much larger.

One of the most singular facts connected with the Taj Mahal is that it appears to assume different colors, according to the state of the atmosphere. Early in the morning it appears light blue; as the sun rises it takes sometimes a roseate, and often a bright yellow color; at noonday the glare is so powerful that one can scarcely look toward the dome; and when a storm impends, and dark-blue clouds overhang the palace, it assumes a violet tinge. Its appearance is especially beautiful by moonlight. Indeed, the best time to see it is when the moon is declining, for then there is just sufficient light to bring out impressively its grand proportions, and make it resemble "a silver palace floating in the air," while at the same time the individual outlines become less distinct. I fear that when the moon is full,

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her light is so strong as to throw the whole building into vague masses, like heaps of snow. But if you take the elegant minars alone, they appear to the best advantage by day, being so light of substance. Many think that the Taj is never so imposing as when illuminated with Bengal lights from the tops of the minars ; and when these are also burned in the great dome the effect is certainly enchanting. The jewel-studded caskets, the finely wrought marble screen, and the carved and inlaid walls are as clearly discernible as if the morning sun were shining full upon them through the latticed windows.

A word is necessary as to the precise order of architecture to which the Taj belongs. Some maintain that it is Florentine, some Byzantine, some Saracenic. I should say it was a blending of all three styles with the purely Oriental school. In grace and harmony of proportion it is not surpassed by the temple of Minerva in the Acropolis ; the mosques of Mohammed Ali at Cairo, Omar at Jerusalem, or St. Sophia at Constantinople ; the Alcazar of Seville, or the Duomo of the old Tuscan capital. In exact fulfillment of the requisites of the beautiful, in exuberance of fancy, and in variety and delicacy of ornamentation, this wondrous tomb is quite incomparable. Well, indeed, may it be called a poem in marble, when stern and unimaginative people have been known to burst into tears upon entering the great hall.

Upon another occasion I visited the sarcophagi, or true tombs, in the vault of the Taj, and had all the Ara-

bic inscriptions read to me by the attendant moonshee. None, however, were of special interest. The Emperor Shah Jehan, "Conqueror of Worlds, Protector of the Poor, Taker of the Hand of the Distressed, Most Learned and Illustrious," has himself left behind some verses written in praise of his beloved queen, Mumtaz Mahal, and her palace-tomb. A nearly literal translation of the original Persian poem would be as follows :

"This lovely and beautiful tomb
Is like those in the time of Kais,
A place for lovers to slumber.
The floor is sweet with amber,
As in the seventh heaven,
Or a temple built in Paradise.
The air is hung with fragrance,
And houris fan its corridors
With shadow-drooping eyelashes.
Its walls and portals are set with jewels,
And pure is its air and sweet its water,
Which its architect lured from the Chusma-i-Faiz
Continually from clouds of mercy
Falls the rain on its lofty dome.
Should any one enter its holy precinct,
And ask a boon of the One High God,
Allah will hear and grant the favor.
Every one here is hospitable.
One might imagine the gentle breezes
Left this place receiving nothing.
But are they not laden with the aroma
Breathed by the plant called the Flower of Generosity?
The blossoms laugh, but hide their faces.
The clouds rain, but it is the rain of compassion.
When any sinner here seeks protection,

His sins are forgiven as though he were in heaven.
The buds of the trees burst with smothered laughter,
Unannoyed by the breathings of the zephyr.
While the blushing blossoms expand and sweeten,
The modest breezes hide behind the curtain,
Knowing that here reclines a spotless beauty.
All who seek protection here will find it,
Since to Allah the place is consecrated.
Even should the wicked dare to creep hither,
The pages kept by the Recording Angel
Will be washed clean, and sparkle pure and spotless.
When the sun and moon see this mausoleum
Their eyes grow full with the tears of compassion.
In this place, crowned with heaven's azure,
The sun himself is a recipient of favors.
And as soon as he retires the moon emerges,
Glowing with anxiety to receive an equal bounty,
And adding to the constant expectancy of heaven.
Life here is pleasant, being full of loving-kindness
For the poor and alien, the pilgrim and the stranger.
Until now, was there ever an eternity?
Hath not death himself removed his presence?
Surely not of earth could have been the builder,
Since the design was furnished him by heaven.
Firm are the foundations as the creed of the Faithful.
I know not where the colors were captured;
Possibly they came here to live forever.
When the builder made it, peace was his intention—
Peace everlasting and a place of security.
When eternity laid its foundations,
The winter time of the year fled afar to the jungles."

The impression made by the Taj upon different beholders is of course as varied as the peculiar tastes, knowledge of art, and appreciation of the beautiful.

An anonymous author thus glowingly describes his visit: "View the Taj at a distance—it is the spirit of some happy dream, dwelling dim but pure upon the horizon of your hope, and reigning in virgin supremacy over the visible circle of earth and sky. Approach it nearer, and its grandeur appears unlesened by the acuteness of the fabric, and swelling in all its fresh and fair harmony, until you are at a loss for feelings worthy of its presence. Approach still nearer, and that which, as a whole, has proved so charming, is found to be equally as exquisite in the minutest detail. Here are no mere touches for distant effect. Here is no need to place the beholder in a particular spot, to cast a particular light upon the performance. The work which dazzles with so much elegance at the *coup d'œil* will bear the scrutiny of the microscope. The sculpture of the panels, the fretwork and mosaics of the screen, the elegance of the marble pavement, the perfect finish of every jot and iota, are as if the meanest architect had been one of those potent genii who were of yore compelled to adorn the palaces of necromancers and kings."

I remained more than a week at Agra. My thoughts by day were Taj-haunted; at night my dreams were of a silver palace floating in the air. Each morning I rode from the city to the wonderful tomb, and at every visit discovered new beauties. Yesterday it was the mosaic-work of the cenotaphs, to-day the dome and surrounding cupolas; at one time it was the proportions and nice balancings of the minars, at another the poetic sentiment that the mute marble seemed still to put into white

and shining speech. From all this study, untrained, though it may have been, I could draw but one inference, namely, that the work was perfect, and criticism out of place. From corner-stone to crescent-spire, from mosque to minar, no fault could I find, no improvement suggest. In the midst of a heathen country, he who threads Taj Mahal walks upon ground made holy by the light of genius.

CHAPTER XVII.

FUTTEHPORE-SIKRI.

I DID not leave Agra without paying a visit to Futtehpore-Sikri, about twenty-three miles distant from that city, and the favorite residence of the Emperor Akbar. Here he built some very imposing and beautiful palaces, tombs, mosques, and towers; but at last, when he wished to surround the hill on which they stood with a chain of massive fortifications, a Goroo, or Hindoo saint, whom, probably from motives of policy, he kept near him, objected. The holy man could not restrain himself, but told the emperor his devotions were interrupted by the bustle of the city and the gayeties of the court; that he had gone twenty times on pilgrimages to Mecca, and had never before had his comfort and quiet so much disturbed, and that either his royal master or himself must depart. "If it be your majesty's will," replied the emperor, "that one should go, let it be your slave, I pray." Akbar therefore rebuilt Akbarabad, the city of Agra. "The court and the townspeople removed thither, and Futtehpore-Sikri, with its massive palace, its noble residences, and its deserted streets, remains to the present day a monument of the splendor and wealth of its founder, and a testimony to

the despotic power which a reputation for sanctity has in all ages conferred."

A good guide is the first requisite in setting out to explore the ruins, and I was fortunate to obtain the services of Mustag Allie, son of the noted Sheik Busharat Allie. We passed the emperor's palace, and approached the great court-yard in which is the tomb of Sheik Selim Chisti. Ascending a magnificent flight of stone steps, we found before us an immense gateway built of sandstone, inlaid with white, black, and brown marble, and surmounted by numerous kiosks and minarets. The arch, around which were inlaid the customary sentences from the Koran, is seventy-two feet in height, and the entire gateway is one hundred and forty feet from the pavement of the court, and fully two hundred from the ground below. At the summit one obtains an enviable view of the surrounding country, and toward the east can just discern the snow-white dome of the Taj Mahal, appearing like a bright star on the horizon. Having descended, we paused for a moment to inspect the gates of solid teak, studded with hundreds of horseshoes of all sizes and shapes. "These are so placed," Mustag the guide said, "in honor of Sheik Selim Chisti; for if a man has a horse which is sick, he prays to the sheik for its recovery; and should the animal become well, he then nails one of its shoes upon these doors in token of gratitude."

Upon one side of the gateway is carved, in *basso-relievo* Arabic characters, this sentence: "Jesus, on whom

be peace, has said the world is merely a bridge ; you are to pass over it and not to build your dwellings [hopes?] upon it." This lofty portal is a fitting entrance to what is probably the largest mosque courtyard in the world. The area—four hundred and fifty feet square—is paved with sandstone slabs, and bordered with colonnades fifty feet in height. Directly opposite the entrance is the tomb of Sheik Selim Chisti, and on the left hand is the great mosque. The tomb, built by Akbar, is about fifty feet square and fifteen in height, surmounted by an elegant dome and raised upon a platform, all made of the purest white marble. A series of three doors—the first of ebony, the second of sandal-wood, and the third of marble—admitted us into a room fantastically frescoed, though the colors were becoming dim with age. The floor was of marble, sandstone, cinnamon-stone, and jasper. The sarcophagus was covered by a cloth of silk and gold, and is bared to the public but once a year, at a particular religious festival. Mustag Allie told me it was made of mother-of-pearl. It was also surrounded by a low, intricately carved marble railing. In addition to the light which came through the door, the room was illumined by two pierced marble screens. These attracted my attention from having hundreds of little pieces of colored worsted and strings and ribbons tied through their perforations. Mustag volunteered an explanation. The sheik, being a holy man and a prophet, devout Musulmans, when he grants a favor they request of his manes, or spirit, tie a string near his tomb, and offer

some flour and metal (native sweetmeats) in thankfulness. Around the walls are Koran sentences in Arabic gold letters. The outer walls are simply beautifully chiseled screens, some of the slabs being nearly eight feet square.

The neighboring mosque, accommodating one thousand worshippers, is composed of lofty galleries, supported by carved pillars, with a roof topped by three huge brick domes. The tomb and the durgah, or mosque, were built with money left by the sheik, amounting to thirty-seven lakhs of rupees, or \$1,850,000. Near Selim Chisti's tomb are many smaller ones, erected in memory of the relations of the emperor and the descendants of the sheik. Here is the grave of Busharat Allie, marked by a plain slab of white marble. In order to obtain an idea of Oriental epitaphs, I asked Mustag to translate some of those upon his father's tomb. They were in Arabic characters, and read thus: "From this world he has departed, and, Allah bless him, has gone to heaven." "Suddenly he heard somebody whisper in his ear that he would die in 1236 Hijree;" "He, happy and delighted, has gone to heaven;" "Allah forgive him;" "Allah is great, and Mohammed is his Prophet;" "Sheik Busharat Allie, guide, descended from Haji Hassein." On the footstone is the date 1236 Hijree—A.D. 1858.

Our next visit was to the palace of Beer-Bul, who was Akbar's prime minister, and a man of great wisdom and wit as well as learning. The palace is built of red sandstone, as indeed are all the buildings at Futeh-

pore-Sikri, this stone being quarried in immense quantities at the foot of the hill. It is very elaborately carved, both within and without, and fitted up for the reception of visitors of distinction.

Busharat Allie was a great story-teller, delighting especially in tales of the time of Akbar. Here is an anecdote illustrative of the character of the great king and of Beer-Bul, the prime minister, who enjoyed so much of his confidence :

“One day while Akbar was out hunting he lost his way, and, suffering much from thirst, chanced to see a laborer cutting sugar-cane. He rode up, and, having asked him for a piece to chew, the man went into the midst of the khet and brought him a large cane. The emperor then asked the man what was the necessity for his going into the midst of the field to get a cane when there were plenty close by. The countryman answered, ‘The king is worthy of the best ; I brought the largest in the field.’ Akbar then asked him why, if he knew he was the king, he had not made an obeisance, which was the king’s due. The man answered, ‘The obeisance is rather due to me ; I have received no benefit or favor from the king, whereas the king has from me.’ Akbar then said, ‘There is some truth in this fellow’s reasoning ;’ and taking off a signet-ring, he gave it to the man, and told him to present himself next day at durbar [court where a levee is held] and ask a favor, at the same time returning the ring. When Akbar arrived home, he told the affair to Beer-Bul, who blamed him very much for giving such a valu-

able ring, and one with which he could do so much harm, to a peasant. Akbar averred that he could trust the man ; Beer-Bul said that the ring was gone forever.

“The countryman did not present himself at the durbar next day, and many months passed away without hearing any thing about the ring, further than Beer-Bul’s continual reproaches to the king for his folly. Now it chanced that Akbar and Beer-Bul were riding out one day in the country, when the emperor at a distance espied this very countryman engaged at the plow. He told Beer-Bul of it, and asked his advice. Beer-Bul answered, ‘If the man is innocent, he will continue his plowing ; but if guilty, he will run off into the jungle upon seeing you.’ The king approached, but the man went on with his work. Akbar then asked why he had not come to the durbar and brought back the ring. The man replied : ‘O king ! as I was returning that evening to my village, I chanced to take the ring out of my pocket, just to see that it was all safe. The kotwal [mayor of the town] happened to observe me, and immediately had me seized, banged on the head with laths, and your ring taken by force from me, saying, “What punishment is due to a thief who has stolen a ring?” He also warned me that if I made any complaints about it my lot should be hard.’ Akbar then said, ‘Why did you not repeat this at the durbar the next day ? You would have had justice.’ The man answered, ‘O king ! would such a one as I have been believed ? I should have been put in prison ; perhaps

have lost my life.' Said Beer-Bul, 'There is truth here, but it is mixed with error ; let us go to the village and see the kotwal.' Akbar ordered the countryman to be mounted on an elephant and to show the way to the village.

"When they neared the place, the king and Beer-Bul went on ahead, and entered the house of the kotwal, who made profuse expressions of delight at the visit, and professions of devout obedience to the king. The latter, however, kept his eye on the man, and saw him take off the ring from his finger and conceal it in his waist-belt. The king then ordered all the head people of the place to be assembled, and asked them if they were satisfied with the kotwal. They all, with one accord, poured forth his praises, saying that their destiny was good to be under such a worthy man. Now the kotwal was the veriest villain in the world, and was hated, but much feared because he had the signet of the king, by means of which he carried on all kinds of oppression, extortion, and injustice. The king then said, 'How much is your salary?' and the kotwal told him fifty rupees a month. The king then asked, 'How is it you can live in such magnificence upon fifty rupees a month? Explain this, that I may take a lesson, and reduce the expenditures of my kingdom.' At this close questioning the face of the kotwal became white with fear. The king then said to the head men of the village, 'You are well satisfied with the kotwal, but I will produce one who is not.' He then gave orders for the elephant with the plowman on it to advance.

"When the kotwal saw him his head fell on his breast, the dark shadow of confusion overspread his face, and speech left his lips. And the villagers, when they saw the turn affairs were taking, loaded the kotwal with abuse and revilings for his tyranny and oppression—such is the way of this world. Akbar then ordered all the property of the kotwal to be confiscated and given to the plowman, whom he made kotwal instead, and also ordered a fine of one hundred rupees to be levied on the village, because the men had spoken false before him, and this to be given to the religious mendicants. The former kotwal had the plot of land and hut of the husbandman given him for his lot. The plowman turned out an honest man, and was afterward advanced to the situation of inspector of chillars, which was a very lucrative employment. Beer-Bul said, 'The seed I have sown has increased a hundredfold; my advice is no longer required by you, O king; your wisdom now exceeds mine.'"

From Beer-Bul's palace Mustag Allie and myself walked to the Elephant Tower, a minar about ninety feet in height, surmounted by a light cupola, and studded from top to bottom with stone imitations of elephant tusks, each about three feet in length. This tower was erected by Akbar over the grave of a favorite elephant. It is called also the Hirim Minar, or Antelope Tower, because (so the guide said) from its top the emperor used to kill with the bow and arrow, and sometimes with the matchlock, antelopes that were driven across an open field in front.

Near the dewan-i-khas, or hall of private audience, is a small pavilion whose dome is supported by massive stone serpents curiously carved. Here the Goroo, or Hindoo saint, who was the reputed cause of the emperor's abandoning Futtehpore-Sikri and building Agra, made his religious offerings. Adjoining is a building full of small rooms and crooked passages, where the ladies of the harem used to amuse themselves at playing hide-and-seek. On another side of this court is the palace of the Sultana of Constantinople. Though small, it is the most splendidly sculptured building at Futtehpore-Sikri. Both within and without—even the inner roof of the portico—all is covered with delicate and beautiful carving. The slabs of stone used are of immense size, and the designs cut upon them embrace flowers, fruits, vines, and geometric figures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ORIENTAL PICTURE.

HAVING given a brief account of the deserted and decaying Futtehpore-Sikri of to-day, I will now attempt to resurrect the palaces and people, and present the drama of a day in the olden time, giving some idea of life, character, and manners at the court and capital of Sultan Akbar toward the close of the sixteenth century—nearly three hundred years ago. Should interest or entertainment be found in this portion of the narrative, the reader will be to some extent indebted to an anonymous sketch published in an Anglo-Indian periodical a quarter of a century ago. The hints and references which I have thus gleaned constitute the elements of an Oriental picture, illustrative of the halcyon days of glorious old King Akbar, the greatest of the Great Moguls, and of his pride and delight, the beautiful city of Futtehpore-Sikri. •

It is scarcely day, but already the roll of drums is heard, and the roar of cannon breaks the silence of the solitary morning. The emperor is an early riser, and the moment of his quitting his couch is thus announced. The door of the khwabgah opens, and the large drums resound from the noubutkhana over the great doorway

of the palace. A nakib issues forth, and, mace in hand, proclaims in that monotonous tone so familiar to dwellers in the East the titles of his master. In the doorway, immediately after him, appears a broad-chested man somewhat advanced in years. The chasteness of his simple costume shows that some thought has been bestowed on its quality and arrangement. The material is white muslin, but gold thread is tastefully introduced. His arms are unusually long, his face is very clear, the blood richly tinging his olive complexion. The joined and lowering brows give to the bright eyes they half conceal a somewhat severe expression. This is King Akbar.

His appearance is the signal for a loud and general cry of "Allaho Akbar!"—God is great; to which the emperor, still standing in the doorway and bowing slightly, answers, "Jilli Jalallihu!"—May his glory shine.

Among the courtiers who now press around is one who, on hearing the first sound of the azan, stood perfectly still. He is a man of sharp and severe features, noted as the most rigid Mohammedan about the court. It is directed in the Haddis that if a person be walking when the azan is sounded, he shall stand still and reverently listen. Abdul Kadir, the bigoted historian (for it is he), is not one lightly to omit obedience. A gay man of most polished manners, who was walking by the emperor's side, looked around when Abdul Kadir was left some distance behind, and, catching the emperor's eye, both laughed. This is the celebrated Abul Fazl,

well known to be as lax in matters of faith as Abdul Kadir is rigid.

The party has now reached the eastern gate of the durgah, on the steps of which an attendant receives the emperor's shoes, as no one is permitted to pass that sacred precinct excepting with bare feet. In the middle of the court, prayer-carpet are spread opposite the mosque. The emperor and his courtiers form themselves into one long line, and prostrations and other religious ceremonies are executed by the whole assembly, forming, in the fresh light of the new morning, a spectacle curiously picturesque and uniquely Oriental.

After prayers the emperor pauses for a moment within the tomb of the sheik, for whom he entertains an affectionate remembrance, and casts upon the cenotaph the simple tribute of a jessamine. Passing on, his train is swollen with many courtiers and dependents; who, having made their salaams from some conspicuous position, put their horses in line. The name of Hirun Minar having been whispered about, it becomes generally understood that the emperor is going to indulge in a little matchlock shooting from the Antelope Pillar. And Akbar soon ascends to its top, attended only by an old chuprassie, who carries two matchlocks. After he has amused himself a little while firing at the antelopes, which are driven across an open space at some distance from the tower, he sends word that he is satisfied with sport, and orders the review of cavalry which has been arranged for that morning.

A man richly dressed now ascends the minar. His

countenance is not wholly displeasing, yet it is haunted by that terrible expression of uncertain temper which so mars his character. This is Prince Sèlim. He salutes his father, by whose side he remains, looking on as the cavalry come into sight. Mounted on a showy horse, and leading the troops, is a fine young man who every now and then glances up at the minar, as if for approval. This is Prince Khusru, Selim's son. He has recently received his mansab, and is as proud of it as a lad can be.

The inspection of cavalry concluded, Akbar and the prince come down, and, mounted on their elephants, move in procession toward the palace. Upon the right of the minar, as you return to the Haṭhi Pol, is a large serai, or inn. Travelers of many nations are standing in front of this place, having come down to see the emperor pass. Among them are two foreign-looking men of swarthy hue, dressed in ecclesiastical cassocks. The emperor's eye immediately catches them, and, apparently knowing their nation and calling, he gives orders that they shall attend him in the evening.

When Akbar arrives within the palace, he alights at the gate of the building which is now the Tahsili. Here he partakes of a repast, and afterward sends for the Rajah Beer-Bul. This functionary, a man of agreeable and cheerful features, and plainly dressed, comes over in a nalki, or large open litter, accompanied by his secretaries and a few attendants, and is soon deeply immersed in political papers and debate with the emperor.

It is now a busy time in the town. Marketing is

brisk ; men are washing and dressing in the customary public manner. Some are cooking, and others eating their food, with the peculiar solemnity with which the Orientals transact such duties. In one place is loud haggling about a bargain ; in another some bunniahs are vociferating "Dohai padshah" against a trooper who has taken more atta for his money than is right. Every where is noise, every where bustle and life.

At twelve Akbar dismisses the rajah after a hard morning's work, wishing to be left alone, as he says, for meditation on the orb which now stands at meridian height.

And now creeps on that hour—the noon of an Indian day—so full of unaccustomed imagery to a European mind, but imagery to whose picturesque features familiarity has not rendered native writers indifferent. The Rajah Sudakra, in his drama of "The Toy Cart," and the great Kalidasa, the Hindoo Shakespeare, in the "Hero and Nymph," both do tribute to this hour. Can this slumber and silence be the Futtehpore-Sikri of two hours ago? Drowsy and shrouded figures are stretched on every shop-board, scarce a soul is in the streets, "the very houses seem to sleep." Pompeii could scarce be calmer.

But in one corner of the royal zenana, in a chamber prettily carved with grapes, flowers, and other ornaments, is the Turkish wife of Emperor Akbar. The "Lady of Constantinople," as she is called, is seated on cushions of white silk, and dressed in a caftan of pale blue and silver, a Turkish waistcoat of pale pink, and

trousers of pale blue with white stripes. She seems lonely and distressed. A sitar lies on her lap. She takes it up and strikes a few irregular chords, and then, passing into a simple, melancholy air, sings some Turkish verses :

"I pant for the azure sea,
And its breezes fresh and free ;
For the home I would view once more
Sits by the gusty shore.
And my heart turns to thee,
Oh Istamboul !
To the city of the sea,
And the home of my soul.

"The gleams of the sultry noon
Brood o'er the Anderoon ;
Perfumes of Indian flowers
Breathe through the dizzy bowers.
And my heart, etc.

"Hope came with the sea-born gale,
Cheering, if doomed to fail.
Comes, with this slumbrous air,
A deep, though a calm despair.
And my heart turns to thee,
Oh Istamboul !
To the city of the sea,
And the home of my soul !"

The sad music, breathed amid gorgeous captivity, steals into the dreams of a Greek slave sleeping in a corner of the apartment. She smiles and murmurs, and confidently treads in slumber the distant shore her foot shall never press again.

At three o'clock the city awakes. Men chatter lazily from their charpoys. Again the streets hum and buzz. The laughter and shouts of children ring in the air. Servants make ready for the evening. Dancing girls emerge upon little balconies, chatting with their own musicians, or laughing and joking with people in the streets. Led horses pass by, their eyes bandaged, their heads reined tightly up, their grooms holding them by long handkerchiefs. Dogs limp out from the dust and snarl over garbage.

Akbar has spent the afternoon in a desultory chat with Abul Fazl and Feizi. After they leave another party is seen approaching the palace. The principal personage is a young man reclining languidly in a litter. He is flashily dressed, and leans upon one arm, laughing and talking to his servants, most of whom are jaunty, impudent-looking youths. This is Prince Danial, Akbar's youngest son. The meeting between them is always a melancholy affair. The emperor's affection for the youth is great, but even affection's eye can not avoid seeing the shadow of ruin upon poor Danial's countenance. He is drinking himself to death, and neither passionate entreaties, nor stern warnings, nor menace, nor ridicule, can arrest the slow, certain, and inevitable suicide. This interview resembles in all respects many that have preceded it. Fair promises and angry threats on the emperor's part are met by sullen silence from the prince; and then, nature getting the better of both of them, Akbar wrings his hands and falls in tears on the youth's neck, and Danial, whose nerves are too much

out of order to stand a scene, sinks in maudlin hysterics of alternate weeping and laughing.

Signs of evening now approach. The watermen have laid the dust before the houses; paroquets flit from shady corners and screech around the eaves; the roar of the town has a tone of exhaustion, in keeping with the heavy atmosphere and dead sky.

The emperor, attended by his household servants, passes from the palace to the khwabgah, and thence to the dewan-i-khas. Carpets are spread in the middle of the square, with cushions of faint blue velvet and silver. When Akbar is seated, he orders Abul Fazl and Feizi to be again admitted, and after them the two ecclesiastics whom he had summoned in the morning. One of them is a young man of pleasing countenance, the other much older, and of a very battered appearance. The elder holds up a crucifix on entering, whereat Akbar smiles, and, putting his hands together, slightly bows his head. At this juncture Abul Fazl remarks, with a sneer, that he is sorry Abdul Kadir is not present. The emperor laughs, and immediately sends for him. Conversation with the priests, who are Portuguese, is difficult, but is effected after a fashion. The discussion is not very profitable, for it consists chiefly in Akbar's relating cures which have been effected by Mussulman saints, and miracles wrought at their tombs. He insists that if the priests' religion is true, they ought to be able to authenticate it with miracles. The priests reply that in their own country are relics of good men which have often effected cures, but that they are not permitted to be removed from the kingdom.

After some little badinage, at which the skeptic Akbar is an adept, the priests receive permission to retire, and the king proceeds with his friends into the dewan-i-aum. As soon as he appears great shouts arise from the assembled crowds. In this place he sits for half an hour, talking and laughing with Abul Fazl, who stands by his side. Occasionally a horse is put through the *manège*; then a wild-looking man seeks his attention with a pair of tiger cubs; next a fakir, with arms stiff and attenuated from being held so long aloft in one position, stands silently before him, like a prophet denouncing a city. At last another shout announces that the emperor has withdrawn to the dewan-i-khas. There, surrounded by a small circle of courtiers, he reclines on his cushions, to listen to an old man with a white beard give an Oriental version of the tale called "The Ring of Polykrates." Many stories succeed to this, and when at last the old man's voice ceases, no approbation follows;

"And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wondered not—
The king had been an hour asleep!"

However, the complete hush, after the long flow of animated words, awakes the emperor, and, bidding farewell to his friends, he moves off into the khwabgah for the night.

And now the city is growing silent. But in a lane below the brow of the hill on which the palace stands is a large house, whence, though all the doors are closed, issues the sound of music and singing. This dwelling

belongs to a friend of Prince Danial, "a young springal of a chieftain," who is rapidly spending a large sum of money accumulated by his father. The court-yard in the centre of this house is lighted by torches, and at one side, on cushions, lies a small party of young men, among whom is the prince. On his right sits Mozuffer Khan, plying him with wine. Mozuffer is the master of the house, a handsome youth, effeminate with luxuriant long hair. A company of actors exhibit a piece of rude buffoonery on the other side of the court.

After the acting a nautch begins, the principal *danseuse* being a girl named Chonee, lately arrived. A Hindoo by birth, she has handsome Rajpootnee features. Though accompanied by the very dregs of society, and gloated over by drunken eyes, her face still wears an expression, not of innocence—for of that, alas! she never could have even dreamed in sleep—but of a pensive sort of despair, akin to indifference, and almost wearing a resemblance to purity.

Near Prince Danial lies a matchlock. It is a very favorite piece of his, to which, as indicating its fatality to animals against which it is raised, he has given the jocose name Jenazeh, or the Bier. At one time the emperor was so distressed with Danial's habits that he imprisoned him in his own apartments, and had him strictly watched; but a knavish servant managed to bring him wine clandestinely in the barrel of Jenazeh. This exploit of course endeared the matchlock still more to its owner, and a poetical friend had at his request written some verses on it, which at late hours

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of the night the prince was sometimes accustomed to sing.

To-night there is a call for the composition in question, and Prince Danial, taking a sitar, on which he plays a little, and being accompanied by Mozuffer Khan on a small drum, strikes up, to a monotonous air, some Persian verses, which may be freely rendered thus :

“Jenazeh, O Jenazeh ! under the greenwood tree,
 Many a time and oft have I shot the deer with thee—
 Have I shot the antlered roebuck as I saw him nobly pass,
 First listening for an instant, and then topping o’er the grass.
 And when fell the shades of even, and the bigots had gone to
 pray,
 I thought a draught of wine a better finish for the day.
 But they blustered, and they flustered, and they took the Proph-
 et’s name,
 So I smuggled it through thee, old gun, and found it just the
 same.
 Jenazeh, O Jenazeh ! what a pleasant friend thou art !
 In my sporting and carousing thou hast ta’en the foremost part.

“They tell me I am dying from the fatal joys you bring,
 And the nickname I have given you may mean another thing.
 But it is better thus to die than live in sober pain ;
 And if I had a hundred lives, I’d lose them so again.
 For some are praying half the night forgiveness for their sin,
 And some are dreaming half the night of power they hope to
 win ;
 But I am full of laughter, and full of giddy wine,
 And if there be a careless heart, I swear it must be mine.
 Jenazeh, O Jenazeh ! what a pleasant foe is this,
 Who kills me so deliciously, and makes me die of bliss !”

Now let us leave the convivial party and ascend the gateway of the sheik's tomb. All is dark and silent. Rising from the city, amid the few specks of light beneath, come the cries of watchmen. From the darker mystery beyond the walls swell faintly and dismally the bark of jackals and the sudden yelp of fiercer beasts. A night-breeze blows over one, like that dreary wind which, in Moslem belief, is to precede the day of judgment. Why is there such terror, such awful forlornness in its moan?

The air is heavy with doom. The scene we have witnessed to-day is to pass away, not by the common operations of change and time, but in complete and sudden darkness. Prince Danial is to find the dark death he madly celebrates. For young Khosru a life of trouble and imprisonment and a sudden ending are in store. The gay head of Abul Fazl is to be brought dripping with gore before his royal master. The wise and serene Beer-Bul is to be murdered far away among the Eusufzai. Akbar shall come one midnight to the couch of Feizi, and find him speechless and deaf, spitting blood amid death agonies. And when the inevitable hour comes to the emperor himself, his son and his grandson are to be intriguing over his death-bed for the vacant diadem.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOME OF THE GREAT MOGULS.

AFTER a visit of two weeks, I left Agra for the still more renowned city of Delhi, about one hundred and fifteen miles distant from it, and the capital of the old Mogul Empire. Fifty miles from Agra was Allyghur, the centre of the cotton-trade of that district. Some distance beyond this town a few jackals and large herds of antelopes were seen scampering away through the low scrub. I was afforded some entertainment by the ingenuity of one of my fellow-travelers, a Mussulman, in the pursuit of prayer under difficulties. In the beginning he stood upon one of the benches of the car, but soon, finding this too narrow for the act of prostration, he removed his choga, or tunic, and threw it upon the floor. Then, turning toward the west and Mecca, he used the cushioned space thus improvised upon which to execute the prescribed ceremonies of crossing, bowing, kneeling, and prostration.

Just before reaching Delhi the railroad crosses, for the second time, the River Jumna, on a splendid iron bridge two thirds of a mile long. We passed through the old fort of Selimgurh, and the train stopped in an immense station built in the Gothic style, and with an

iron and glass roof. A gharry, or native hack, carried me to the United Service Hotel, a large single-story building of fantastic form, situated in the midst of a garden near the old wall of the city. It is kept by a native named Bishumber Nath, who is said to have made there an ample fortune.

Delhi, which was formerly the imperial city of India, the residence of the Great Moguls, and the chief seat of the Mohammedan Empire, stands, like Agra, upon the south bank of the Jumna. It is said that formerly the country around Delhi was fertile and cultivated, but the numerous invading armies so ravaged it as to destroy the three great irrigating canals constructed by different Mogul emperors. In consequence, the crops failed, immense districts became perfectly barren, and terrible famines prevailed. But during the past thirty years the Indo-British government has repaired and restored these canals, the land has resumed something of its original appearance, and Delhi is one of the principal marts of the commerce of Northwestern India and of the provinces beyond in Central Asia. The chief products of the district are wheat, grains, cotton, and sugar. Delhi is celebrated for its jewelry, its miniature paintings on ivory, and its shawls—the latter, however, being manufactured farther up the country, and in Cashmere.

The morning following my arrival I visited the celebrated Chandni Chowk (Silversmiths' Street), the principal business thoroughfare. It is about a mile in length and one hundred and twenty feet in width, with a

double row of trees and a walk in the centre. On each side are native shops, in low buildings, with English, Persian, and Hindustani signs over the doors. You may read here that Bham Mull keeps for sale every description of shoe ; there is the shop of Maitab Rai, tailor ; adjoining is that of Budree Das, stationer ; and across the way, smiling in the doorway, is Goolab Singh, a tobacconist. At one end of the Chandni Chowk stands an old imperial palace, and at the other the "Lahore Gate" of the Citadel. But this celebrated street is no longer what it was in the days of the Mogul lords. Though the vendors are as numerous and the shops as gay as formerly, the thoroughfare no longer teems with richly attired pleasure-seekers, borne luxuriously in palankeen and on elephant.

In the bazar I bought some Caubul fruit, the rate being very cheap. Thus figs, which, though small, were of good flavor, were offered strung on spires of grass, at eight annas per seer, or twenty-five cents for two pounds ; large, plump raisins, six annas per seer ; dried apricots, eight annas per seer ; and grapes packed with cotton in half-peck boxes, ten annas per box. These grapes are large, white, cucumber-shaped, sweet and refreshing, and have much of the rich, fruity flavor peculiar to our hot-house products at home. Guavas from the northwestern provinces cost three cents per pound, and oranges nine cents per dozen. The oranges, though large, are not equal in flavor to those of either Cuba or Sicily.

One entire day I devoted to what is called the Circu-

lar Road, part of it being outside the walls of the city and the remainder within. The first object of interest was a stone elephant of life size, standing in the Queen's Gardens, and made of separate blocks of black-colored stone. A tablet informed me that this image was a work of considerable though unknown antiquity, that it was brought from Gwalior—a city fifty miles distant—and that it was set up outside the south gate of his palace by Shah Jehan, A.D. 1645. Thence it was removed and broken into a thousand fragments by the Emperor Aurungzebe, and remained forgotten and buried for more than a century and a half, until, being rediscovered, it was erected where it now stands, A.D. 1856.

Passing the walls of the Citadel and the lines of a Sepoy regiment, on through a large bazar and by a few European bungalows, I reached the Delhi Gate, with its name emblazoned overhead in Persian, English, and Hindustani. Driving through and turning to the right I was soon near the Lahore Gate, whence a branch road leads to the Kutub Minar, the famous pillar of Old Delhi. On the city side the beautiful minars of the Jumma Musjid are always in view, while many of the stores and dwellings may be seen rising just above the walls.

In the new cemetery, outside the city walls, is the monument of the brave General Nicholson. On a plain white marble slab are written these words: "The grave of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, who led the assault on Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded,

and died 23d of September, 1857 ; aged 35." But little now remains of the famous Cashmere Gate excepting the two arches. It and the walls for a considerable distance on both sides were the chief objects of the British fire, and the ruin they now present is a tribute to the annihilating power of the 24-pounder. At the siege of Delhi the main breach was made at the Cashmere Gate, which was blown up by a "forlorn hope" party. The ground occupied by the British lies beyond the cemetery where Nicholson is buried. Here may be seen the remains of the house occupied by Sir Thomas Metcalfe, English Resident at the court of Delhi ; the Flag-staff Tower, where the ladies of the station were first assembled ; and Hindoo Rao's house, the main piquet of the English lines, and in front of which still stand the walls erected by faithful Sepoys to protect themselves from rebel fire. Here, too, is the monument commemorating the capture of Delhi—a beautiful Gothic steeple of red sandstone, one hundred feet high, and crowned with a large white marble cross. A spiral staircase leads to the summit.

Returning to the city, I tried a Persian hummaum, or hot and shampoo bath. Having threaded a narrow gateway, the gharry halted in a small, dark quadrangle before a low house, which upon entering I found to contain but three rooms—an office, a dressing apartment, and the bath. The hummaum may be thus described : Having undressed, you enter a room perfumed with rose-essence. It is handsomely decorated, the floor and walls being of white marble inlaid with black

arabesques. Inserted into the walls on both sides are large marble tanks filled with water, of perhaps 110° Fahrenheit, while the temperature of the room is probably 100°. Three stout Mohammedans now take you in charge, pouring water from large chatties over your head and body, placing you in a comfortable chair, and bringing you a glass of water to drink. After a few minutes' rest, your feet and hands are rubbed with a small piece of burned brick very much rougher than sand-paper. Then, being laid backward upon the floor at full length, the shampooing begins. This is performed by one man, who pulls and kneads and twists and stretches and pounds you into various devices of his own conception, and finally puts you together again into a shape which you feel to be but a vague approximation to that you originally possessed. Then come soaping and scrubbing, differing from those given in the Turkish or Russian baths, the operator wearing mittens of coarse twine-stitched cloth, while attendants drench you with hot water from small-spouted metal pitchers, producing a singular but not disagreeable titillation. A barber then entering, you are shaved in true Hindoo fashion, sitting cross-legged. Your hair is then dressed with a rich, gloss-producing compound, named *basin*, which surpasses most Western pomades, and consists mainly of pulverized orange-peel and flour made from pease. The bath finishes with rinsing and drying, the smoking of a pipe, and the sipping of a small cup of strong coffee. Every thing is so deliberate that the time occupied is two hours; but on the whole the Per-

sian does not equal the Turkish or even the Russian bath, nor is the shampooing as exhilarating and soothing; and in no bath that I know of are the rubbing and percussion processes at all comparable to the Hawaiian lomi-lomi.

The Citadel—a rival of the Kremlin, and the most interesting building in Delhi—containing the palace of Shah Jehan, is situated next to the river, and surrounded by sandstone walls two miles in circuit and forty feet in height, with towers at regular intervals, and a deep and wide ditch in front. At the end of the Chandni Chowk you enter the gate opening toward the city, and pass first through an outwork into a small area, then through the main entrance flanked by lofty towers and surmounted by little marble kiosks and minarets, then down a long vaulted passage past a dozen native shops, and so enter a large court-yard filled with modern brick buildings. These are barracks for English troops, five hundred of whom were then stationed there. Immediately fronting you is another gateway standing alone. Above its arch is a projecting gallery where the king's band formerly played. Directly behind this is the dewan-i-aum, or hall of public audience, built of red sandstone. It is a large room, open upon three sides, and its far-projecting roof is supported by Saracenic arches and rows of beautifully carved pillars. In the centre of the rear side, partly in recess, stands a magnificent throne. It is of white marble, carved, inlaid, painted, and surmounted by a lofty canopy supported on pillars. The whole of the

marble wall behind the throne is covered with birds and flowers in rich mosaic. The birds looked natural and the colors seemed perfect, but upon ascending the throne I found that all the original mosaics had been excavated and their places filled with lac imitations. The dewan-i-khas, or hall of private audience, is adjacent. It is an oblong marble pavilion, resting upon square pillars joined by Saracenic arches, and surmounted at the corners by graceful kiosks crowned with richly gilded copper spires. In the centre is a marble couch, whereon the emperor was accustomed to kneel in prayer; behind this is a very large marble table upon which once stood the "great crystal," four feet long, two wide, and one foot thick! This crystal, which is now preserved in London, was formerly used by the Great Moguls for a throne.

The ceiling of the dewan-i-khas is now simply painted and gilded, but is said to have formerly been composed of gold and silver filigree, which the Mahrattas—a tribe of Hindoos in Southern India—tore down when they sacked Delhi in 1759, and melted into eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of metal. At each end of the hall, over the arches, are painted in Persian gilt letters (or in gold, as the story runs) those celebrated lines used by Moore in "Lalla Rookh:"

"If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

It was the dewan-i-khas which contained, in the days of Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe, the famous Peacock Throne. This was so called from its having the fig-

ures of two peacocks standing behind it with expanded tails, which were so spangled with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long and four wide. It stood on six massive feet, which, as well as the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was ascended by silver steps, and surmounted by a canopy of gold fringed with pearls, supported by twelve pillars richly emblazoned with costly gems. Between the peacocks once stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, which, tradition says, was carved out of a single emerald! On each side of the throne was placed a chattar, or umbrella, a favorite emblem of Oriental royalty. These chattars were of richly embroidered crimson velvet, fringed with pearls. The handles, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds, were eight feet long. The cost of this unique and superb work of art has been estimated at sums varying from ten to fifty million dollars. The deviser and executor was no other than M. Austin de Bordeaux, whom I have mentioned before as the architect of the Taj Mahal.

But few remains of the magnificent palace of Shah Jehan exist, all the buildings within the walls of the Citadel having been cleared away since the mutiny, and barracks and arsenals erected in their places. Just outside the walls is the old fort Selimgurh, at present used as a military storehouse. It was built by a former Mogul lord, Selim Shah, about A.D. 1545. The railway passes through one end of the fort, the walls

having been cut perpendicularly on each side of the road. The odd spectacle is thus presented of a mediæval citadel, nearly three and a half centuries old, in immediate juxtaposition with locomotives and cars—the nineteenth century embosomed in the sixteenth.

Leaving the palace and the Citadel, we proceeded to the Jumma Musjid, or Friday mosque—Friday being the Moslem Sunday—which is thought to excel the celebrated one of Soliman at Constantinople, and is without doubt the finest as it is the most famous mosque in the East. It is situated on high ground near the Citadel, at the intersection of four streets, and may be entered by three gates, each of which are approached by broad and lofty flights of steps. The paved court-yard is three hundred and fifty feet square. In the centre is a large marble tank. On the left stands the mosque, and on the remaining three sides are open corridors of sandstone, with a square tower at each corner. The mosque itself is built of equal proportions of red sandstone and white marble. The domes are of white marble, with alternate strips of black, and are crowned with gilded spires. At the front corners are two octagonal minars, each one hundred and fifty feet in height, and composed of red sandstone and white marble disposed in vertical stripes. To each of the minars the appearance of being three stories in height is given by the projection of white marble cornices at equal altitudes above each other. To the crowning cupolas access is had by an interior staircase. Above the cornice of the mosque runs a notched parapet of red sandstone, orna-

mented with white marble, and beneath are compartments with black borders inlaid with inscriptions in the Niski character. The inscriptions give the date of the erection of the mosque, the name of its founder, its cost, the time occupied in its building, and Koran sentences in Arabic. The mosque floor is paved with large marble blocks having black borders and other ornamentations. Nine hundred "pews" are thus marked. On the west side (that toward Mecca), called Kibla, are large marble niches carved and inlaid, and above are some Koran sentences, beginning with the oft-repeated "Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah!"—There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. The pulpit is of carved marble. In cold weather, the pavement being uncomfortable for kneeling, a thick carpet, called a prayer-cloth, is spread.

From an old Mohammedan who served as guide I learned that two mollahs, or priests, are engaged to minister at the Jumma Musjid—one, the high-priest, receiving seven dollars per month, and the other one dollar and a half. A muezzin, or crier, is also employed to summon the people to prayer five times each day; strictly religious Moslems worshipping at least thrice daily—at sunrise, noon, and sunset. His salary is one dollar and a half per month.

Before leaving the Musjid some relics were shown to me. They were preserved in one corner of the quadrangle in a richly gilded box eight feet square. I entered the sacred repository by a low door, and found therein a powerful odor of attar-of-roses, and a mollah,

who at once uncovered the sacred treasures. First I was shown three Korans, of which two were believed to have been copied by Hussein and Hassein, the sons of Allie (vizier of the Prophet), and one by his son-in-law. The books were bound with goat-hide, and some of the capital letters were illuminated. They were preserved in silk bags in a large chest. The priest next showed me an old leather shoe, which, he said, once belonged to the great prophet Mohammed. It was placed in a sandal-wood box lined with blue velvet, and though it was scarcely to be detected beneath the quantity of flowers that lay upon it, still I could just discern the shape of a shoe with two thongs, one for the great toe and the other for the instep, all much decayed, but believed to be very holy. The last relic, which was in a silver box, and likewise nearly hidden beneath flowers, consisted of a small block of stone unquestioningly believed by the faithful to contain the impression of Mohammed's foot.

Among the buildings in old Delhi, many still remain in good or tolerable condition. Two miles from the city is the Purana Killa, an old Pathan fort. The walls are sixty feet in height, with circular towers at regular intervals, and four gates, one in the centre of each side. It was built over four hundred years ago, and was repaired by the Emperor Humayon, father of the great Akbar, A.D. 1535. Within this fort, which now contains a native village, are still to be seen a mosque and an observatory, the former in good condition, but the latter much decayed.

Perhaps the best preserved, certainly the finest, of the ruins near modern Delhi is the Emperor Humayon's tomb, which stands in the midst of a large triangular garden. The walls are of red stone, with towers and lofty gateways on each side. The mausoleum is raised upon a terrace two hundred feet square and twenty-five feet high, composed of arches and vaulted chambers, in which are many tombs of the wives and relatives of the emperor. It is about one hundred feet square, is built of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, and surmounted by a large but low marble dome. In the great room under the dome is a plain marble sarcophagus, containing the remains of Humayon. The ornamental work of the body of the mausoleum appears rather coarse after one has seen the Taj Mahal, or even the Jumma Musjid; still the massiveness and immensity are very impressive. It was erected in the neighborhood of A.D. 1554, cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was sixteen years in building.

From the roof of Humayon's mausoleum about fifty large tombs are in sight, among them those of Mirza Jehangir, the son of Akbar II., Mohammed Shah, who was emperor at the time of Nadir Shah's invasion in 1739, and Jehanara Begum, daughter of Shah Jehan. These tombs are nearly identical in character. They are simply plain marble sarcophagi, surrounded by beautiful perforated marble screens, with marble doors. Jehanara was a most estimable princess, adorned with every virtue that a woman could possess. She refused to share the splendors of Aurungzebe's court, pre-

ferring to stay with her father. On her tomb are these remarkable words, a part of the inscription which she is said to have written herself: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave; this grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit. The humble, the transitory Jehanara, the disciple of the holy man of Cheest, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." In literal fulfillment of her command, the top of the sarcophagus has been hollowed, filled with soil, and sown with grass. Surely this simplicity of feeling is in pleasant contrast to the towering vanity of which the Taj Mahal is the ostentatious obituary.

The Junter Munter, or Observatory of Jai Singh, is situated about two miles southwest of new Delhi. Jai Singh was the Rajah of Jeypoor, a very scientific man, and the builder also of the Man Mundil at Benares, founded A.D. 1680, the Observatory being built forty years later. The edifices here are in a very ruinous condition, standing close together on the open plain, with no remains of a wall about them. The largest is an immense stone equatorial dial, justly called by the rajah the Semrat Yuntor, or Prince of Dials. Its exact dimensions are: length of hypotenuse, 118 feet 5 inches; length of base, 104 feet; length of perpendicular, 56 feet. A flight of steps leads up the hypotenuse side to the summit angle.

The Kutub Minar—to which Bayard Taylor assigns a place before Giotto's Florentine Campanile and the Giralda of Seville—is said to be the loftiest single isolated pillar in the world, rising, as it does, two hundred

and fifty feet above the ground. The diameter at the base is fifty feet, and at the summit ten feet. It is built of kharra (gray granite), red and brown sandstone, and marble, and is lined and braced with granite blocks, of which the interior steps, three hundred and eighty in number, are also composed. It is divided into five stories by projecting balconies, with cornices and balustrades, all of which bear Arabic inscriptions, and most of which encircle the tower with broad belts ornamented with raised characters of colossal size. The outer face of the pillar is not altogether a plain surface, but the lower story is covered with fluting alternately circular and angular; in the second story it is circular only; in the third angular; while the upper stories are smooth, and built chiefly of marble. The pillar is crowned by no cupola, and, as other deficiencies intimate, formerly stood much higher. Fergusson, in his great "History of Architecture," says that probably twenty feet might be added to make up the proper height, thus giving a total of two hundred and seventy. It is said that from the summit, in very clear weather, the crests of the Himalayas, two hundred miles to the northward, may be seen. The history of the Kutub Minar is involved in much obscurity, but the most generally credited account is that it was built by King Kutub-oodeen, about A.D. 1220, to commemorate his victories over the Hindoos.

About four hundred feet from the Kutub, and nearly double its bulk, is a large unfinished minar, which is eighty-seven feet in height and eighty-one feet in diam-

eter as it now stands. Some suppose that these two minars were to have been connected with a mosque built on an equally gigantic scale ; and in fact the ruins of an immense edifice, called the Musjid-i-Kutub-ool Islam, near by, are now to be seen. The front wall and some other parts are standing. They are of red and brown sandstone, and very elaborately carved. One of the arches, which has been repaired by the government, is twenty-two feet wide and fifty-three feet high, and the walls are eight feet thick. In the court-yard of this mosque stands a very famous iron pillar. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal, about fifty feet in height and two feet in diameter, and is covered with inscriptions in the Pali character. One account tells us that this pillar was erected by the Hindoo rajah Dhava, A.D. 319, fifteen hundred and fifty-six years ago. Another ascribes it to Rajah Pithora, the last of the Hindoo sovereigns (died A.D. 1193), who, by the oracular advice of his Brahmins, sunk the shaft so deep as to pierce the head of the snake-god Lishay, in order to secure thereby the perpetuity of his throne. Two sides of the quadrangle in which stands the iron pillar are surrounded by colonnades of Kharra stone columns. They are most elaborately carved from base to capital—in fact too highly ornamented for a perfect effect—and were taken by the Mohammedans from twenty-seven idol temples which they pulled down after the destruction of Rajah Pithora's fort, A.D. 1193.

Passing through the great arch previously mentioned, and turning to the right, I stood before the oldest au-

thentic Mohammedan tomb in Hindostan. It is a massive square building, without dome or roof, which it doubtless never possessed. The walls, seven feet thick, are of sandstone and marble, and the interior is elegantly carved. The sarcophagus is an immense mass of unornamented dark marble. It was erected to the memory of the Emperor Altomsh about six hundred and fifty years ago. A detached gateway—Ala-odeen's—near the Kutub Minar, has been described by a competent authority as the most beautiful specimen of Pathan architecture in existence.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG THE SIKHS.

AFTER a residence of nearly one month in Delhi, I traveled north to Umballa, and thus entered for the first time in India what is called a "protected" state—one retaining native forms of government, though still in subjection to British influence. Thence I made a flying trip to Simla, the famous sanitarium of Hindostan, and, returning, took the rail to Umritsur, the capital and holy city of the Sikh nation. I found accommodation at a hotel near the station, and at once dispatched the Persian letter with which the Maharajah of Benares had favored me to his friend, Bey Purdamon Singh, Reis, a magistrate, and a recognized "Light" of the Sikhs. Presently a Persian reply, written with a reed pen upon jute paper, and containing most hospitable offers, was brought by his secretary, Mussamee Meer-abuksh, with whom, as guide and interpreter, I at once set out to see something of this strange city and its stranger inhabitants.

The name Umritsur is contracted from *Umrta Savas*, the Pool of Immortality, a famous holy reservoir or tank built by one of the early pontiffs. It has imparted its sanctity to the city, making it the holy place of the

Sikhs, in the same manner that Benares is the holy place of the Hindoos. Umritsur's present population, including Hindoos and Mohammedans, is one hundred thousand. This estimate embraces ten thousand Sikhs. Previous to 1849 the ruling people in the Punjaub were the Sikhs, but since then their territory has formed a part of the Anglo-Indian Empire. The sect numbers now about half a million.

These people are called Sikhs from the Sanskrit word "Sicshe," which means disciple, or follower. Their language is a medley of Hindustani and Persian. They were originally a Hindoo sect, founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by a priest named Narnak Shah, who desired to reform a religion which he regarded as a corruption of a once nearly pure deism. At first the successors of Narnak were simply spiritual chiefs, but the fourth pontiff, as if combining the offices of the Mikado and Tycoon of Japan, organized his followers into a political and military as well as religious brotherhood. After vicissitudes extending through several hundred years, it was only in 1849 that the Sikhs were finally subjugated by the English, to whom they have since remained loyal.

The principal object of interest is the sacred reservoir of Umritsur, a tank of clear water five hundred feet square, surrounded by splendid palaces of the Sikh nobility. In the centre of this pool of immortality is a very beautiful temple, the holiest of Sikh shrines, where the Goroo, or spiritual teacher, formerly sat to receive the homage of his sect. The temple is approached by

an elegant marble causeway. I was requested to remove my shoes and replace them with large cloth sandals; then, attended by chokedars (policemen), sacristans of the temple, and a great throng of natives curious to catch a glimpse of the feringhee (foreigner), we descended to the broad marble pavement surrounding the tank, and passed through the silver doors of a lofty stone gateway onto the causeway which leads to the "Golden Temple" dedicated to Goroo Govind Singh.

This temple forms an irregular octagon in shape, and is built of granite, the lower portion faced with white marble, the upper half covered with richly gilded copper plates, with four graceful kiosks at the corners of the roof, rows of miniature cupolas along the edges, and the whole crowned by a low dome. Flowers, animals, and arabesques are represented upon the marble in mosaics of precious stones. Each of the four entrances has silver doors, and on the second story are oriel and other windows. We were ushered into a large room whose arched ceiling was very elaborately frescoed, plastered, and gilded. It was filled with worshipers, who belonged to a class of devotees called Acalis, or Immortals. The order was established by Goroo Govind, and has almost the entire direction of the holy ceremonies at Umritsur. Upon one side three priests were chanting verses from the Granth—the sacred book of the Sikhs—to the accompaniment of the sitar, lyre, and tom-tom. On the floor in the centre of the room was a large cloth, upon which the people

threw various offerings: the rich, silver coins; the middle class, cowries—small sea-shells, one hundred of which in India are worth a cent; and the very poor, grain and flowers. The money thus acquired is set apart for the maintenance of the Goroos, or priests, and the attendants, as well as for necessary repairs. On another side of the room, beneath a velvet gold-embroidered canopy, was a gold-legged pulpit, bearing, upon silk and velvet cloths, the books of law and faith—literally, the Old and New Testaments. These are called the “Granth”—a Sanskrit word, meaning book or writing—and contain the precepts of Narnak, the reformer, and the doctrines of Govind Singh, the tenth and last Goroo, and the founder of the Sikh national power.

The life of Narnak Shah resembles in many respects that of Gautama Buddha, the reputed founder of Buddhism. Narnak was born in the province of Lahore, in the year 1469. His father, a Hindoo, wished to bring him up to a trade, but Narnak's mind was turned toward devotion. He cared nothing for worldly affairs, gave away all his property to the fakirs, and led a most austere and religious life. With a view of reforming the gross idolatry of the Hindoos, and of enlightening the ignorance and bigotry of the Mohammedans, he traveled all through India, explaining his peculiar doctrines and teaching the pure worship of one God. He also visited Mecca and Medina, and argued with the learned Moslem doctors. During his travels in India he was received at the court of the Emperor Baber,

about 1527, and was there treated kindly and offered a maintenance.

The fourth king after Narnak collected his writings, and compiled an account of his doctrines in the Adigranth, or Original Record, and Govind contributed another volume, named the Daswin Padshah da Granth, or the Record of the Tenth King. Both these sacred books—the Bible of the Sikhs—are written in metre in the Punjaubi language. Some portions of the Adigranth, however, are in Sanskrit. The book consists of the sayings and doctrines of Narnak, prayers, praises of Umritsur, chants, and references illustrative of the condition of the society and the religious feeling of the times. It contains three thousand verses. The book of Govind is about half the size of that of Narnak. It contains praises of God, prayers, Persian stories, mythological legends, and an historical sketch, written by Govind himself. The Sikh scriptures order that a man shall worship one God, eschew superstition, and practice morality, though holding to Mohammed's teaching that the faith shall live by the sword and proselytes be made by it.

As distinguishing features, and perhaps to assist in cultivating an *esprit de corps*, one of the pontiffs ordered the Sikhs to wear a blue dress, to let their hair grow long, to be always armed, and to exclaim when they met each other, "Success to the state of the Goroo! Victory attend the Goroo!" Nothing can induce the Sikhs to renounce their faith. They suffer martyrdom with the greatest firmness, and never abjure their re-

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ligion to save their lives. But as regards the success of Narnak's original system, it need hardly be stated that the Sikhs have not yet been able to effect a union between the two great religions of India. In many minor articles they differ from the Hindoos, rejecting, for instance, the authority of the Vedas, eating all flesh excepting that of cows, and admitting converts from all castes. They differ also from the Mohammedans, in rejecting the Koran (though not the mission of Mohammed), in eating hogs' flesh, and in abstaining from circumcision.

The following are some of the principles of belief and practice among the Sikhs. The resemblance to Christian dogmas will be apparent :

"One, self-existent, Himself the Creator.

O Narnak ! one continueth, another never was, and never will be."

"Thou art in each thing and in all places.

O God ! Thou art the one Existent Being."

"God is worshiped, that by worship salvation may be attained.

Fall at the feet of God : in senseless stone God is not."

"Eat and clothe thyself, and thou mayst be happy ;

But without fear and faith there is no salvation."

"According to the faith of each, dependent on his actions, are his coming and going determined."

"Householders and hermits are equal, whoever calls on the name of the Lord."

"Think not of race ; abase thyself, and attain to salvation."

"God will not ask man of his birth ;

He will ask him what he has done."

The following are some of the rules for the guidance of the Sikhs :

"A Sikh who puts a cap on his head shall die in seven deaths of dropsy.

"A Sikh should set his heart on God, on Charity, and on Purity.

"Whosoever wears a thread around his neck is on the way to damnation.

"One tenth of all goods should be given [in charity] in the name of the Goroo.

"It is forbidden to play at chess with women.

"No Sikh should speak false of his neighbor; promises should be carefully fulfilled.

"A Sikh should comb his locks and fold and unfold his turban twice a day. Twice also should he wash his mouth.

"A journey should not be undertaken, nor should business be set about, nor should food be eaten, without first remembering or calling on God.

"Daily some portion of what is gained is to be set aside in the name of the Lord; but all business must be carried on in sincerity and truth."

The next morning Bey Purdamon Singh sent two large elephants to convey me and my interpreter through the city, and I enjoyed a tour which was a repetition of my Benares experience. All that I lacked was a pagri, or turban, an anga, or tunic, and a complexion a trifle nearer an olive-brown. The streets were mostly very narrow, and the houses of one story, though many of the dwellings of the wealthy bankers were four or five stories high, and covered with frescoes of gods, fakirs, beasts, birds, and flowers. In the bazar were great quantities of barley, wheat, pulse, tobacco, rice, sugar, and rock or fossil salt, which last is brought to the city

on camels from a mine between the Indus and Jhelum rivers, about one hundred and fifty miles distant. The merchants' shops exhibited shawls and other Cashmere work—muslins, silks, caps, scarfs. The streets were crowded with Hindoos and Mohammedans, and Sikhs with magnificent broad shoulders, forked beards, and flashing black eyes. The Sikhs have a very grave, proud, and martial bearing, and are famous horsemen. We also met tall, fair-skinned Cashmeerees, fierce-looking Rajpoots, robust and active Jauts, and swarms of (Hindoo) begging fakirs. These latter constitute a fair proportion of the population of Umritsur. The charitable merchants throw them cowries, and so, by a little pedestrianism, these lazy fanatics collect quite handsome sums in a country where a pice (one quarter of a cent) will purchase sufficient food for one day.

I must not forget to speak of another manufacture for which Umritsur is celebrated—that of the fragrant essence called in the Hindustani *atta gool*, in English attar-of-roses. Umritsur contains a class of men whose sole occupation consists in making and selling this valuable perfume. One shopkeeper had on hand about a dozen gallons, preserved in wicker-covered jars, and of three qualities. These severally sold at one, two, and three rupees per *tolah* (an ounce and a half), a *tolah* being a denomination in the ponderary system used in weighing coins and precious metals. The price of the best attar, however; which is made in Cashmere, is rather higher, being worth its weight in silver. The genuine essence is made as follows: About forty pounds

of roses are well mixed with forty pounds of water in a still, and as soon as the fumes arise cold water is put on the refrigerator at the top. The distillation is allowed to continue over a slow fire until half the quantity of water has passed into the receiver. This takes about five hours. The rose-water thus obtained is then poured over another forty pounds of roses, whence about twenty pounds of water are distilled. This second distillation is then decanted into earthenware jars, and exposed to the air for a night. In the morning the attar will be found congealed and floating on the surface of the water in globules, which are then skimmed off with a thin shell and poured into chatties, or small jars. The remaining water is used for fresh distillations. This is the usual process for making the essential oil of roses, so highly esteemed as a perfume, and differs materially from several accounts I had read before my visit to India. The rose of the Punjaub (*Rosa centifolia*, or common cabbage-rose) yields but a small quantity of essence, and hence it is customary in Umritsur to place in the still, along with the flowers, the raspings of sandal-wood. A connoisseur, however, can usually detect the presence of the sandal-wood from its peculiar odor, and from the fact that a high degree of cold is required to congeal it. The roses are worth about two hundred and fifty rupees (\$125) per ton, in the raw state. In color the attar is usually of a greenish brown, though sometimes reddish. The odor, as every one knows, is extremely powerful. It is only with the best quality of roses, and the most careful manufacture, that

forty pounds of petals will yield a drachm of the attar. The pure attar-of-roses, imported from Cashmere, would be worth its weight in gold in the United States. Before leaving the factory, the superintendent, in accordance with the polite native ceremonial, presented me with a piece of cotton on which was a drop of the precious rose-oil.

But I have not yet described my first reception at the house of Bey Purdamon Singh. The parlor, where about a dozen of his friends had been invited to meet me, was an octagonal-shaped room, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with fancy plaster arabesques, painted in gay colors, and ornamented with little pieces of looking-glass of different shapes. From the ceiling depended several vari-colored glass globes. The furniture and carpets were of European pattern and importation. A singular feature was a row of cheap English lithographs let into the walls about two feet beneath the ceiling. The bey was a thick-set, broad-shouldered little man, with jet-black eyes, a jolly red nose, and heavy curly beard, parted at the chin and brushed upward toward the ears, after the peculiar Sikh fashion. He was plainly dressed in white turban, tunic, and slippers. Our conversation, carried on through my interpreter, was quite brisk, and the numerous inquiries concerning America and the Americans were very funny. The only two Christian countries about which any thing definite and authentic appears to be known by the majority of East Indians are England and Russia. America is to them an almost complete *terra incognita*. An

offer of an elephant from Bey Purdamon, on which to ride to Lahore, forty miles distant, was respectfully declined, my *penchant* for the railway predominating. In returning, I purposely drove out of my way to view the Golden Temple by moonlight, and chanced to meet a Hindoo marriage procession in the chowk, or heart of the native city.

I heard a terrible din, as of trumpets, drums, and fifes, and, turning a corner in the street, saw hundreds of immense torches borne by long double lines of frolicking natives. First came a man on camel-back, furiously beating two tom-toms; then a party of young men in various masquerading disguises, one of whom personated an Englishman with mustache, side whiskers, and sun-helmet; while another rode a pasteboard horse, after the manner of our circus clowns at home. Next came the music—a genuine brass band—with trumpets, flag-eolets, and snare and bass drums, marching *à l'Anglaise* in triple row abreast! The musicians were followed by a great crowd of the bridegroom's friends, wearing costly robes, and covered with jewels and ornaments. Succeeding these were a score of nautch girls, who at intervals of a dozen yards would halt and dance and sing for a few moments, the procession delaying the while, after which they would march on again. Finally came the bridegroom, a handsome young Punjaubi, magnificently dressed, and mounted on an Arab steed almost completely enveloped in velvet and gold trappings. High above his head a servant carried a gorgeous silk chattar, surmounted with an im-

mense stuffed peacock, the sacred bird of Hindostan and a royal emblem of the kingdom of Burmah. Crowds of servants closed the procession. The bridegroom was on his way to the house of his bride, whose father, if wealthy, would provide an elegant entertainment, consisting of an exceedingly early breakfast. Judging from this specimen, the two essentials of a Hindoo marriage procession are noise and display. These weddings are said to be ruinously expensive, the wealthiest men spending thousands of rupees, and poor men borrowing money at high rates of interest. The dustoor (or custom) is imperative, and none dare depart from it. In this respect they are as bigoted as Christians.

The Golden Temple and Sacred Tank, which I at last reached, were most beautiful, especially since I saw them "bathed in the soft splendor of moonlight." Gold and white was the temple, graceful in design, exact in proportion, rising grandly from the unruffled bosom of a glittering pool. Upon one side of the quadrangle were the gayly illuminated marble palaces of Sikh noblemen, partly concealed by dark masses of the peepul and neem trees. From the half-slumbering city strains of wild music escaped at intervals, and merry laughs broke occasionally from the jealously guarded zenana. The atmosphere was heavy with

"Perfume breathed

From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odor to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about."

During this brief poetic interval I made true for a moment my dream castles in the air. They stood before me and around me, sanctified with the radiance of night, rich with tropic touches and Oriental splendor.

From Umritsur I proceeded to Lahore, formerly the metropolis of the Sikh kingdom, and for many hundreds of years the capital of the Rajpoot kings. It contains few vestiges of its former grandeur, and has suffered much from the hands of both Sikh and Sepoy. Inside a small fort are the old palace, the Shish Mahal of Akbar and Jehangir, and some modern barracks occupied by several companies of English and native infantry. Near the great Mosque of Lahore is the tomb of Runjeet Singh, a square brick edifice, with niches and oriel windows, erected upon a lofty platform, and surmounted by a dome and several fantastic little kiosks with gilt spires. It is entirely covered with white plaster, and the ornamentation is very rich and elaborate. Under the dome is the cenotaph of the great Sikh conqueror. Its top is nearly covered by eleven large marble balls, in memory of the eleven wives whose esteemed privilege it was to be burned alive with the corpse of their august lord. Maharajah Runjeet Singh of Cashmere and Lahore, born 1779, died 1839, from being the leader of a gang of robbers, became the absolute despot of despots, whose word was law to princes, and who ruled twenty millions of men with a rod of iron.

A few days after my arrival at Lahore I visited the mausoleums of the Emperor Jehangir ("The magnificent

son of Akbar") and his beautiful queen, the celebrated Nour Jehan, known before her marriage as Nour Mahal, and celebrated under that name in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." In the same poem the Emperor Jehangir, at one time Prince Mirza Suliem, figures as Selim. These tombs were built by Shah Jehan, and are situated on the bank of the Ravee River. That of Jehangir is in the centre of an immense garden of mango-trees, date-palms, pomegranates, and flowers. Winding paths lead in every direction, among numerous tanks of clear water. The mausoleum is of red sandstone, inlaid with white marble. It stands on a brick terrace two hundred feet square. At each corner of the edifice rises an octangular minar, perhaps one hundred feet in height. These minars have four stories, separated by broad projecting shelves, and, with the exception of the first (which is of red sandstone, inlaid with narrow lines of marble), are built of white and black marble and brown sandstone, disposed in zigzag stripes. They are surmounted by eight-pillared white-marble cupolas, with tapering brass calices, or spires. The minars are very graceful, their architecture closely resembling that of the pagodas I have seen in the southern provinces of the Chinese Empire. The interior of the mausoleum consists of arched vaults for the accommodation of the priests, and the centre is a small chamber containing the sarcophagus of Jehangir. This is built of white marble, inlaid with precious stones, similar to that of his son, Shah Jehan, at Agra. Many of the jewels have been extracted by Rungeet Singh. A

quarter of a mile distant are the remains of the tomb of Nour Jehan, wife and queen of Jehangir, and aunt of Mumtaz Mahal, the occupant of the renowned Taj Mahal. The guide told me that Nour Jehan's tomb was originally built in the same style as that of Jehangir, but, having fallen into ruins, had lately been converted into a European dwelling-house and stable. The British government should make it their duty to see that the tomb of the lovely, good, and now historic "Nour Mahal" is reserved from such desecration. Certainly the heroine of one of the most polished and celebrated poems in English literature deserves at least an honored grave, if not a magnificent mausoleum.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOWN THE INDUS.

My route of Indian travel led me from Lahore to Mooltan, thence to Sher Shah, on the Chenab River, to the Sutlej, down the Indus, and then by rail to Kur-rachee, on the Arabian Sea. The province of Mooltan is generally level and open, in parts fertile and well cultivated, but with large tracts of arid, sandy soil. The greater part of the country is thinly inhabited. Its productions are wheat and other grains, cotton, and indigo. Mooltan is one of the oldest cities in India, and has been renowned since the time of Alexander. It is situated four miles from the left bank of the Chenab, one of the four great rivers which unite and flow into the Indus. The inhabitants comprise Jauts, Belooches, Sikhs, and Hindoos, and the language—Punjabi—is that generally spoken in Lahore and Umritsur.

The Citadel shows, even now, many signs of its terrible bombardment by the English in 1848. Near it is the tomb of a revered Moslem prophet, built of brick covered with lac work, and fast going to decay, though once repaired by the British government. The mausoleum is octagonal, divided into three stories by means of bastions, which are surmounted by kiosks at the cor-

ners. The first and second of these stories are octagonal, the second being a little smaller than the first. The third story consists of a plaster-covered dome. The large room under the dome contains not only the tomb of the holy man, which is a simple brick affair, but sixty-nine other tombs, in compact rows. Before leaving, I witnessed a singular religious ceremony. Four or five Mussulmans, having made vows, had come from Kurrachee on a pilgrimage. Their heads were shaven, rosaries were around their necks, and they were now at their final rites. These consisted in rubbing the head against a "sacred stone" let into the outer wall of the tomb, while one of the number held the hands of the devotee behind his back. Each Mussulman performed this affecting ceremony. The whole party then walked backward from the mausoleum, muttering prayers and incantations, until they could see its gilt spire and crescent, and then finished by marching thrice in solemn order around the tomb.

In the afternoon I rode a camel for the first time, and found the motion rather pleasant, excepting when the animal was urged to full speed. It then became too jolting, and the jerk was shorter and more abrupt than that experienced on the elephant. The luggage-camel will not carry a man, nor the man-camel luggage. The animal may be hired in some provinces for twelve annas, or thirty-six cents, a day, and his daily provender costs eight annas.

Taking the railroad for half an hour, I was carried

to Sher Shah, eleven miles from Mooltan. This completed my journey of seventeen hundred miles through Northern Hindostan. At Sher Shah the traveler takes one of the vessels of the "Indus Steam Flotilla" down the Chenab River, and a walk of two miles brought us to the steamer *Havelock*, Captain Johns. We started at one P.M., but grounded within an easy stone's-throw of our point of departure. It was February, the worst month in the year for navigating the Chenab or the Indus. We had native pilots, two of whom were received on board at each stage, or every forty miles. Grounding was of frequent occurrence and long duration, and the first day was lost in a manner truly Oriental. To an American, the repose and contentment of the native passengers were unspeakably exasperating. Their talent for tranquillity and voluptuousness in the midst of annoying conditions never appeared more detestable. My ruminations were cut short by our running upon a sand-bar, where we stuck fast the remainder of the day. Then followed a succession of disasters, owing to which we made but seventy miles in nine days. When glued to the mucilaginous sand we could only get free by warping ourselves to numerous kedges placed at a distance. Once we got out of wood for the boilers, and had to send men back to Sher Shah for a supply. Soon after entering the Sutlej we were transferred to another steamer, whose transatlantic accommodations were, in contrast, very agreeable. She had among her passengers an English officer who, with tents and servants, had been making surveys in the

territory of the Bhawalpoor Rajah, a small independent state of Rajpootana.

A few days after we entered the Indus, one of the most renowned rivers in the world, called by the natives of this part of Hindostan the Sind, and by many Mohammedan writers the Hind. Where we entered—near the town of Mithunkote—the classic stream is about one mile in width and ten feet deep during the dry season. In the wet or rainy season its width increases to two, three, or four miles, and its depth to twenty or thirty feet. It may not be generally known that the Indus rises in Middle Thibet, north of the Himalayas, about fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level, flows west, southwest, and south, and empties into the Arabian Sea after a course of 2260 miles. Its volume is much increased by the five large rivers of the Punjab, the old Pentapotamia, or country of the five rivers. The Indus is navigable for a distance of nine hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, as far as the little town of Attock, which is about thirty miles east of Peshawur. At Attock are the remains of the stone fort built by Sultan Akbar in 1581.

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," writes that "geographically the Indus Valley is but a portion of the Great Sahara. Those who know the desert well say that from Cape Blanco to Khartoum, from Khartoum to Muscat, from Muscat to Mooltan, the desert is but one ; the same in the absence of life, the same in such life as it does possess. The valley of the Nile is but an oasis, the gulfs of Persia and of Aden are but

trifling breaks in its vast width. Rainless, swept by dry, hot winds laden with prickly sand, traversed everywhere by low ranges of red and sunburnt rocks, strewn with jagged stones, and dotted here and there with a patch of dates gathered about some ancient well, such is the Sahara for a length of nearly six thousand miles. On the Indus banks the sand is as salt as it is at Suez, and there are as many petrified trees between Sukkur and Kurrachee as there are in the neighborhood of Cairo." Sir Charles is entirely mistaken. The Great Indian Desert consists of coarse sand and hard clay, lying upon a layer of rich mould, and requires only plentiful rains to render it fertile and productive. By sinking wells, water, though often brackish, is always to be found, and during the wet season grain is now raised in its valleys. In these respects it is totally different from the Sahara, or great desert of Africa, which is the most barren waste upon the globe. The Indian desert is not rainless. It is swept by "dry, hot winds," but not by winds laden with "prickly sand," for here the sand is round and smooth. It is not "traversed everywhere by low ranges of red and sunburnt rocks." Very few stones are to be found upon it, and when they do occur they are not "jagged." Very seldom can a date-palm be seen; the sand on the Indus is not salt; and although some petrified trees are to be found between Sukkur and Kurrachee, still they possess few features in common with those near Cairo, and may have been formed by entirely different processes. Besides, between Arabia and India intervene Persia, Beloochistan,

and Afghanistan, the latter two being both mountainous and fertile. In the Indian desert are found rats and squirrels, gazelles, foxes, and wild asses; but in the Great Sahara are lizards, serpents, tortoises, ostriches, and on the outskirts hyenas, lions, and panthers.

The scenery of the Indus is not very interesting. The river flows through an immense plain, bounded on the west side, at distances varying between fifty and one hundred miles, by the Sooleiman range of mountains separating Hindostan from Afghanistan. They are gray-colored, lime-rock hills, a mile in height, and totally void of vegetation. The river, which is a dark, muddy flood, is eight or ten feet below the banks, which, when not quite nude, are clothed with low, scrubby pines. Upon the sand-banks on each side of the channel the gavial, or long-snouted variety of the alligator, was frequently seen, and my fellow-passenger, Captain Tanner, Superintendent of the Government Survey of the Great Indian Desert, sometimes amused himself by shooting them from the steamer's deck. Occasional herds of camel were seen among the pine-bush. Few villages dot the Indus, and during the whole 2260 miles of its tortuous course Sukkur and Roree are the only places of particular interest.

We had now entered the province of Sindh, styled the Unhappy Valley by Captain Burton, owing to the sterility of the soil and the insalubrity of the climate. With a population of one and a quarter millions, it extends from the Punjaub and Bhawalpoor to the Arabian Sea, and from Beloochistan to Rajpootana and

the Great Indian Desert. In the northwestern part is the famous Bholan Pass, which leads through the Sooleiman range of mountains to Khelat, and forms the only practicable road from the plain of Hindostan to the savage country of Beloochistan. It is about sixty miles in length, and at its most elevated point a mile in height, and is by nature so formidable a pass that a regiment of European troops, properly accoutred and disposed in it, could easily resist an entire army of barbarians, "and make a new Thermopylæ."

Khelat, the capital of Beloochistan, to which a road runs direct from the Bholan Pass, is described as a meanly built city, of twelve thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a mud wall, and standing upon a plain eight thousand feet above the sea. It was captured in 1839 by the British, but was abandoned by them a few years afterward. At the town of Jacobabad, on the Sindh frontier, there is a cantonment of English troops.

The soil of the "Unhappy Valley" is poorly cultivated, and the husbandry of the Sindhees is of the rudest description. The country about Sukkur is picturesque. Upon a low bluff on the opposite bank is the ancient town of Roree, its houses built of mud, two or three stories in height, and with small balconies overlooking the river. Between Sukkur and Roree, on a limestone island, is Bukkur fort, with low brick walls and towers, in bad repair and not garrisoned, though three hundred natives, mostly indicted for murder, are confined there. Bukkur fort is called the Key of Sindh, and its seizure by the British partly caused the war with the Ameers.

Sukkur is a larger town than Roree, and of more modern date. Along the shore is a stone embankment nearly two miles long, built by the municipal authorities, and intended to confine the stream to its bed during freshets. Our steamer was made fast to some stone piers along the quay, and as we landed crowds of natives from half-a-dozen countries collected. Chief among them, of course, were the Sindhees, with their peculiar head-gear—"a tall hat with the brim atop," made of pasteboard, and variously colored, according to the taste or rank of the wearer.

In Sukkur, a few lac-covered tombs, a small Hindoo temple, and a high, round brick tower are all that are to be seen. The historical associations are interesting, however, and a few miles distant are the ruins of Alore. This city was, in early times, the capital of a kingdom mentioned by Greek historians as the kingdom of Musicanus, and which extended from the Arabian Sea to Cashmere on the north, and from Khandahar (in Central Afghanistan) on the west to Kanize on the east. Sukkur itself is one of the most ancient of Indian cities, and its antiquities attracted Alexander the Great. The manufactures are leather and cotton fabrics, and gold and silver jewelry, and much trade comes to it from China, through Eastern Persia and Beloochistan.

The Sindhees have a peculiar mode of fishing; and some varieties of their fish, as, for instance, the pullah—a species of carp—are excellent eating. The pullah is thus caught: The natives, lying upon huge earthen-

ware jars, float down the swiftly running stream, pushing before them a pouch-net, which can be closed by simply drawing a string. When the fish is captured, it is strung upon a stick carried behind the back, or, being killed, is deposited in one of the jars, which are left open at the top. The net is then immediately lowered again. The average weight of the pullah is two pounds.

As we steamed down the river the banks showed trees of a larger size, and many rich-looking fields of barley and wheat. These were irrigated with water drawn from the river by Persian wheels. The channel continued quite as tortuous and narrow as when above Sukkur. We passed the independent state of Khyrpoor, the village of Sewhan, and the Ibex Hills—a short limestone spur of the Kheertur Mountains, three or four thousand feet in height and perfectly barren. Kotree completed my river journey of nearly one thousand miles. It is a small village on the west bank of the Indus, and is noted only for being the terminus of the Sindh railway and the *dépôt* of the "Indus Steam Flotilla." As we approached, the village itself was concealed by luxurious date-palms and tamarind-trees, but we could see the branching lines of the railway, so laid along the river's bank as to land cotton and produce direct from the steamers to the cars. The only Europeans resident at Kotree are those connected with either the steamers or the railway. Four miles distant, upon the opposite side of the Indus, is the city of Hyderabad, the capital of Sindh, and once the residence of the

Chief Ameer, or nobleman. I visited it on the morning following my arrival at Kotree. It stands on the banks of the Fulallee, a small branch of the Indus, is built of sunburnt bricks and mud, and contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. A large sandy plain, covered with scrub thorns and peepul-trees, very nearly surrounds the city. I inspected the tombs of the Ameers — huge brick and stucco edifices, gaudily painted inside and out; some covered with colored tiles, but the majority with plain white cement, and all containing simple marble sarcophagi carved with Arabic inscriptions in praise of Almighty Allah. Hyderabad is noted for its manufacture of matchlocks, swords, spears, shields, embroidered silks, and cotton and leather goods.

The country through which the railway runs to Kurrachee is quite level, and destitute of trees and sown fields. The soil consists of equal parts of sand and limestone, and its only productions are the cactus and a species of thorny shrub. Kurrachee itself, the chief seaport of Sindh, is situated at the westernmost mouth of the Indus, on a plain near the Arabian Sea. It was captured by the British in 1839, and is now an important military post. The only genuinely interesting sight in the neighborhood is Muggur Peer, the Alligator Tank, about ten miles to the west. In a comfortable carriage, with three horses attached, I followed a road which passed through a most desolate and barren plain, the only compensations of which were a few perfect specimens of the mirage, that wonderful illusion which

dots the desert with momentary paradises. Hajee Muggur was the name of a Mohammedan fakir, who, according to the native account, died hundreds of years ago, enjoining that several alligators which he had nurtured should be protected by posterity. The descendants of these alligators are kept in a spring-fed pool fifty feet square, and surrounded by beautiful date-palms. The pool was formerly open on all sides, but is now inclosed by high mud walls for the greater safety of the neighboring natives. Near by are the tomb of the fakir, several other tombs, and a small mosque. The muggurs, or alligators, about one hundred in number, were of sizes varying from four feet in length to twenty feet, and the body of the "queen" alligator was nearly as large as that of a horse. Inspired by a delicate perception of humor and a fine sense of hospitality, an attendant fakir threw a live goat into the pool for my entertainment. In a second the animal was torn limb from limb, and each of the monsters swallowed his portion—skin, hair, and bones—with only a snap or two of his huge jaws. The Hindoo worships these alligators, but the Mohammedan venerates the fakir alone who bequeathed them to posterity.

While I was in Kurrachee the Hindoos celebrated, during two days, the Holi festival—saturnalian in character. Unlicensed merriment reigned. Red powders were daubed upon the image of the god Krishna, and thrown and squirted by his worshipers upon each other. Women were insulted by impure jests and ribald exclamations, persons were sent on bootless errands, and

drunken devotees commemorated the dancing of Krishna with the Gopias, or female cowherds. Neither the origin of this festival nor the obscenity of its observance in Western Hindostan can be here described. It is nothing in its favor that the highest join in it with as much zest as the lowest.

I left Kurrachee the next day in the English steamer *India* for Bombay. On the afternoon of the second day out the western ghauts of Southern Hindostan were sighted, and late in the evening I landed upon the Apollo Bund of Bombay, and was driven to the Adelphi Hotel, kept by Pallanjee Pestonjee, the same Parsee landlord with whom Bayard Taylor had lodged more than twenty years before.

CHAPTER XXII.

LAST DAYS IN INDIA.

BOMBAY is the largest city, the second seaport, and the capital of the smallest of the three presidencies of India. The population is estimated in round numbers at one million, and embraces Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, Armenians, Jains, Arabs, Persians, Sindhees, Seedyes (from the eastern coast of Africa), and Europeans, among whom are many Portuguese. These are termed by the natives Goa-men, from Goa, the only Portuguese possession in India. More than half the inhabitants are Hindoos, 250,000 are Mohammedans, 75,000 Parsees, 12,000 Europeans, and about 30,000 of other races. Though but a small proportion are Parsees, still it is chiefly to this race that Bombay is indebted for her present pre-eminence.

The Parsees, or, as they are variously styled, Guebres, Ghebers (infidels), or disciples of Zoroaster, have, in religion and education, made further progress than the Indian Mohammedans and the Hindoos; and though they have not done a great deal toward the advancement of woman, no other Eastern race has as yet done so much. They dispose of their dead in a curious man-

ner. Fortunately for me, owing to a case of mistaken identity, I not only obtained admission to the Parsee burying-ground, but was kindly attended by Mr. Mussewanjee Byramjee, upon whose card was written "Secretary of the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Public Burying Institution." It seems that at the time of my visit a government surveyor had an appointment to meet the secretary, and that I had simply been mistaken for the surveyor. The Parsees are very jealous of this burying-ground. Over the gateway is an inscription prohibiting the entrance of any one not of their faith; and not many years ago not even the Viceroy of British India could have obtained admission. But political influence and progressive ideas have by this time broken down the barrier. The cemetery is on high land, outside the city limits, and two or three miles from Malabar Point. It embraces about a dozen acres, surrounded by a lofty wall, in which there is but one gateway, reached by an immense basalt staircase nearly half a mile in length. Along neat gravel paths, and between beautiful lawns and flower-beds, the secretary led me past three or four stone martello towers, each forty feet in diameter, thirty feet in height, and with windowless walls three feet thick, and provided with but one small door. These fabrics are called "Towers of Silence," and no one save a pall-bearer or a priest dare enter or even look into them. Inside these inclosures, which are open at the top, the dead bodies are placed upon iron biers arranged for that purpose, and immediately great flocks of vultures, which have been hover-

ing around, descend, not to rise again until they have stripped the flesh from the bones.

This horrible disposition of the dead is called "re-signing them to the element of the air," and certainly does not seem superior to the Thibetan fashion, which I unluckily missed seeing. The vultures are not, however, held to be sacred, but are regarded simply as a means of preventing decomposition; for though, at the death of a Parsee, the soul goes at once to heaven, yet his creed prescribes that his body shall not be tainted with corruption. Upon the crests of several of the towers I saw the weird birds of prey, gorged to stupefaction with their cadaverous repast, yet blinking enviously at the denuded bones that were being thrown into the general pit.

The European *ensemble* of the city outweighed the Asiatic glamour of the numerous date-groves; and the spired churches, the sidewalks and gas-lamps, the large hotels, the macadamized streets, and stores built of cut stone, six stories high, completed the aspect of civilization. In the evening I rode to the Parsee theatre, but, having no lady with me, was not admitted. Females had been cast in the play, and whenever this is the case, Parsee etiquette admits only married men accompanied by their wives—an instance of moral sensitiveness which I leave to the estimate of those American managers who lean toward dramas borrowed from the French. I then repaired to another theatre, the stock company of which consisted of males, pure and simple. My sex and solitariness qualifying me for admission, I

entered, and saw what was called a comedy, in the Gujaratti tongue. It consisted chiefly of singing, and not always graceful or expressive pantomime. The costumes were Orientally rich; the orchestra numbered five or six performers, and produced good music; applause was frequent, but so were hisses. The audience of one thousand consisted of Parsees, men and boys. There were no women, and but one European.

Prominent among the few Bombay sights is the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital. Sir Jamsetjee, who gives his name to this institution, was a very wealthy Parsee, and was knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his benevolence. The Arthur Crawford Market, too, is well worth seeing, being one of the finest establishments of the kind in the world. Each of its half-dozen buildings is devoted to a particular variety of produce. It is patronized almost exclusively by Europeans, and belongs to the government, which gives a certain Mr. Crawford three thousand pounds per year for the arduous task of collecting weekly the native rents. Though the month was March, which is not a very fruitful one, the display of produce was the best I had ever seen, in Hindostan or any where else.

I did not remain long at Bombay, but left for Madras, about eight hundred miles distant, per the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. The time had arrived for me to turn my back upon the land of the Moguls, and again enter that of the Hindoos. Our first stoppage was at Poona, one hundred and twenty miles from Bombay. The heat burned like steam, and in this sec-

tion of the country the intense glare of the sun not unfrequently produces the strange effect of furrowing the outer eye-corners into wrinkles as deep as those of old age. When seventy miles from Bombay, the railway begins the ascent of the Western Ghats, so named from the resemblance which the terraces of the acclivity bear to steps. These ghats are a range of hills extending from the Tuptee River, on the north, to the extremity of the peninsula, a distance of about nine hundred miles. Some of the peaks attain an altitude of six thousand feet above the sea-level. The railway passage through these hills, called the bore ghaut, because of the immense quantity of rock-tunneling necessary to be performed, is, so far as my experience goes, one of the most wonderful engineering successes ever achieved, being equaled only by the railway which ascends the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, Australia. In a section of sixteen miles the roadway rises more than two thousand feet, in some places the grade being one foot in thirty-seven feet. The neighboring hills rise into tall, slim peaks, and all bear evidence of volcanic formation. On the bore ghaut a fall of two hundred and twenty inches of rain, during the four months of the wet season, is not unusual, and therefore it is imperative that the railroad should be of the most perfect construction.

I reached Poona early in the evening, and found accommodation at a comfortable bungalow near the station. The city is situated upon a level plain, two thousand feet above the sea. It was once the capital

of a powerful empire—the Mahratta—which extended from the Ganges to Cape Cormorin. I remained only for one day, leaving the next evening for Kistna, four hundred and twenty-six miles from Bombay, on the direct road to Madras. The first town of importance in the Nizam's dominions, at which the train stopped, was Koolburga, which has been alternately the capital of the Hindoo and of the Mohammedan sovereignty. Here, in the seventeenth century, was the Cerulean Throne of the House of Bhamenee, a rival of Shah Jehan's Peacock Throne at Delhi. Ferishta, the Persian historian, describes the Cerulean Throne as nine feet long and three wide, made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones. It was valued at a crore of oons, or nearly \$20,000,000.

The dominions of the Nizam constitute the largest native protected state of British India, and are completely surrounded by territories subject to English rule. About one tenth of the people are Mohammedans, and the entire population is estimated at twelve millions. The chief city and capital, Hyderabad—as the entire state is sometimes named—has about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Hyderabad is neither grand nor beautiful, and contains few monuments of any interest, though in the immediate neighborhood is a water-tank said to be twenty miles in circumference. Golconda is seven miles distant; according to tradition, it was from the Golconda mines that the famous Koh-i-noor, now possessed by the British crown, was obtained before the Christian era. The present Nizam is said to own a

beautiful diamond weighing eleven hundred grains. The cave-temples of Adjunta and Ellora, more wondrous even than those of Elephanta, are in the extreme north-west of the Nizam's dominions.

At midday we arrived at Kistna, then the terminus of the Bombay line. To reach the extremity of the Madras line, we crossed the Kistna River and rode fourteen miles in a bullock-cart, reaching, at 3 A.M., the station of Raichoor, and accomplishing the journey in nine hours. Early the following morning we left Raichoor for Madras, nothing of much interest being perceptible from the car windows. We crossed the Toongaboodrah and Pennaur rivers, and as we neared Madras and the Coromandel coast, the land became cultivated, and native field-hands were seen. The train reached Madras at four the next morning, about sixty hours from Bombay, and no difficulty was experienced in procuring pleasant rooms at the Elphinstone Hotel.

Madras, the third city of Hindostan in respect to population, stands in a plain on the shore of the Bay of Bengal. It is the capital of the presidency of the same name, and is the chief commercial port of the Deccan, or the South. The inhabitants, seven hundred and twenty thousand in number, are styled Madrasses. They speak the Tamil language, which is extremely difficult for a European to learn. Madras extends for nine miles along the coast, with a breadth of four miles. To one who has seen Calcutta, Benares, Agra, and Umritsur, it contains nothing of interest beyond Fort St. George, the Government House, and the Park. I had intended to

visit Tanjore, Mahabalipoor, Vellore, Bangalore, Mysore, and Mercara, to most of which places I bore letters of introduction that would have been useful to me; but the hot weather was at hand and hurried my departure.

A drive of three miles brought me to the seashore, where I hired a masullah in which to reach the steamer, two miles distant. The masullah is a large surf-boat, sharp at both ends, and sewn together by coir rope. This enhances its flexibility, and so prevents its breaking when thrown violently by the waves upon the beach. The ten men who usually propel it employ for oars light, springy poles twenty feet long, each tipped with a blade or oval paddle scarcely larger than the open palm. While rowing the men chant lively and *bizarre* refrains. We passed safely through the furious surf, with its three lines of rollers, and reached the *Oriental* in less than twenty minutes.

We were advertised to leave at ten, and about that hour the catamarans, another species of native craft, shot off in fleets from the shore to the steamer, their occupants carrying letters and dispatches in their turbans, which were almost all they had on. These curious rafts consist of three firmly lashed cocoa-tree logs, fifteen feet long, somewhat flattened upon the upper surface, and curving upward at the prow. Upon this boat or raft one or two men kneel, or rest on their haunches, and propel themselves by means of a flat, thin piece of wood about four feet in length. These logs are the mail-express, which one would fear would get damaged

by the incessant sweeping over them of the waves ; but as the native's mail-bag is invariably his turban, and as he remains imperturbably in his place, both mail and carrier are preserved.

Only upon the steamer's deck, when the engines had begun to move, did my Eurasian interpreter, guide, and valet part from me. He had been in my service over five months, and had performed his diverse duties with entire satisfaction. I had previously engaged for him a passage home to Calcutta on a steamer advertised to sail three days later.

We passed successively Masulipatam, Coconada, Vizagapatam, and Bimlipatam, and at the latter place, three hundred miles from Madras, I bade a final adieu to Hither India, and mentally summed up my travels. Within six months I had leisurely journeyed more than four thousand miles through Hindostan. I had seen the King of Oudh and his menagerie at Calcutta ; penetrated to the base of the loftiest mountain of the globe, near Thibet ; had been fêted by Maharajah Isuree Pershod at Karnatcha Palace ; stood in the Taj Mahal at Agra ; ascended the Kutub Minar, not far distant from Delhi ; reached the borders of Cashmere in the northwest ; sailed down the great Indus River ; explored the cave-temples of Elephanta ; traversed the Nizam's dominions ; and coasted up the Carnatic from Madras to Bimlipatam. Throughout the whole journey I had enjoyed somewhat exceptional facilities for becoming acquainted with the political, social, and moral condition of this strange land and people, fortune having favored

me with good health and ample time, and being provided with numerous letters of introduction to native princes and gentlemen. Under these circumstances, and not restricting myself to the common routes of tourists, I unhesitatingly pronounce Hither India, or Hindostan, the most interesting country of all in which it was my privilege to travel throughout Asia. Much knowledge—in metaphysics, astronomy, navigation, mathematics, medicine, law, and the arts—which Europe has obtained from Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or has plumed herself on “discovering,” was, ages ago, familiar to the learned men of Hindostan ; while stupendous and elaborate monuments of architecture and sculpture prove the Hindoos to have possessed, from remote antiquity, a genius and a skill equal to those which created the sublime and beautiful palaces, tombs, obelisks, and statues of Karnak and Luxor.

This rich and fertile empire, three fifths the size of Europe, with a coast-line over five thousand miles in length, and a population of nearly two hundred and forty millions, has excited the cupidity of conquerors since the time of Sesostris, and its foreign trade has been famous for its magnitude and lucrativeness since the period when the Phœnicians sailed around Africa and the Persians followed the Indus down to the Arabian Sea. For historical, ethnographical, archæological, botanical, and philological studies, this celebrated section of Asia presents an inexhaustible field.

In olden times the whole of India was divided among petty rajahs, who, besides being continually at variance with each other, were utterly unable to protect them-

selves from foreign enemies. Of course little or no advance was made in civilization during this period. Afterward, when the Mohammedans invaded and held possession of Hindostan for nearly one thousand years, nothing but oppression and injustice, war and famine, reigned supreme. The most prosperous condition of India has been attained under English rule. Life and property are now secure, and every means is sought for the perfect administration of justice. Schools, colleges, and newspapers are established throughout the territories and states. Christian missions have been wonderfully successful, especially in the Madras presidency. Six thousand miles of railway have been introduced, the electric telegraph is all but universal, and canals and steam navigation abound. Barriers of caste are being steadily undermined, the Mohammedans are growing less intolerant in matters of faith and works, and the Hindoo is intellectually and religiously advancing.

The present political outlook for India is therefore most encouraging. Proofs are not wanting that still greater reforms will be instituted ; that Western science and philosophy will eventually supersede Eastern ignorance and superstition ; and that a noble civilization, waxing nobler with advancing centuries, will lift these glorious old lands of the Hindoo and the Mogul to an indefinitely higher level than any they have yet occupied.

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